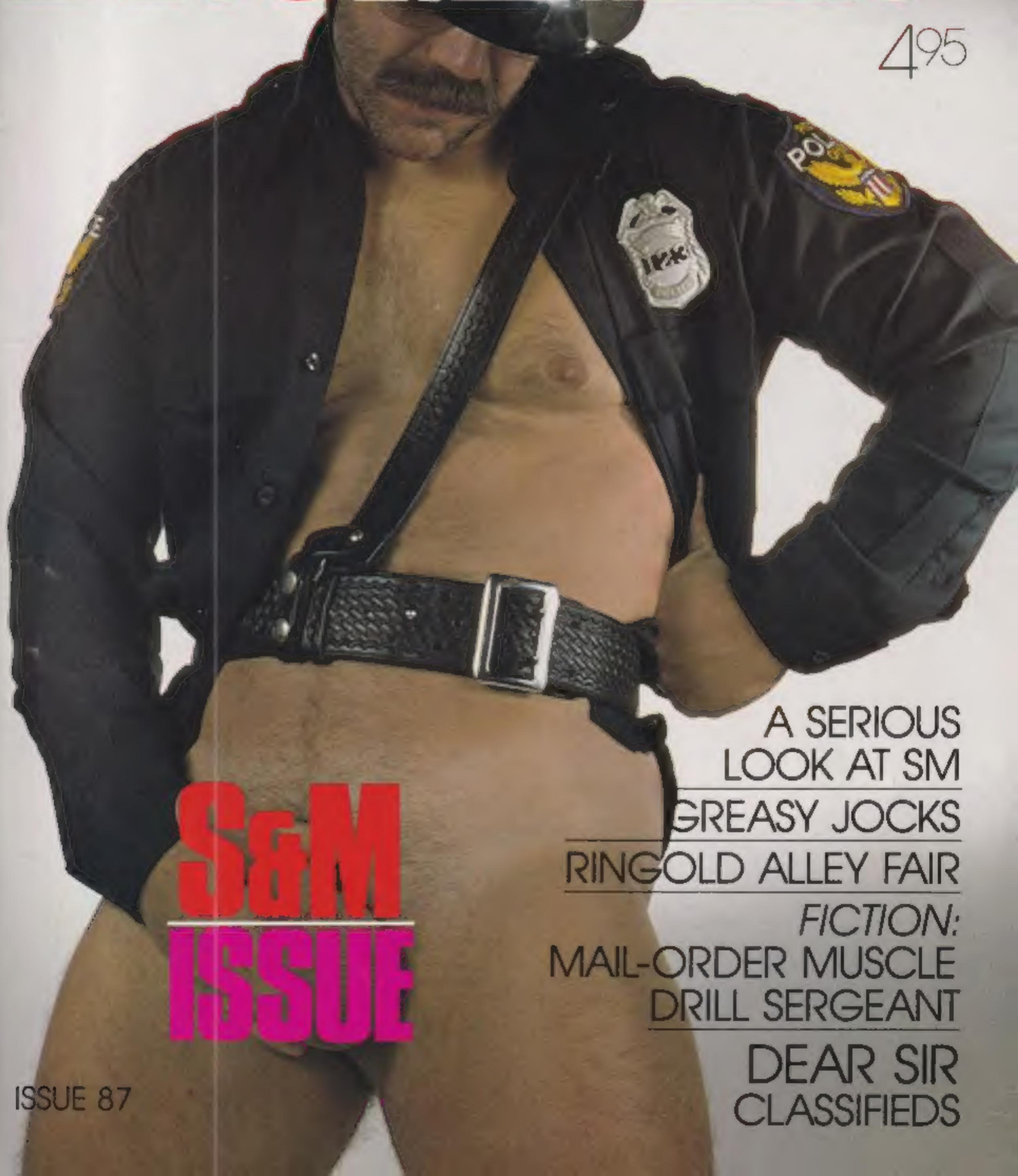


**AMERICA'S N  
ACHO MALE**

# **DRILLMAKER**

**495**



**S&M  
ISSUE**

**ISSUE 87**

**A SERIOUS  
LOOK AT SM**

**GREASY JOCKS**

**RINGOLD ALLEY FAIR**

**FICTION:  
MAIL-ORDER MUSCLE  
DRILL SERGEANT**

**DEAR SIR  
CLASSIFIEDS**



DRUMMOH

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau



## GETTING OFF

We are indebted to the New York Native for the following:

"Apparently, Jerry Falwell is familiar with the New York Native, which Ted Koppel mentioned on his (ABC) edition of *Nightline*. Koppel quoted from a letter signed by Falwell that was sent to the Moral Majority flock; the Native printed the letter. Falwell denied that he had sent out the letter, which must have come as a surprise to the thousands of people who received it on his stationery. Falwell is one of the more dishonest and dangerous demagogues on the American scene today, and we wonder why he was brought in to debate an issue like AIDS. Falwell belongs in such a position as much as a member of the Ku Klux Klan. And someone should teach him how to pronounce Friedman-Kien. It's the kind of name his crowd always had trouble pronouncing."

### GOODBYE POPPERS!

"Studies show that 96% (at least) of the gay men with AIDS used poppers, usually quite heavily. Three different studies found that exposure to amyl or isobutyl nitrite, either through injection or inhalation, caused immunological deficiency in mice. In a fourth study, mice exposed to isobutyl nitrite vapors developed tymic atrophy. Autopsies of AIDS victims show the thymus gland to be destroyed. No thymus gland, no immune system. A fifth mice study could not be carried through to completion. Regardless of whether the isobutyl nitrite was ingested, inhaled or injected, all of the mice died.

"Aside from that, poppers are known to cause Heinz body cell anemia, methemoglobinemia, serious skin burns, death or brain damage from cardiovascular collapse or stroke, dizziness, headaches and lung problems. Poppers have been used to commit suicide and murder.

"Poppers became a fad among gay men in 1972, just seven years before the first cases of AIDS began to be diagnosed."

John Lauritsen

MARGE ANDERSON was no stranger to gay journalism. Years ago she helped set up *Data Boy* in Southern California and did all its typesetting. She typeset *Drummer* as well when we were there, then moved up to San Francisco with us in '78. Her only reaction to our purple prose was to tell me once that "typing this stuff makes me horny as hell and, dammit, there is nothing in the building except gay guys," and she would laugh her hearty laugh. Her cooking was legend and we all tried to keep on her good side along about Christmas cookie time when they would deliver the ingredients by the truckload. But Marge really never had any other side than a good one.

Then she moved to Alaska to be near her son and daughter. The news arrived just before our press time that during an operation her great and generous heart finally gave out.

The multitude of friends in the gay community will miss her along with her friends at *Drummer*. —30—, Marge.

DRUMMER 3

### 4 SPECIAL SECTION: A SERIOUS LOOK AT SM

In 1985, SM is more out of the closet—and more controversial—than ever. It's time for some straight talk. Starting on page 4 are excerpts from *Sadomasochism: True Confessions*, a work-in-progress by photographer Bill Bowers and interviewer Tim Barrus—a raw, provocative look into private lives. Beginning on page 14 is *SM: A View of Sadomasochism* by Don Miesen of the Society of Janus, one of the most clear-headed and authentic introductions to the subject we've yet discovered.

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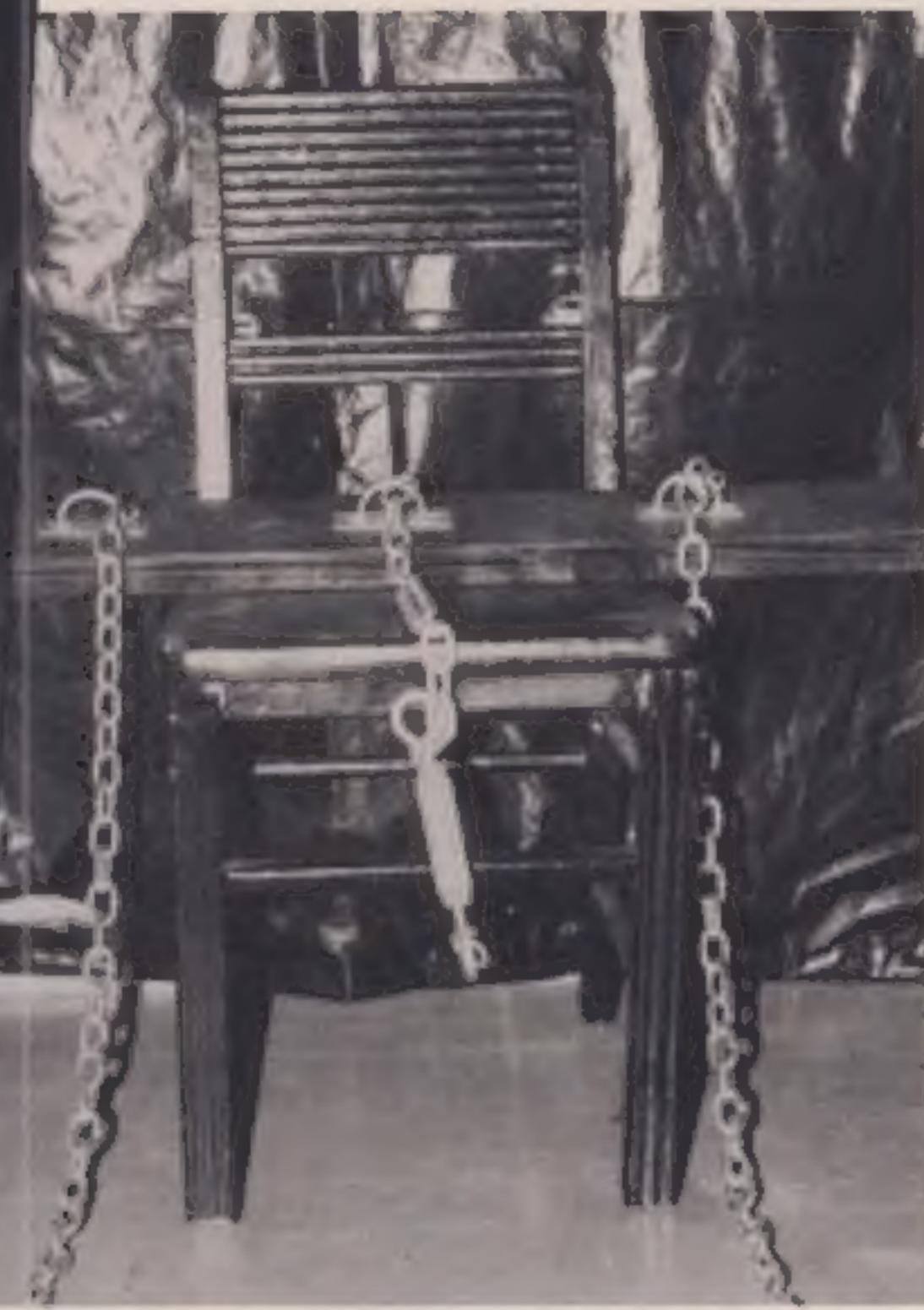
Cover: Mickey Squires abusing his uniform with a little self-abuse (from the video *Joys of Self-Abuse*); photo by Patrick Nunn. Opposite Page: SM—the ties that bind. Drummerfoto.

VOLUME 10/NUMBER 87

SAD



# SADOMASOCHISM: TRUE CONFESSIONS



In some ways, the unexpectedly controversial collection of SM-oriented photos, a minor sidebar to a week full of special events, stole the show. Or at least stole the media attention. Was it the work itself that grabbed attention—or the taboo subject matter? Whatever the reason, the show drew heavy fire. Barrus and Bowers jumped right in, and ended up being interviewed by the *Miami Herald* and local South Florida television. What began as a discussion of art became a discussion of pornography, homosexuality, and SM. It's called stirring the shit.

Jack Sturdy, film reviewer for Miami's gay paper *The Weekly News*, took a look at the show: "Of the works displayed a handful are calendar perfect; desperately grasped Levi's crotches, Scorpio tattoos juxtaposed against defiantly weathered belt buckles, and a studded harness with black leather chaps and conflicting cruising signals..." When the shit hit the fan, Sturdy applauded the stubborn exhibitors: "The courage of not only Bowers and Barrus, but also Outright Books owners Jim Jochen and Ron Hellickson, to not buckle beneath community pressure to 'take down' a handful of the show's more graphic prints reinforces the rights for which so many have fought and died."

"What we have here," Barrus said in one of the TV interviews, "is a book about real people that artistically looks at the forbidden. Their true confessions are making not only sexual statements about the way in which they live their lives, but the confessions can often also be a political statement as well. We are looking at power and sexuality. And when you step out of the closet as far as these people have with their participation in this project, it gets everyone's conservative sensibilities shook up."

Hype—or the hypnotic power of truths laid bare? The tempest in Key West has blown over. Meanwhile, Barrus and Bowers continue working on *Sadomasochism: True Confessions*. Barrus gives a list of dozens of interviews awaiting transcription and editing: "Interview with a Mummy. Interview with a Self-Abuser. Interview in a Whorehouse. Interview with a Fistfucker and Fuckee (takes place during the actual fisting). Interview with the Leather Nurse. Interview with a Tattoo Fetishist. Interview during a Multiple Piercing. Interview with a Man Having an Enema. Interview with a NY Cop..." And so on.

On these pages: a selection of Bill Bowers' raw real-life portraits (many of which did not appear in the Key West exhibit), and three of Barrus' completed interviews—with a Biker Daddy from Texas, a psychologist, and an ex-hustler punk (the crucified subject in the photographs).

Interviews  
by  
**Tim Barrus**

Photographs  
by  
**Bill Bowers**

The controversy started this summer in—of all places—Key West, Florida. The occasion was the 1985 Key West International Gay Book and Film Festival. Along with the film screenings and book promotions, organizers arranged for a photo exhibit at Key West's Outright Books: 15 photographs from a "show-and-tell" work in progress called *Sadomasochism: True Confessions*, a compilation of interviews by writer Tim Barrus and images by photographer Bill Bowers.



# The Biker

**Name:** Boss  
**Age:** 42 (experienced)  
**Place of Birth:** Galveston, Texas (offshore oilrigger)  
**Likes:** Being the president of a Texas bike club.

**Barrus:** Describe yourself, Boss.

**Boss:** I'm a man's man. I'm gay, but in a lot of ways I'm still a little conservative, okay. I like being in control of a group of men who either do what I say or they take a hike.

*Are you a Daddy? You look like a Daddy.*

*You could put me in that category because I am Daddy—but I'm Daddy to about six guys in the bike club.*

*It sounds more like a harem than a club.*

*It may sound like that but that's the way my men like it—it's a simple fact of life. Take it or leave it.*

*What does sadomasochism mean to you?*

*It's a brotherhood. A bond between men who know that they're men. It's SM—it means that if I piss in my slave's mouth he likes it because he's my slave. It's also a form of security in the leather scene when a man knows that there is a group of other men who feel the same way he does. The word I'm looking for is community. To me SM also means pride. For example, when we go on the bike run it turns into a celebration of our brotherhood. I'll invite you right now to come with us anytime you like.*

*And it gives you a feeling of power to be in charge of this.*

*Yes, but it doesn't just give me a feeling of power. It gives me a sense of dignity and pride that go along with being part of the leather community. I'm proud of the men in the club. And they're proud*



of me. If you could see us all when we're traveling—see us on our bikes—then you'd understand.

*How did you become involved in leather and SM?*

When I finally got out of Vietnam I bought a bike in Texas and my brother and I rode to Los Angeles, where I discovered a whole other side to existence. I finally started living. (Laughs.) This is where I got my nickname "Lead"—they used to call my brother "Leather." Lead and Leather. We met a man who makes porn films on his ranch in Palm Desert—below Palm Springs. And he kind of took us in. He became my role model in a way. There's a lot of pride in everything he does. I learned from that experience. We became lovers for a time. But basically I'm a top and he's a top. So it had to eventually bite the dust. I hit the road. But I'll never forget.

*Talk to me about what form sex takes for you.*

(Long pause.) I used to fuck women. I was a sergeant in Vietnam during some pretty heavy-duty action. Vietnamese women were some of the best pussy. But I was really hiding what I wanted. Men. But it would have been impossible because I needed my men to look up to me. I hadn't yet reached the point where I felt that you could love someone and look up to them at the same time. It had to be one or the other. And I thought that if someone fell in love with me—you should have seen the way some of those boys looked up to me—it could have gotten very messy as a lot of lives were on the line; my responsibility. I knew that my men were fucking and sucking. Men will be men. I don't care what anyone in the army tells you. Men will fuck and suck other men if given half a chance.

So I didn't start with men until later in life. I had some lost time to make up for and let me tell you I fucked every hole I could stuff it into from Palm Desert back

to Texas. Sadomasochism came as natural as my big Texas hard-on. If a boy needs a spanking, this Daddy will give that boy a lashing on his tight buns that he won't soon forget, along with a good old-fashioned fucking in his hole. All my boys from time to time need a reminder of just who's in charge around here.

*Do you use drugs during sex or any other time?*

If I catch any of my men with any of that shit I throw them out. Period. No second chances. No drugs allowed. We don't need any crutches to be men around here.

*Describe your most bizarre SM experience.*

I was coming back from Palm Springs on my Harley. I passed through Laredo and a Texas Ranger pulled me over. He searched my bike, then he searched me. He felt my cock going boner. That was the night I fucked a Texas Ranger in the ass in a holding cell in fucking Laredo. The steak and eggs for breakfast was pretty good. I got grits, too. Texas Rangers have some nice lush shithole to fuck.

*Do you have a philosophy of life, Boss?*

Live hard. Love hard. Cum hard. Be hard.





# The Shrink

Name: Richard (Ph.D., Psychologist)

Barrus: These interviews are about people who are from all walks of life. Doctors, lawyers, blue collar workers. You're a psychologist. And perhaps you have some special insights into human behavior. What do you think of sadomasochism? Is it good? Is it bad?

Richard: I can't arbitrarily slap a value

judgment on something like sadomasochism. For one thing, it's a very complex subject. Ironically, I find many sadomasochistic practices to be very—sexual. Certainly, it's not automatically something negative. Nor is it automatically going to give someone AIDS or any other disease for that matter. Nor is SM a disease itself. Far from it. And whipping someone isn't going to transmit anything. I'm sure that there are people into SM who are better off because they are into SM.

SM has been called a sickness many times. How do you respond to that?

That's like discussing, is homosexuality a sickness? I can see some parallels. The categories for psychopathology include those people who are something they do not want to be. A person can be very well integrated into his life, doing well, and just happen to have certain particular

kinks. That isn't necessarily psychopathological. I don't think there is anything particularly wrong with that. I will say, though, from a clinically psychological standpoint, as a clinician, that there are certain people who are capable of a polymorphous schizophrenic kind of sexuality. And it isn't unusual to find people into SM who are, indeed, schizophrenic, and in a sense the way they handle their sexuality can be very much a symptom of their disease. But this is hardly the majority of people into SM, and the clinical studies in this area simply haven't been done. So what I'm giving you is my gut feeling.

Is SM an urban phenomenon?

I think so. People into the scene want to be around other people who are like them. And then you have to understand that there are people who do it occasionally. It's not all the time for them. I will say that I have never really had anyone ever come to me and say that SM was getting out of control for them, that it was in any way an emotional problem.

Is SM simply a stage that many people go through?

I would tend to say yes. A lot of people simply want to try something new. I've heard people say that after they go through certain experiences they could never go back to regular sex. For those people I assume that regular sex would be very boring after the intensity of sadomasochism.



*What is it about the cycle of pain-and-pleasure that intrigues us? Why do people like pain?*

Part of me has to look at this as a psychologist. Another part of me has to see it as a human being who isn't always analyzing. There's a whole body of psychology out there that would say that human beings are conditioned to like whatever it is they like. Behavioral conditioning. You can take a rat for instance and teach it to shock itself with electricity—and after a while the rat likes to shock itself. And if you let it, if you positively reinforce it properly, the rat will shock itself until it dies.

After a period of time the animal will associate aversive stimulus to something very pleasurable. This, of course, happens over a period of time for human beings. Years. And it's also possible that when the aversive stimulus—the pain—is turned off, it, too, feels wonderful.

A personal experience that I once

had—this was not heavy SM, yet this guy had me in a position where I couldn't breathe. He was kind of choking me. Previously he'd shown me the bruises he had on his ass from a whipping. It was obvious he was into heavy stuffy, but I didn't know why he thought that I was. At any rate, what he would do that I found so intriguing—I was totally unprepared when he kicked me in the balls, let me tell you—was that he'd sort of fall on me, kiss me, hug me; he was fucking me, it'd feel very warm, very loving. Secure.

And then he'd sort of alternate back and forth. It was like a caressing sort of violence. And then when I felt secure, he'd switch, he'd go back to hurting me. Suddenly, without warning he would then start loving me. Fucking me. And I was entranced with the going back and forth. I was at his mercy.

He'd switch from being extremely loving to being extremely violent. I thought to myself: Maybe this is what this is all about, SM. It isn't just a matter of going from pain to pain to pain. There's an alternating to it. It's loving tenderness along with something that is very cold and aggressive. It seemed very calculated when I thought about it later on.

*Does anything strike you as being too weird?*

I'm used to anything and everything. Nothing is too weird. It would be really interesting to take a group of people, all of whom, let's say, wore dog collars around their necks, and walked around naked on all fours, slaves, let's say, and administer the same battery of psychological tests. I've never had the opportunity to do that. Nor has anyone. There needs to be a scientific approach to how we view sadomasochism...Maybe it doesn't affect the other parts of their life—maybe it just affects that which is sexual.

*Why does sadomasochism elicit such an extreme response from people? Either you love it or you hate it. Why is that?*

Two of the touchiest subjects we as human beings can encounter are sex and violence. SM pulls those two together. Driving Instincts. Lifeforce. Deathforce. These are core issues. What else is there?

*So you're saying that sadomasochism is very basic to life itself.*

Like any other powerful tool, it depends on what you do with the power.



# The Punk

Name: Jeff

Age: 23

Place of Birth: Baltimore, Maryland

Likes: Anything money can buy

Barrus: Describe yourself. Who are you?

Jeff: I guess I'm the kind of person who would like to think that there's some validity to the traditional idea of love, even though I'm very distorted about it at this point. I'm also the kind of person who has to be able to come and go as they please. Where I want, when I want. It's important to be free.

Would you say that you have a somewhat cynical outlook on life?

Why would you say that I'm cynical?

There's an emphasis with you that has to do with having money. You talk about love as being something that's distorted. When you talk about what you like there doesn't seem to be too much room for love.

I think that there's quite a bit of love in me. Material things make me happy. That's my idea of love. I do believe in the

basic idea about falling in love with one person. Being happy. But I just don't think it is going to happen to me for quite a long time. I put my energy into things I want.

So you've given up on love?

No, but if it happens it happens. I don't worry about it.

When was the very first sadomasochistic experience you ever had?

I was...working as a male prostitute. And I was picked up by a gentleman. Very good-looking. Dark hair—mustache. Took me back to his apartment. We'd settled on a blow job, a little cuddling, fifty dollars, and some watching TV. Once I got out there he brought out the collar.

The collar?

(Long pause.) The collar. He said that if I would wear the collar he'd give me a hundred dollars. So I let him put the collar on me. After the collar was on he jerked me down to the floor. Made me suck his dick. He brought out a piece of rope and tied my hands behind my back. He had me get on the bed and he started smacking me around. He said he'd give me two hundred dollars if I'd let him beat me. He didn't really beat me hard. And I did get into it. In fact, I really got into it. I submitted to him.

It's important for you right now that the kind of sex you're having be hardcore?

Yes. Hardcore. How does one define hardcore? To some it's smacking someone up a little bit. It all depends on how

much energy you put into something. A lot of people I know have to have some very heavy-duty scenes. Whips, chains, bondage. And they're very exact in their taste about what they want. I think I can relate to those scenes much more readily than I can with fumbling around in the dark. It's more ritualistic. You know what the outcome is going to be. You know that your orgasm is going to be at its most intense.

So there's an element to sadomasochism that for you is very orderly.

Of course it's orderly. One really has to be trained in SM. Not like you're following a book of rules or something. But a training in dominance and submissiveness. To be subservient is (pauses)—an art. You have to be strong enough in your own mind to know what you're doing, and to know what your limitations are.

What was the best SM experience you ever had?

The first time I was ever fucked. I finally totally gave myself to another person.

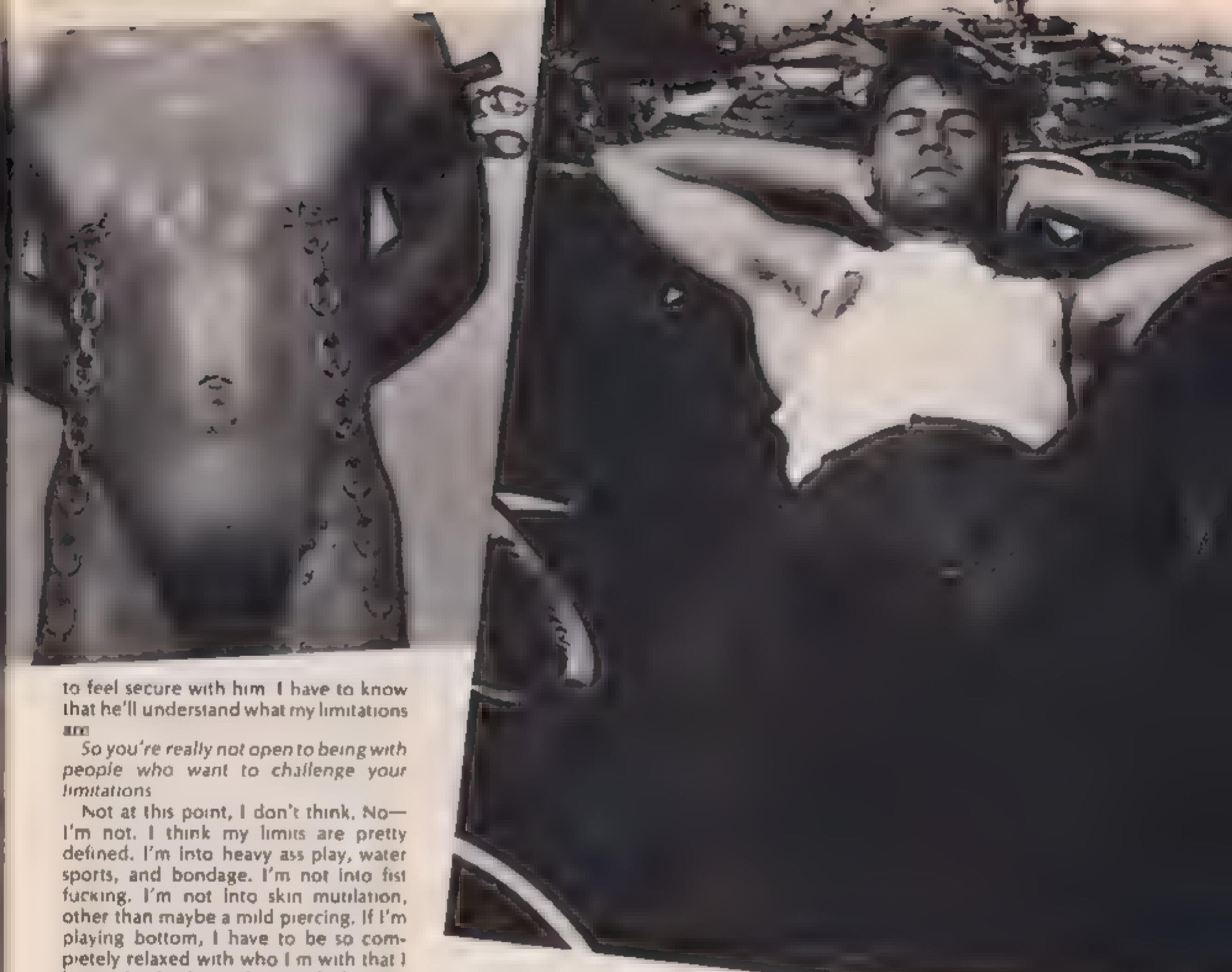
Physically or emotionally?  
Both.

Is being either strictly a top or strictly a bottom being something of a stereotype?

To a point, you have to have stereotypes. For me it all depends on the situation I'm in and the man I'm with.

How does it feel to be both—to be able to assume both roles?

When I'm a bottom, the emotions I feel are—first of all, in order for me to be a bottom, the man I'm with has to be bigger than me and older than me. I have



to feel secure with him. I have to know that he'll understand what my limitations are.

So you're really not open to being with people who want to challenge your limitations?

Not at this point, I don't think. No—I'm not. I think my limits are pretty defined. I'm into heavy ass play, water sports, and bondage. I'm not into fist fucking. I'm not into skin mutilation, other than maybe a mild piercing. If I'm playing bottom, I have to be so completely relaxed with who I'm with that I know they're in total control. I'm into them fucking me really hard. Putting their hands inside of me. Fucking me with a dildo. I have to know that they are aware of how far they can go—how hard they can go.

When someone puts his hand inside of you what goes through your mind?

It's not like fistng. It's part way

That's fistng. What happens for you ...

I totally relax. Sometimes I growl. And I have to let the top know that what he's doing is really getting to me. Communication. It's something I would have to show you. It's not something I can describe in words. Your eyes kind of go back. You feel so secure. If my hands are bound, I like to pull on my hands to know that they're bound. I like to make the top think that he's torturing me. Very verbal. I like to talk trash.

It's a very intense kind of communication.

Of course it is. It's highly, highly energized. Even if it's fantasy. Even if you're just playing a role. Like in boot camp. Or the coach and the jock, you know.

#### You become the part

(Laughs) Very much so. It relates to when I was a prostitute—at least it relates for me. Knowing what men want

You have a really amazing story to tell because you were so young when you got into all of this

I had my first lover when I was thirteen. He and I stayed together until I was sixteen. We knew we were gay. But we were also best buddies because we knew that we needed each other. We ran away to California and worked Sunset Strip together. And then I had another lover from age sixteen until I was twenty-one. But being a whore ruined that relationship.

#### How did you become a whore?

I was running with the right group of kids I started in the bars with older men. I discovered, as many young men do, that you can make fifty bucks by letting some guy suck your dick. I did a lot of hitchhiking and I got picked up a lot. I was living with a group of people, and we had no real way of supporting our habits. Our night life. We looked wild as hell.

And we sold our bodies. Live fast, stay young, and die pretty.

How do you feel about all of that now? You pretty much survived that scene where a lot of people don't

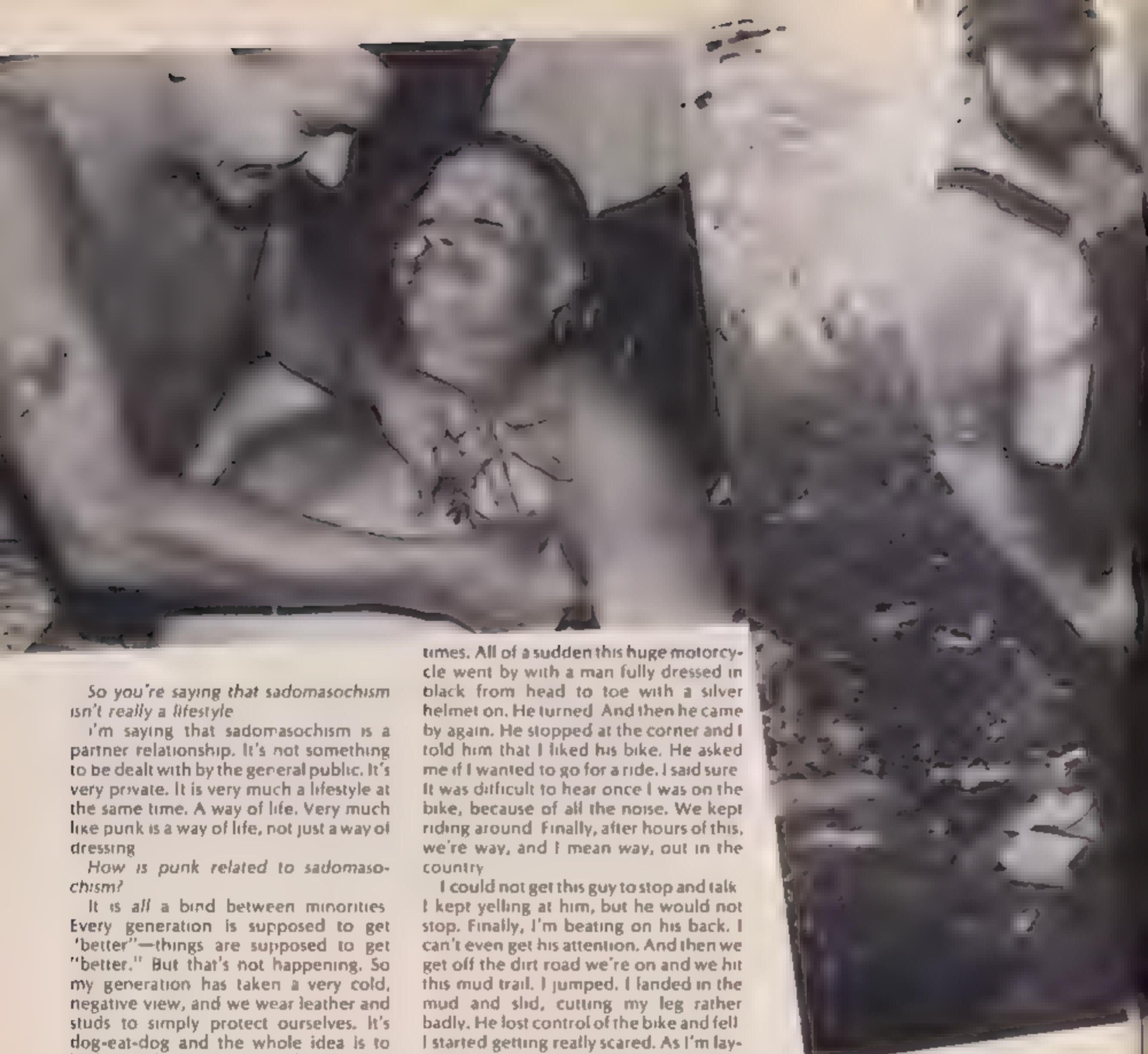
It's true. I've had numerous friends who've frozen to death in the back seat of cars they were living in—shooting heroin.

#### How do you look back on that today?

I've always been a survivor. I know when to get out. I know when it's too dangerous. I reached this point where I had become something of a lounge lizard—literally a vampire of the night. People were dying all around me. Everyone I knew. It was change or die.

Are you in touch with how much strength you have as a person?

Yes. When you're a bottom like I am, basically, you have to be secure enough to be able to be humiliated—to be able to act out. To be able to sexually gratify yourself. And in all of this, SM is a very important sexual luxury.



*So you're saying that sadomasochism isn't really a lifestyle?*

I'm saying that sadomasochism is a partner relationship. It's not something to be dealt with by the general public. It's very private. It is very much a lifestyle at the same time. A way of life. Very much like punk is a way of life, not just a way of dressing.

*How is punk related to sadomasochism?*

It is all a bind between minorities. Every generation is supposed to get "better"—things are supposed to get "better." But that's not happening. So my generation has taken a very cold, negative view, and we wear leather and studs to simply protect ourselves. It's dog-eat-dog and the whole idea is to look like the most vicious dog. And by vicious I mean strong.

*So you're saying that it takes a great deal of strength to be the kind of bottom that you basically are?*

And yet I want someone in my life who will make it all stable and secure.

*Is that a fantasy?*

Not any more than finding someone with a big dick is a fantasy.

*You've talked about the first and best SM experiences you ever had—what about the most bizarre experience?*

I lived in a gay neighborhood and all the bars were about a mile apart. You could walk from bar to bar. I ran out of money, so I started to walk home past all the hookers—male and female. I was walking home. I wasn't working it, although I had worked that street many

times. All of a sudden this huge motorcycle went by with a man fully dressed in black from head to toe with a silver helmet on. He turned. And then he came by again. He stopped at the corner and I told him that I liked his bike. He asked me if I wanted to go for a ride. I said sure. It was difficult to hear once I was on the bike, because of all the noise. We kept riding around. Finally, after hours of this, we're way, and I mean way, out in the country.

I could not get this guy to stop and talk. I kept yelling at him, but he would not stop. Finally, I'm beating on his back. I can't even get his attention. And then we get off the dirt road we're on and we hit this mud trail. I jumped. I landed in the mud and slid, cutting my leg rather badly. He lost control of the bike and fell. I started getting really scared. As I'm laying there in the dirt, he lands on me and starts grabbing me by the throat and starts smacking me around. "What the fuck do you think you're doing?" he says. I could have killed us both, and I'm thinking that he is going to kill me. So I start screaming and begging for him not to kill me. He rips off my clothes and he fucks me right there in the mud. It was intense and I was terrified. And then we just kind of layed there...

*In the mud?*

Yes, in the mud. He took me home. He bandaged my leg, and we exchanged fifteen, maybe twenty words apiece. It was the most frightening and yet the most sexually exciting kind of experience, because I was in the hands of someone whom I did not know. I didn't trust him. Yet I will never forget that experience.

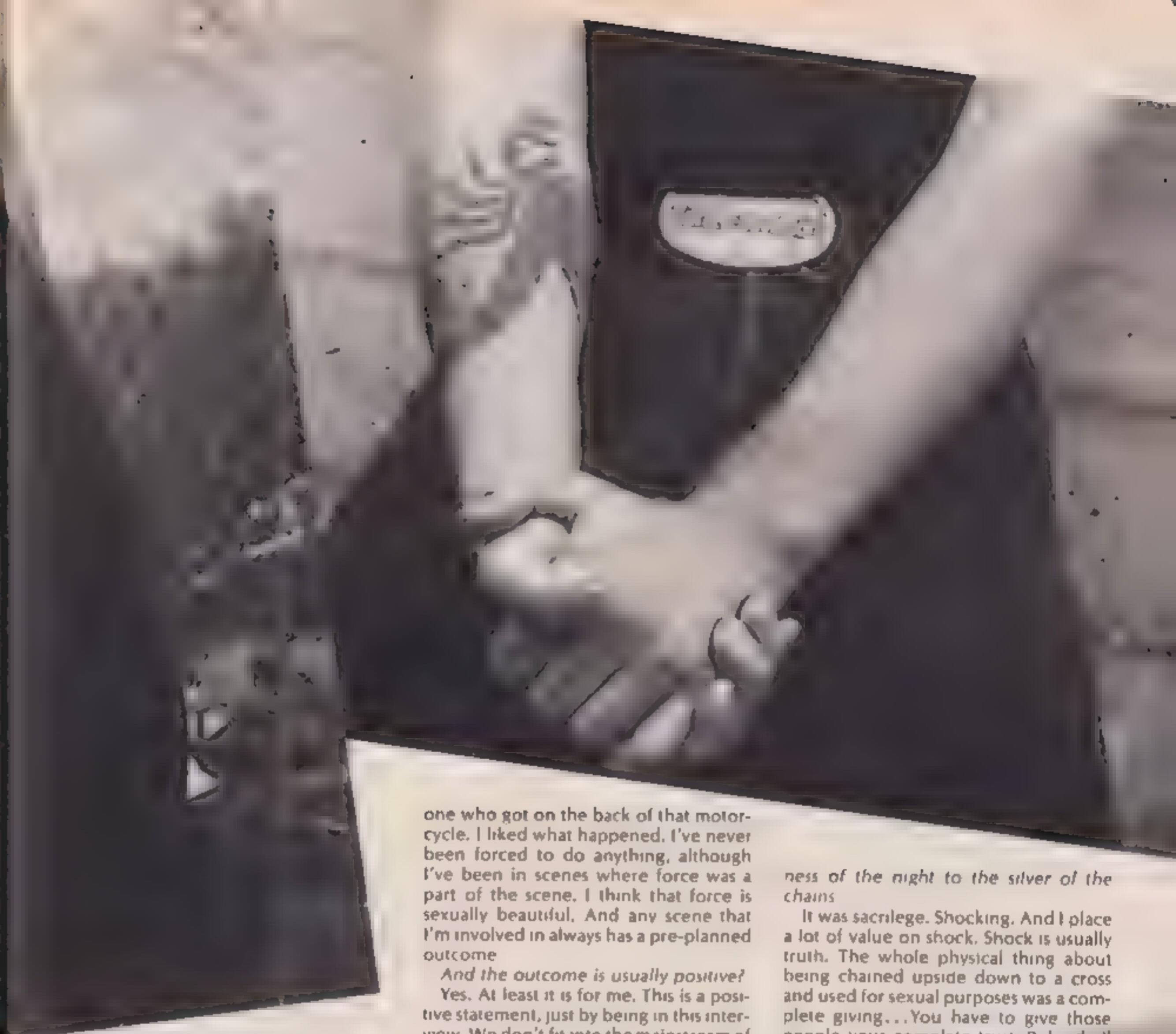
Sometimes I fantasize about it (laughs). Even though I was terrified I was thinking that I really was going to die.

So there was a sense of pleasure and fear that became intermixed.

Exactly.

Where do you see yourself in the future with this kind of a now oriented existence? You and people like you don't experience SM peripherally.

It's an everyday thing because I'm looking for someone I can respect. You only live once. And you may as well experience as many things as humanly possible. I've packed enough experiences into the past twenty years to know that the next twenty are going to be even more exciting. I see myself doing it alone. I'm looking. Until I can find the



right sexual partner who's into the same things I am, you have to keep looking

*Do you experience yourself as being lonely?*

Not at all. I am surrounded by people and life. All the people I'm involved with have a mutual bond. We run together.

*How do you deal with the kind of thinking that finds sadomasochism to be a sickness?*

I think that attitude is sad. It's ignorant. I like myself. I like my friends. I would have to say that my way of life is an intelligent way of life. Anyone who thinks that all SM is automatically sick isn't very informed. It's not for everyone because everyone shouldn't expand their minds. They don't have to participate. Everything I've ever done has been with my unconditional consent in that I take responsibility for my actions. I was the

one who got on the back of that motorcycle. I liked what happened. I've never been forced to do anything, although I've been in scenes where force was a part of the scene. I think that force is sexually beautiful. And any scene that I'm involved in always has a pre-planned outcome

*And the outcome is usually positive?*

Yes. At least it is for me. This is a positive statement, just by being in this interview. We don't fit into the mainstream of anything. But we're here. And we don't deserve to be persecuted, at least in the sense of being an outsider all the time. I don't have to conform to straight society's standards and it's usually the gay circles where I'm ostracized.

*Are you tempted much to expand other people's sense of sexual awareness with sadomasochism?*

Only if they seem intrigued or curious.

*Will you ever become primarily a top?*

Sometimes I do that, but I could never really ever find it a lasting thing.

*Do you think that people have to suffer to really understand life?*

Very much so. If you never experience suffering, how in the world can you even begin to think that you know life in the least?

*What did it feel like to be chained upside down to the cross? It was very erotic to me. Everything from the black-*

*ness of the night to the silver of the chains*

It was sacrilege. Shocking. And I place a lot of value on shock. Shock is usually truth. The whole physical thing about being chained upside down to a cross and used for sexual purposes was a complete giving... You have to give those people your complete trust. Behind all the excitement there was a sense of—you never know. What could they do to me? I'm totally helpless. It's very, very erotic. And there's a lot of voyeurism to the whole scene. This is the place where a lot of people are afraid of SM. They are afraid of going beyond watching.

*I remember that after a while you wanted down. But you never used the key words that were supposed to let us know that you had reached your limits*

That's because I never did reach my limits.

*So you were in control and never really crossed that edge*

You have to have a great deal of control of your body in order to experience this kind of sex.

*And for you sadomasochism revolves around issues of control*

Control is only the beginning of the adventure. □



Cut Paper Drawing by Sam Allen



# A VIEW OF SADOMASOCHISM

by don miesen

This article attempts an introduction to SM, or Sadomasochism. It is based on my own 15 years in SM, with about 200 personal encounters; on the stories of some close personal SM friends; and on the accounts of perhaps 400 people met through The Society of Janus (an SM education and support group). I have tried especially to answer the questions usually asked by newcomers to SM, as well as to offer my own ideas about what SM is, and its place in the order of human affairs.

## Aspects and Examples

SM is the neighborhood kids playing cops and robbers, and the contented excitement of the victim—all tied up and the center of attention

SM is when the belt hits—first it stings, then it's warm.

SM is the woman doctor from out of state, whom you keep chained up all weekend, and your friends come to help you abuse her in every possible way

SM is trying to piss in bondage, while your mistress holds your cock, and makes comments.

SM is the quiet typist by day who becomes a whip-wielding dominatrix by night

SM is the sweat, and wondering if you're going to pass out, and finally letting go

SM is Sunday brunch at an SM bar, and even though you're a straight couple, the leathermen know you're into it, too.

SM is a tiny pair of gold handcuffs on an expensive dress at the opera

SM is putting your boyfriend into a French maid outfit, to serve lunch to you and your girlfriends, who are into women's lib

SM is screaming "THAT'S ONE, SIR! THANK YOU, SIR!" at the top of your lungs

SM is the gratitude, all your life, to the person who helped you come out

SM is trying to explain the massive frame and eyebolts to your landlady. She listens with flat eyes and you know your lease is ending

SM is finding the perfect pair of boots.

SM is your new slave, blindfolded, masturbating, and telling his secret fantasies, while you watch and listen to every marvelous detail

SM is sleeping with your hands and feet bound, and the dreams

SM is the man at the party who asks to try on your handcuffs, "to see how it feels."

SM is the proud African youth in *National Geographic*, with skewers through his tongue and cheeks, and knowing you both know the pride

SM is forgetting to take off your steel cockring, and it sets off the alarm at the airport

SM is how hot her ass feels when you caress the welts.

SM is putting up with a picky, uncertain submissive, novice-new, who doesn't know how to say what he wants to say, but finally says it, and takes your breath away with the magnificent totality of his submission

SM is hearing people talk about how bad SM is, knowing nothing about it, and you want to giggle, because they're so serious.

SM is your slave holding up her hair, without being told, as you put on her collar.

SM is the perfume of sweaty leather.

SM is the anniversary when your lover has a gold ring put through your labia (and no anesthesia); then she holds you and says you're hers forever; and you'd do anything for her.

SM is Errol Flynn chained up by pirates.

SM is the uniform in your closet, waiting for Saturday night.

SM is being taken downstairs, and you see it's soundproof

SM is hurting the one you love, just exactly right.

SM is wondering what the other executives would say if they knew about the welts and the sticky panties underneath your conservative suit.

SM is wishing you could afford one of everything at an SM shop.

SM is how warm and tingly your nipples feel when the clamps are perfect; then the little bite more, and how your nipples

of the essence. With art, with deliberate fantasy and play, shelter becomes architecture; food becomes cuisine; clothing becomes fashion; speech becomes poetry—and, at least for some of us, the uncritical joys of vanilla sex may become the deliberate joys of SM.

### Common Concerns—Uncommon Facts

SM is not trifling nor aberrant. Fantasy and play are universal, and SM is everywhere, in all cultures, all societies, all historical periods. I think SM must spring up spontaneously whenever people learn deliberate fantasy and play. Surveys show as high as 50-75% of Americans, both men and women, have SM fantasies or experiences (see the book *SM: The Last Taboo*, and the works of Nancy Friday, available in paperback). Probably the most SM occurs in the setting of conventional marriages—right at home.

SM is not sexist. Sexism tries to impose dominant-submissive roles according to our physical sex organs. SM lets us choose our roles according to our fantasies. Thus SM includes dominant women and submissive men. Many feminists



SM is spotting an ancient gay masochist on the bus: short haircut, polished boots, tattered levis and jacket, heavy chain and padlock around his neck, tattoos sprouting out of his collar and cuffs—quiet, upright, proud, centered and content.

adjust to enjoy that, too.

SM is the humiliation of discovering that your new slave is far more experienced than you are.

SM is spotting an ancient gay masochist on the bus: short haircut, polished boots, tattered levis and jacket, heavy chain and padlock around his neck, tattoos sprouting out of his collar and cuffs—quiet, upright, proud, centered, and content.

### Definition

SM is erotic play based on deliberate roles of domination and submission. SM is fun play and also serious play, because we consciously choose our roles of domination and submission according to our actual erotic fantasies. In SM, we act out, fulfill, and make real our erotic fantasies.

How does SM make our fantasies real? Domination and submission are reciprocal roles, in which each can be the reality for the fantasy of the other. When my outer role matches my inner fantasy, I manifest more energy; when my partner's role and energy affirm mine, our energy interacts and multiplies incredibly, and we create our own shared reality. SM is often called a power exchange. The energy is immense. You have to experience it to believe it, or to understand it.

SM is like vanilla sex (ordinary lovemaking) in that each excites and fulfills the other in a reciprocal interaction. But vanilla sex excites and fulfills our physical desires, it puts aside our intellectual faculties. SM excites and fulfills our fantasies; this stimulates our observation, analysis, and criticism.

SM is deliberate fantasy and play. As such, it belongs among the arts. Whenever we think what makes eroticism good, we naturally think in terms of anticipation, excitement, tension, relaxation, rhythm, style, surprise, sensations, textures, duality, power, imagery, relief, fulfillment, resolution, and so on. These are the analytic terms of the arts (and of the performing arts, at that). They are not the analytical terms of theology, medicine, science, ethics or nor politics—though all of these have claimed sexuality for their domain. To be sure, all these other disciplines have important things to say about sex and eroticism; but they are in the nature of limits; they are not

misunderstand and disapprove of SM. Yet nearly all sadomasochists support feminism as a movement towards honesty in relationships.

Some people think SM is wrong because they think people should be equals in sex. But that's simplistic politics and simplistic sex, too. We human beings are equal only in law; otherwise what's important is that we're all different, individual and unique. SM, like other good relationships, honors individuality by using the talents of each for the good of both.

SM is not mental illness. SM is deliberately chosen, controlled, integrated and healthy because it reconnects our fantasies to real relationships with real people.

Don't be afraid of words like "sadism" and "masochism." Sadism comes from the name of Marquis de Sade (1740-1814). Masochism comes from the name of Leopold von Sacher-Masoch (1836-1895). Both men were positive, moral, and creative—and were highly recognized for it. DeSade was a first cousin to the king, and went to school with him. Yet he supported the Revolution, and was so respected that at one point his commune elected him a judge. His notorious imprisonments were essentially political, his scandalous ideas made him an embarrassment to both the monarchy and the Republic, and an easy target for blackmail and scapegoating. Despite his many years of imprisonment, he was never tried for anything. In 1883, a later France made von Sacher-Masoch a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, on the occasion of his literary jubilee.

About 1886—a century ago—Krafft-Ebing invented the words *sadism* and *masochism*. At that time, Western psychology was still embedded with Victorian prudery, and had another half-century to wait for Freud to divorce their sterile and unnatural union. DeSade was a bitter and scandalous social critic; he can easily be misread. But both he and von Sacher-Masoch were fearless in their erotic fantasies, and they can show us how our fiercest fantasies come from the same place as our most tender loves. They deserve honor, not blame, for opening this truth to us. Krafft-Ebing was wrong to take those names for sickness; moralists and too-ardent feminists are

wrong to take those names for evil; and we sadomasochists are right to reclaim those names, and take them back again for something good

SM is a loosely-defined subculture. Much SM is gentle, and many of the gentler practitioners prefer to call it "D&S" for "Dominance and Submission," or "B&D" for "Bondage and Discipline." They reserve S&M for pain and rough stuff. Another comment is "Shared & Mutual;" a gay sarcasm is "Standing and Modeling," and you will find other call letters. Check if you're not sure. But rough or gently and whatever you want to call it, it's all based on deliberate roles of domination and submission

### Isn't SM Dangerous?

Outsiders often see SM as bizarre and destructive. Some think sadists do whatever they want to masochists; and that masochists somehow enjoy suffering for its own sake. Beginners fear that SM can get out of hand and lead to mayhem. The media often like to sensationalize SM as immoral, drug-oriented and dangerous. The public loves all this. It sells papers. But it's not true.

The truth is that SM is highly communicating, supportive and safe. SM is fantasy-sharing, which can only be consensual. You can't share and develop fantasies even with someone you feel merely neutral about, because you won't be able to get the heightened energy and feedback and affirmation you need. The Society of Janus, for example, insists that "all SM can and should be consensual," meaning that no matter what you do in SM, both partners should be of one sensuality with one another.

SM can be gentle as a feather or rough as a crucifixion. But what games you play, how long, how hard, and how real—all that is up to you and your partner.

Real-life sadists and masochists are choosy about their ordeals and choosy about their partners. The kind of suffering a sadist wants to inflict says nothing about the masochist, but much about the sadist, who must accept the truth about himself. The amount of suffering is limited by how much the sadist can take responsibility for—including the masochist's post-party affections, when the handcuffs come off. So, behind

explore for more patterns of erotic play. Some individuals learn about SM from spouses, lovers, or friends. Some read about SM, get turned on and start looking for it in real life. Some who feel guilty, inadequate or insecure are attracted to the security of SM role-playing

### How Can I Tell if I'm into SM?

There are two cases. If you often have SM fantasies, of having power over someone you desire, or of someone you desire having power over you, then you are a latent sadomasochist. If you often are in fact dominant or submissive in your loveplay, but without putting a name to it, again, you are a latent sadomasochist

In either case, whether you are fantasizing dominance and submission without doing it or doing dominance and submission without naming it, coming out into SM means your conscious acceptance of domination and submission as an important key to your eroticism. Then you can begin to become yourself more fully and deliberately

Some people—like me, I am a hardhead—resist accepting their SM. I once thought my fantasies were something separate from myself, that I created my fantasies at will. But one day it dawned on me that many other people would like to act out my fantasies with me, and that those other people were as valid and human as I was. Immediately I had to accept my SM fantasies as a valid and human part of myself. It was scary; I felt out of control; my fantasies were not separate from myself, created by my will; in fact, at their level, they defined and created me, and my "will" had little to do with it. But even so, I was happy—and I have never looked back. Now I think that for most people coming out into SM is not as hard as it was for me

### Isn't It Degrading to Be Submissive?

Yes and no. Humiliation is to the spirit as pain is to the body. Humiliation can affirm a healthy ego, just as pain or stress can affirm a healthy body. Religions use humility for spiritual development, just as sports use physical stress for bodily development. So likewise, SM uses humiliation to eroticize the ego, pain to eroticize the body

Many masochists who eroticize pain reject and are offended

Outsiders often see SM as bizarre and destructive. Some think sadists do whatever they want to masochists; and that masochists somehow enjoy suffering for its own sake. Beginners fear that SM can get out of hand and lead to mayhem.

our appearances, our fantasies, and the games we may play, SM is something that spouses, lovers, and friends learn to do together.

Some sadomasochists look dangerous. They're giving signals for rough games—which they know how to play and are ready for. If you're not ready, keep away. They take themselves seriously, and so should you

Much of SM is easy fun and no more dangerous than driving a car. But, like driving, you must do it right. We always have a few who do SM drunk, stoned, or without knowing what they're doing. This is as serious as driving drunk, or without knowing how to drive. Most of us are careful and safety-minded. Outside the drug and heavy-drinking set, serious accidents in SM are rare

### How Do People Become Sadomasochists?

Some individuals discover it on their own—even in early childhood—playing their own games with pain, bondage, isolation and other stress. Some couples discover it as they

by humiliation. Many masochists who eroticize humiliation cannot handle pain. Likewise, sadists seem to be chiefly into pain or humiliation.

Sadists think masochists are the most erotic people alive. So now it's your choice: dominate or submit. Would you rather have power over a highly erotic person (and what would you do with them?) Or would you rather be a highly erotic person for someone with power over you? (and what would you want them to do with you?)

Three thousand years ago, wise Homer sang, "Great joy it is to friends, and grief to foes, when with one accord man and wife together make a home... But they themselves best know its meaning." SM is like that. We create our own shared reality. The opinions of other people are not important there

### SM as Individualism Against Authority

In our human species the development of our frontal brain has given us conceptual thought and self-image. These are continued on page 100



# Hun of the Month



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HUN  
1984

# REPORT

## MILITARY DISCIPLINE

### BY RICHARD BRAUN

Okay, you're all familiar with stories of prison slavery and SM behind bars. And you all know the kind of discipline a young man's likely to learn in the armed forces. Mix them up—more or less—and you've got something like RID (Reinforced Inmate Discipline), a new convict reform program being tested out at a Mississippi State Penitentiary.

A report in the *Jackson Clarion-Ledger* describes Charles Gatlin, a 31-year-old convicted burglar taking part in RID: "Gatlin keeps his hair short, his clothes neat and knows how to say 'yes, sir' as if he were a Marine... He keeps his bunk area spotless and salutes the guards. He asks for punishment when he knows he has botched a command. He marches around the prison grounds to the traditional 'left, right' military beat... Gatlin and about 30 other convicts are completing the state prison's boot camp, designed to instill discipline in offenders."

"Although the guards push him around and total self-control is demanded of him, Gatlin believes jail life is safer and more productive."

Gatlin is one of the older inmates in the RID experiment; the program is designed mostly for inmates 16 to 25 years of age convicted for non-violent crimes. The inmates are housed separately from the other convicts. "We feel it will train them to mix with the general population," says the deputy superintendent.

The RID inmates rise at 5:30 a.m. They raise the flag, have sessions with counselors and perform assigned chores. The inmates are drilled by a group of sergeants dressed in military fatigues, headed by Cornell Dillard, an ex Marine who "takes no nonsense from any of the inmates."

Prison Superintendent Don Cabana says the program is designed to "break some down and have them start all



**WE'RE HOOKED:** Coming out on top in the latest Bare Chest Contest at the San Francisco Exile was Rich Krekorian, who flashed the kind of pectoral development that melts even the harshest judge. The pierced ear is a nice touch, and the bicep ain't bad. Plus the smile, and the hair, and the chain around the neck...you could say he's all together (Photo by Robert Pruzan)

over," learning discipline they were never taught at home. Judge Elzy Smith, who has sentenced about 30 offenders to the RID program, said he is impressed with RID's "boot-camp atmosphere, the discipline, the orderly day, the orderly schedule. We might get the attention of some of

the young people." The program lasts 90 to 120 days, depending on the sentence.

Since all Drummer readers are law-abiding citizens, any fantasies conjured up by RID will undoubtedly remain just that—fantasies. But imagine to your heart's content the dilemma of choosing between

turning punk for some burly Mississippi con-daddy, and snapping to attention to be inspected by Sgt. Cornell Dillard. The rehabilitative effectiveness of RID hasn't yet been determined, but it'll be interesting to see how many repeat offenders request to be sent back into the program.

## GMSMA EXPANDING ITS LIMITS

Gay Male SM Activists headquartered in New York, is one of the best known and most active safe-and-sane SM organizations in the United States. The highly organized group holds regular meetings to instruct members and guests in safe SM activities, sponsors social events, publishes a variety of pamphlets and newsletters, and makes its positive presence felt in the New York gay community at large.

With the August 1985 edition of GMSMA News, the group's organizers have announced a change in membership rules that will allow any interested man 19 or older to join, no matter where he lives (previously, membership had been based on regular attendance at general meetings, which had restricted full privileges to men in the New York area able to attend).

The official membership year runs from September through August; dues paid by January 1986 are \$30, and after that \$15 (all memberships will expire at the same time next September). Privileges include discounts on admission to various special events and on merchandise, voting privileges, and the GMSMA newsletter. In addition, GMSMA is gearing up to produce "an ambitious program of other publications in the coming year, including one or two informational booklets and perhaps a large-format annual."

Meanwhile, GMSMA has announced its fall schedule of meetings. Listed below are events for October and November. All regular, Wednesday meetings are held at New York's Gay and Lesbian Community Services Center (208 W. 13th St.) at 8:30 p.m., and are open to both members (\$2) and non-members (\$4). Admission policy and fees vary for special events.

**Do-It-Yourself Equipment and Play Areas (Wed., Oct. 9):** How-to tips, illustrations, slides.

**Better Homes & Dungeons (Sat., Oct. 12):** A guided tour for GMSMA members only (tentative).



**BARBARIAN BOOGIES DOWN** On top, this male dancer's pose between his legs was part of an unlikely combo-show this summer in San Francisco—the Ms. Nude America Contest plus L.S. Male Stripper Championship. Heavy promotion in the gay community failed to turn out much of an audience, and the whole affair was reported to be a flop. Below, photographer Robert Pruzan did catch this timeless shot.

**School for Lower Education (Sat., Oct. 19):** A smorgasbord of exciting SM scenes, dished out by GMSMA members and hosted by the Mineshaft—9 p.m. to 2 a.m.

**Erotic Pain (Wed., Oct. 23):** Featuring Geoff Mains, author

of *Urban Aboriginals: A Celebration of Leathersexuality*

**Legal Implications of SM (Wed., Nov. 13):** Two attorneys will address the issues (open to men and women)

**Leatherfest at the Spike (Sat., Nov. 23):** Details to be

announced

**Thanksgiving Social (Wed., Nov. 25):**

For information on becoming a member, or to be added to their mailing list, write to GMSMA, 132 West 24th St., New York, NY 10011.



### DOING RINGOLD ALLEY—IN BROAD DAYLIGHT

For years, San Francisco's Ringold Alley (located in the heart of the city's leather district) has been notorious as a late-night strip that the cruisers sometimes don't want to get out of their pants—which has led to the rest in the block-long residential-and-

In August, Folsom leathermen and Ringold regulars see the alley—and each other—in broad daylight at Ringold Alley Fair. Patrick Toner, International

Mr. Leather 1985, helped organize the "block party," dubbed Up Your Alley. It had the festive mood of an old school fair, with food stands and fun booths, including a chance to "dunk-a-hunk" and a throwing booth (that wasn't for creampuffs, for a closer look at his issue's In Passing page). Up Your Alley raised \$5000 for Games II, the SF AIDS Fund, and Community United Against

Photos by P.T.

## UNIFORMS IN REVIEW, SPIKE NEWS

It'll be happening the weekend of Oct. 11 at the Spike, one of New York's favorite leather bars—the Annual Review of the American Uniform Association. If you're unfamiliar with the AUA check out the report on this group in Drummer 79—or check out the gathering at the Spike. These guys go for everything from gauntlets and epaulets to SWAT team gear and the look is always spit-shine authentic down to the last grommet; the uniforms come from all over the world. If you miss the Annual Review local AUAers meet at the Spike on the last Saturday night of each month.

More organization notes from the Spike: Tuesdays are Club Bar Nite at the bar throughout October and November, an opportunity for various leather/leather and motorcycle clubs in the New York area to make themselves known to each other and the community on a regular basis. Nonmembers can meet members, and exchange ideas and get a feel for each club and maybe take the first steps in joining. Participating clubs include The Defenders Excess, Praetorians, the Long Island Spuds, Wildcats MC, Cycle MC, Trident International, and the 9-Plus Club. Check with the Spike for schedule details.

And New York leathermen should be on the look-out for upcoming details on the second annual Mr. Spike contest, to be scheduled in October.

The Spike is located at 120 11th Ave., New York, NY 10011. Telephone: (212) 243-9688.

## ANTI-SM WRITER CALLS CRITICS "CRAZY"

Pros and cons on SM continued to stir controversy in the pages of the New York Native in September. It all began with an article by writer Craig Johnson titled "SM and the Myth of Mutual Consent" in the gay tabloid's July 29 edition, in which Johnson called SM a "virus," a "plague," and an "unhealthy way of life that threatens us all."

The Sept. 2 edition of the Native carried four pages of letters in response to John



**SWAT, MY ASS!** — Drummer reader in Alabama recently sent us this snapshot of what he claims to be a member of Mobile's crack SWAT team patrolling an unnamed public event in his chocolate brown and tan uniform. So it is a SWAT team he is in? — The helmets are stencilled with the letters SCAT?

son's article, under the heading "One Good Slap Deserves Another: Getting to the Bottom (and the Top) of the SM Question."

An editorial introduction noted that Johnson's "controversial article has evoked (sic!) replies by sadists, masochists, civil libertarians, and activists

and will be the subject of a feature in an upcoming issue of Drummer magazine (Aaron Travis' dissection of the Johnson article, "The Shame of the New York Native," appeared in Drummer 86.)

The response to Johnson's article included ten letters attacking the piece, one letter

applauding it, and a reply from Johnson himself. The critical letters were generally lengthy, carefully detailed and argued, and came from as far afield as Austria.

Johnson was unimpressed by the overwhelmingly negative response to his article. "I am confronted with nothing

but a series of off-the-wall responses," he said in his reply. "The gist of all these letters...is that I am a narrow-minded fuddy-duddy who is envious of all these people having such fun...If I am, as they would describe me, 'frustrated,' it's because these guys are taking over."

Johnson summarily dismissed those who disagreed with him as "crazy": "I think that what we're seeing here is that I upset a lot of crazy people and that they had to scream out in response. As the saying goes, the truth hurts. No pun intended."

#### HARTFORD COLTS

Congrats to the Hartford Colts, a brand-new leather MC in Connecticut which held its first bar night Sept. 28 at Barristers in Hartford. The Colts are looking "to provide a means of fellowship and brotherhood for like-minded men of the community, but this was not the only purpose for forming our club. We hope to add ourselves to the long list of those already active in promoting a healthy view of the leather scene through help and service to both our community and the community-at-large."

The Colts meet the third Sunday of each month, with bar nights on the fourth Saturday of the month from nine to midnight at Barristers, 601 Broad Street in Hartford.

To contact the club by mail, write: Hartford Colts MC, Blue Hills Station, PO Box 12201, Hartford, CT 06112.

#### GOTHAM MANHUNT FOR MR. LEATHER NYC

Time again for the second annual Mr. Leather-New York Contest, bringing together New York's top leathermen in heated competition. (Last year's winner, Henry Romanowski, was featured in Drummer 82.)

The place, Paradise Garage, 84 King Street (west of Varick St./78th Avenue South). The date: Nov. 2 (doors open at 7 p.m., and the contest kicks off at 8 p.m. sharp.) Admission: \$25 advance, \$30 at the door.

Prizes for contestants and spectators include a trip to Amsterdam for both Mr. Leather-New York 1985 and a lucky raffle winner. (The con-

#### MEET THE D.I.

If you saw last issue's feature on "The Box," or if you've caught their "A Few Good Men" Organization ad in the Dear Sir Section, you already know something about the notorious Training Center in Missouri. The latest new man on the staff: A young ex-Marine known only as The D.I., who's taking his training in discipline into the private sector. Guaranteed to whip you into shape. (Photos from The Training Center.)

test, co-hosted by Interchain and GMSMA, is a fund-raising benefit for Gay Men's Health Crisis and the AIDS Resource Center. Last year's event raised over \$10,000 to help these causes.)

Okay, New York leathermen—get ready to show your pride! For tickets or information about entry or donation contact: Mr. Leather-New York Contest, Box 410, 132 W. 24th St., New York, NY 10011.

#### WALKING THE DOG LEADS TO FIDO'S ARREST

The following report, dated Los Angeles and filed by UPI, appeared in numerous newspapers in early September. We reproduce it here, without comment. For the full story, you'll have to read between the lines.

"A man wearing a G-string,





chaps, a shirt and shoes—but no pants—was arrested as he was led down a city sidewalk on a chain by another man at 3 a.m., police said.

"A neighborhood resident flagged down two officers a few minutes earlier and suggested they drive over to the next block. There, they saw a man in his mid-20s, with a chain around his neck, being led down the sidewalk by another man," said Sgt. Ray Heslop. The man was wearing only the chain, a G-string, chaps, a shirt and shoes. Heslop offered no explanation for the situation.

"The man in the chaps was taken to city jail and booked on suspicion of indecent exposure, a misdemeanor. He was not immediately identified by police."

"The man who was leading him by the chain was not arrested. Heslop said there was no law against leading someone by a chain."

#### IN A WAREHOUSE IN AMSTERDAM

Thanks to correspondent Tom of Virginia for turning us on to one of Europe's liveliest gathering spots for leathermen, Club LL International of Amsterdam.

Club LL is a "motorcycle and sports club" which has been organizing international meetings each month since 1970. Their invitation elaborates: "Our friends from all over the world meet in an old Amsterdam warehouse that's full of atmosphere for films, disco, live performances, drinks from the bar and a shop called Club LL. The warehouse is situated in the center of Amsterdam, only three minutes from the Club LL bar and restaurant. Next door you'll find Club LL's guesthouse, where friends can stay in one of our three rooms, each with two beds, private shower and toilet." Sounds cozy.

Club LL's meeting schedule for the remainder of 1985: Oct. 5, Nov. 2 and 30, and Dec. 31. For information, write to Club LL, Elandsgracht 29-31, 1016 TM Amsterdam, The Netherlands; telephone 020-220475. Or in Amsterdam, just drop in at the Club LL bar (address above) and ask for Ad or Geert. Tell 'em Drummer sent you.

**TAKE A LOOK:** The spreads above (the originals are in dazzling color) are from our favorite new magazine on the newsstands. NewLook. And from the magazine we'd have to say this is about the most macho in May. NewLook has featured big splashy photo-essays on South African redneck bikers who like to mud-wrestle and pee on each other, a West German anti-terrorist commando team, hunting big game with high-tech bow and arrow, bodybuilding, outrageous pro wrestling, modern-day knights in armor (talk about your uniform fetish), Shiva worshippers who suspend their pierced bodies by hooks—and that's just in the first four issues. What's likely to not catch your interest are the female nudes interspersed among the heavy macho spreads (NewLook is published by the people who put out Penthouse and is ostensibly aimed at a straight readership). But even the T&A is intriguing, like a leather, bondage, shaving and piercing spread in the premiere issue with text by Anais Nin. Check it out!

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## NO MORE PORN FOR HARVARD BOYS?

Newest hot-spot in the ongoing "war against pornography": Cambridge, MA, where it appears that an anti-porn ordinance will be placed as a binding referendum on the November ballot.

According to Boston's Gay Community News, "Women's Alliance Against Pornography (WAAP) has gathered over 7000 signatures on an initiative petition that calls for an amendment to the city's Human Rights ordinance. Signatures of eight percent of the city's registered voters, or approximately 3670 people, are required to get an initiative on the ballot."

The proposed ordinance's language closely follows that of previous legislation introduced in Los Angeles and elsewhere, defining porn as "graphic sexually explicit subordination of women" and allowing "victims" to claim civil rights violations and sex discrimination. Report has not ascertained whether, as in the case of Los Angeles, the "graphic sexually explicit subordination" definition extends to men as well as women.

The rift in the feminist movement has followed the anti-porn movement to Cambridge, as opposition includes Nancy Ryan of the Cambridge Commission on the Status of Women and a Boston chapter of FACT (Feminist Anti-Censorship Taskforce) which has formed in response to the WAAP initiative. Also opposing the amendment is Jonathan Handel of the Cambridge Human Rights Commission.

Cambridge is located near Boston, and is the site of Harvard University. Expect lots of highbrow debate on the issues of free speech versus censorship, and a run on local bookstores selling *Playboy*, *Penthouse*, *Hustler*...and *Drummer*.

## STAN AND OLLIE— SAFE AND SANE

Word arrives from Florida of the formation of a new club dedicated to safe-and-sane SM. Three of the founding members were formerly with the Black Fire MC of New York, which means they should know their way around



**BEAMING WITH PRIDE:** And what Daddy wouldn't be receiving the top trophy for the 3rd Annual Leather Daddy Contest held in August at Chaps in San Francisco? The big, strapping Daddy Dan Hohmann. The contest was a fund raiser for the SF AIDS Fund. Following in his wake came the 3rd Annual Leather Daddy's Boy contest at the Eagle—a shot from that event next issue. (Photo by Robert Pruzan)

"the ropes." Officers include vice president Ollie (aka Oliver Hardy) and treasurer Stan (aka Stan Laurel). We kid you not.

Interested parties should contact: Black Star MC, Box 560933, Orlando, FL 32856, or

phone Ollie at (305)423-0992.

## SUBMIT!

The Report section is our effort to keep Drummer readers informed about what's going on with leathermen in the US and around the world.

Have you got an event or inside information we should know about? Send press releases, announcements, photos, etc.—as early as possible—to Report, Drummer, 640 Natoma Street, San Francisco, CA 94103. □

# MALECALL

## TOP PERFORMANCE

Mark I. Chester's "Metamorphosis" in *Drummer 86* was as always a top-performance piece. I am an all-time fan of Chester and often employ the fantasy of being subject to his lens. Bill Browning is yet another inspired focus—although I imagine him as a demanding Master!

Thanks for Chester's contribution to *Drummer* and to everyone's bondage repertoire.

Jim L.  
San Francisco, CA

## CLOSE TO ECSTASY

Here's a genuine fan letter: I just finished the "Metamorphosis" piece by Mark I. Chester in *Drummer 86*. It is nothing less than inspired! Not simply because I find Bill Browning very beautiful or because it gave me a hard-on (Chester's criteria, I believe), but because in the pit of my stomach a fire burned in something very close to ecstasy! The writing is raw and pure in a way that makes me wish I'd written it. I usually leaf through *Drummer* and buy it reluctantly. At seeing Chester's pictures, I couldn't wait to get it home and whack off! "Metamorphosis" is a rare work that must have been kissed by the gods of love.

Wayne  
San Francisco, CA

## TIGHT BLACK RUBBER

I have been reading your magazine for a long time now (since issue 15). In all that time, I have never found any issue to lack some form of fantasy enjoyment, as well as very interesting reading and very, very hot erotic drawings!

I know you have published stories and photos of men into the eroticism of tight black rubber before, but I have never seen you illustrate this particular fetish so beautifully and arousingly as in *Drummer 86*.

I've been into rubberwear for quite some time now. I do own a leather jacket, but for the most part, I got into rubber initially because I found the cost of quality leather garments a little above my budget. However, I soon discovered what an intensely erotic feeling could be

achieved by wearing this beautiful stretchy second-skin!

I find it my duty, after all these years of reading your excellent magazine to commend you on the very important and appreciated service you are doing for the leather, rubber, and fetish communities of the world!

Keep up the good work, and I hope to see more of the specialized fetish of rubber in future issues.

Peter D. Sherman  
Los Angeles, CA

## BIG NIPS

Thanks for sending along *Drummer 81* I couldn't find back issues anywhere. Now my collection is once more complete.

To your credit and my delight, the feature in that issue on "Pecs...and What to Do With Them" (by T.R. Witomski) was very good. I'm very much into pecs and nipples and a big, muscular pair of man-tits will do it for me every time.

I haven't found much nipple action here in Ohio. It can get real frustrating not being able to find guys close by who can appreciate the work that goes into building and maintaining a good set of pecs and nips. My nipples in particular are bigger than average, and all I hear are variations on "I've never seen any nipples that BIG!" Seems they scare most guys, owing to their fantasies of what else I may be into.

I am sending along my pec-profile shot. Maybe you can run it in *Tough Customers*. Who knows what will happen?

Incidentally, I have contacted other big-nipped guys infrequently. There was a guy in San Francisco—met him at the old Bulldog Baths one night about five years ago. Nice memory! Nicer nips! More recently I've contacted a very few exceptional man-tits through Edenite. Just wish they weren't all so far away.

Thanks for making my night (!) with the pecs article. It was as welcomed as water in the desert.

John (TC 1118)  
Springfield, OH

(Editor's note: For a look at TC 1118's "pec-profile shot," see the *Tough Custo-*

*mers section in this issue. Edenite, mentioned above, is an organization for guys especially into pecs and tits, and can be contacted by mail, Edenite, PO Box 515, South Beloit, IL 61080.)*

## EVERY PICTURE TELLS ONE

The inside cover color shot for *Drummer 86* (boy, cropped hair, chrome collar) was more than a little exciting. Your coverboy looked as if he'd worked hard and deserved that taste! Would like to have seen shots of the transition from the commanding cover pose to the "compromising position" inside. That might have been a real sweet story.

Randolph Lamb  
Seattle, WA

(Editor's note: Since you asked, there's more of the same model—and his unseen Master—in a couple of our special publications: a photo essay called "At Home with Daddy and His Boy" in *Drummer Daddies 3*, and another titled "Teaching a New Dog Old Tricks" demonstrating the classic Slave's Creed in *Mach 9*. And yeah, the kid worked real hard to deserve everything he got—and to get everything he deserved!)

## FOOT STOMPING

May have been "big doings in Pittsburgh, PA" ("Who Will Be the New Mr. Drummer?" in issue 84), but the last thing needed at the Mr. East Coast Drummer contest was an "original erotic dance piece in four episodes." While I have nothing in particular against ballet, it certainly has no place in any leather contest. What next? Booths set up in the bars so that they can exchange their favorite quiche recipies? Maybe we should open up an "Aunt Nellie's Knitting Nook."

Jim Caplan may well be a talented choreographer, but he should direct his efforts toward the legitimate stage where it belongs.

Pete Snyder  
Lewisburg, PA

## INSIDE THE BOX

"The Box" (*Drummer 86*) was the most extraordinary, hardest hard-on inducing

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article I have seen in the six years I have been reading *Drummer*

Until I can manage the fare to Bridgeton, Missouri, is it possible for you to run another article, preferably written by someone who has experienced it, describing just how it feels to spend serious time in The Box? The article was written from the viewpoint of someone observing from outside, and it just wasn't the same as someone undergoing it from within.

Please, further details. I can't be your only reader wanting to submit to such an imaginatively conceived, so painstakingly constructed way of getting in touch with our innermost feelings. Whoever had the insight, and expertise, to design and build The Box, I hope to be the beneficiary of your wisdom as soon as I can possibly arrange it.

RJW  
Hollywood, CA

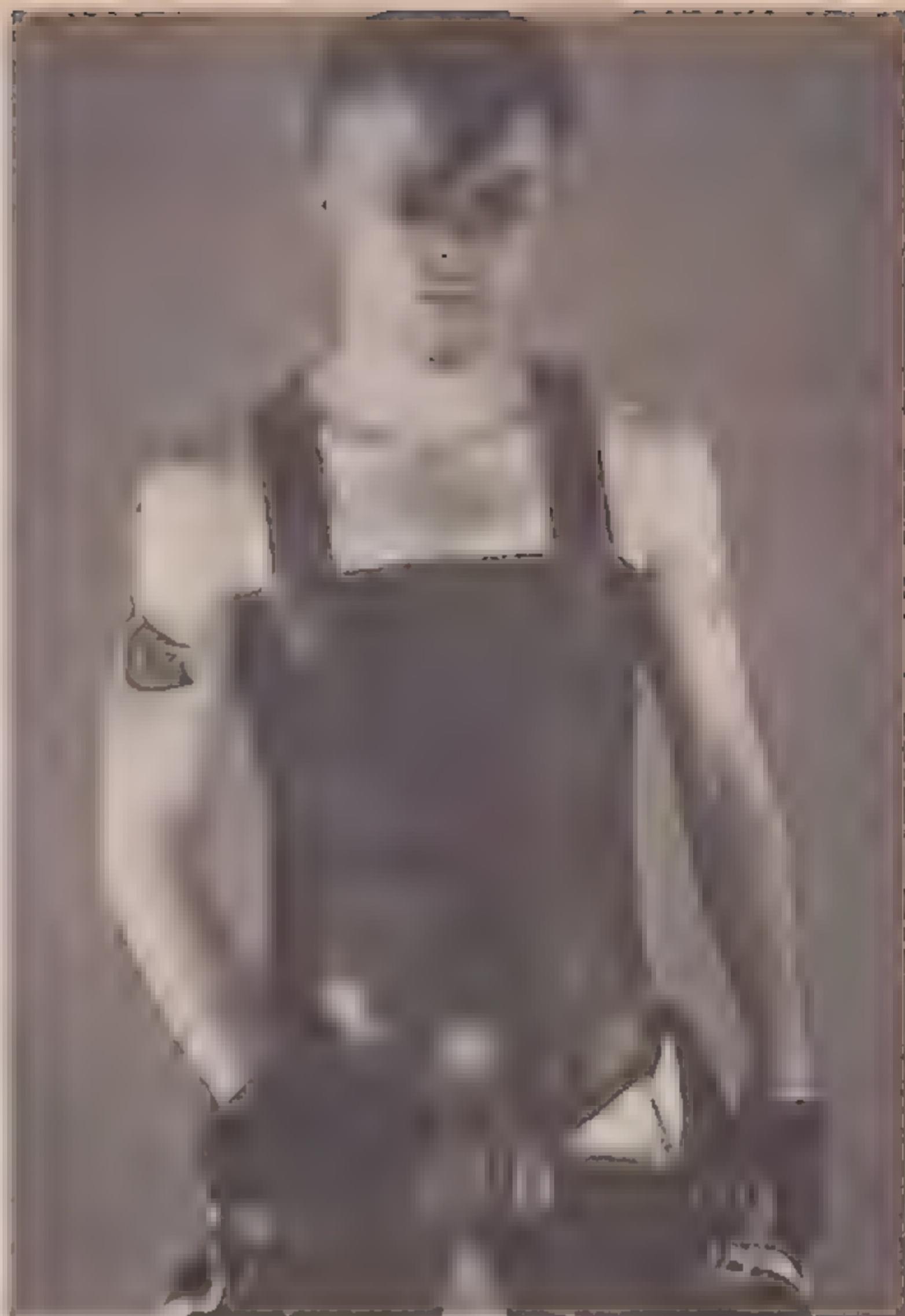
### STAND TALL!

We are entering a repressive period in this country on all matters that are sexually related. If Reagan has his way, and appoints the justices he wants to the Supreme Court, then we are in for a long period of conservatism of the worst kind. SM will survive.

Do you remember John Rechy's book of several years ago, *The Sexual Outlaw*? Another diatribe on SM. The book sold quite well, but had a minimal effect on anyone's opinion on SM one way or the other. You were either into it or you weren't.

Now, about this stupid article in the Native ("SM and the Myth of Mutual Consent" by Craig Johnson, New York Native, July 29, reviewed by Aaron Travis in "The Shame of the New York Native in Drummer 86). First, it will be read by very few people in the straight community. And even then, those who do read it probably won't know what they're reading about—some bizarre gay cult? Second, those in the gay community who read it will fall into two categories: 1) those who aren't into it—the pussies who will once again have that deeply repressed button pushed will get a lurid thrill out of reading the article, then turn around and call us "sick" (self-repression does that to you); and 2) those who are into it, who will be disgusted and outraged, as Aaron Travis was. Given the health problems now, and attacks in the courts, this is a bitter pill to swallow.

Travis' response to this article was measured and well-wrought. These are sad times. Those of us in the SM community have a reason to hold our heads up. We are stronger. And we will survive this because of the bond that holds us together—perhaps the one element the others don't really understand, that mutual trust and understanding, our deep love and commitment to what we stand for. It is an enviable position if you stop



METAMORPHOSIS: Bill Bowers, subject of Mark J. Chester's photo essay last issue and think about it

Don Perry  
Ft. Lauderdale, FL

(Editor's note: A follow-up on responses to Craig Johnson's article in the New York Native appears in this issue's Report section.)

### NUDE EMPEROR

I have never read anything by Phil Andros, alias Sam Steward. He has, of course, been lionized by writers no less than John Preston. So it was with great anticipation, and some excitement, that I read "Four on Ice" (Drummer 85).

What a disappointment. It reminded me of run-of-the-mill gay "fuck films." Two or four guys get together, fuck, or do whatever. There is no emotion, description, or anything that excites the

mind.

Compare "Four on Ice" to "Cockwalk" by Don Perry (Drummer 83-84), or Aaron Travis' "Crown of Thorns" (Drummer 69). The latter two were superb.

I think it's a case of "the emperor has no clothes." And Drummer should have the guts to say it.

P.S.: Steven Reiswig—does anyone really look like that? He's breathtaking

Tom  
New Bedford, MA

(Editor's note: We can't confess to ever having seen Phil Andros in the nude, but we have enjoyed the next-best thing by reading his fiction in the raw. As for Steven Reiswig, Mr. Drummer 85, he does, and he is.)

# DISCIPLINED DADDIES

## YOUNG DADDY, OLDER SON

My background is fairly common. Youngest of four children, dad died when I was seven, and mother spoiled me rotten. Lots of love, no discipline. Since I was eleven, I felt the need for a spanking, and when I was sixteen I started to find men who would spank me and tan my hide when I needed it. Never against my will though, but always when I asked for it.

I was brought up in the church, which never understood my needs and so I had to keep it all to myself. I was expected to marry and have kids, which I really wanted to do. So at 23 I was in love, got married, had four sons and a good life. I told my wife before we were married about my need for discipline, and we lived with it, but I never had it from her as only a real man could give it. We had a good life until she passed away three years ago. Now my sons are married and I am a grandpa.

So right now I am 51 years young and so I do not know if any of this may interest your readers. I always read about the guys finding their Daddies and always I read that they are older than their sons. Well, the man who has been my Dad for the past five years is now 23 years old. He is the son of very close friends of mine and they know about us. When Don was eighteen, we started talking about discipline and how bad he got it while growing up, and how I always escaped it but still needed it. He knew me when he was growing up and how spoiled rotten I was, and when he heard I was looking for a Daddy to set me straight he told me right out that from now on I was his son and he my Dad and also my MASTER.

The first thing he did was to make me strip naked. He is 6'1", 195 lbs., good-looking with red hair and well built. I am on the thin side and nothing to look



FROM TONY OF SF: Some bodies just keep getting better

at, so I found it hard to believe I got such a good hunk of man for my Dad. Well then, he made a diaper out of an old sheet and made me drink a lot of liquids and then stand in the corner until I could not help but wet my diaper.

When he saw this, he told me how bad I was and how much training I needed. I had to take off the diaper and take a shower. While taking my

shower he put on tight levis, black boots, wide belt and no shirt. Then he took my old straight razor and stropped it on my strop and lathered me up and shaved all my hair off below the neck. Then he put a cockring on me and told me never to take it off unless I took a shower, and then to put it right back on.

He sat down on a chair holding a wide leather paddle and I

had to stand next to him and hear how bad I was and that I was going to get the spanking of my life—then I was over his knee and I got it good. He made me bend my legs so my ass was stretched to insure the most pain. When he let me up I was rubbing my sore ass and feeling great that I had a Dad who would put me in my place at last.

I was reaching for my pants when he said he was not done with me yet. He told me to get the razor strop from the bathroom and bring it to him and then lay face-down on the bed. He tanned my hide good and I did not sit down for three days, which was a first for me.

Then I had to stand in front of him and he gave me dick lashes with a black riding crop, and then put me over his knee for a good whipping with the crop. Then I had to lick his boots and lay at his feet while he put clamps on me and dripped hot candle wax on both sides of my body. I had to strip him and suck his cock, then more whipping, and then I had to grease my ass and his cock. He fucked the hell out of me.

Now I know all that is very common among your readers. There is nothing we really did that has not been done before. The thing I like is to sit at his feet while he watches his football game and feel his thighs, which are great, and during half-time I go over his knee for a good spanking. He likes to be called Thunder Thighs. He also flogged me with a cat-o-nine-tails and is great with a bullwhip. At times he has had other guys watch and he p100.

The thing that is so great is that I really love him, and he is all a man could ever want in another man. We have that certain something that I never dreamed I would ever find, and never did in any other man, although there have been plenty through the years. (He is married, by the way, and has three children.)

So if you think your readers would care to hear from a 51-year-old man with a 23-year-old Dad, print this. If not, wipe your ass with it.

Dick  
Pardeeville, WI

## DADDY, MASTER, SIR!

I am writing to tell you about my Daddy—who actu-

ally prefers to be addressed as Master or Sir.

My Master is 37, he's six feet tall, and has a beautiful body with a big and thick uncut dick. He recently grew a beard as a reward for me, because I think his black hair and beard make him look hot as hell. He has connections with Hellfire in Chicago and is an experienced Topman.

I met my Daddy (sorry, Sir) through a mutual friend. He called me and said he had heard I was a bottom into heavy scenes—there aren't that many of us in this city, believe it or not—and he wanted to meet me. I agreed.

That afternoon I drove to his house, not really knowing what to expect. When I arrived, he was by the mailbox at the end of the drive. I was immediately turned on by his butch attitude and the warmth of his welcome. Although we didn't get into a scene that afternoon, we discussed our likes and our needs in much depth, and our compatibility was evident.

Master always restrains my wrists and ankles, attaches weights to my balls and begins working on my tits. He has trained me to take more pain than I thought I could, simply by showing me how to give in to the pain by getting my mind into his needs and wishes. My nipples have enlarged, but not yet to the point that Master wants. When they're to his satisfaction, he says we will get them pierced.

Daddy loves to have his dick down my throat. That's something I also had to work on, because he's the biggest I've taken. He's proud of me, because even when I gag on it, I keep trying.

Often, while I'm sucking him, Daddy will work on my back and ass with a cat-o-nine-tails. The harder he whips me the more deeply I concentrate on giving him the satisfaction his big dick deserves. I want to please him and give his cock all the pleasure I can. When my ass and shoulders are good and red, and his dick is good and pumped-up from fucking my throat, Master releases me long enough to reposition me in his arms. He holds me close and kisses me, totally controlling my body, sucking my mouth into his. His firm gen-

tleness is a real turn-on for me.

Recently, we took a weekend trip to Chicago and dropped in at the more popular leather bars. Much of that time I spent kneeling on the floor beside him, cleaning his boots. Other bottoms would approach him, but even if he played with them for a while, feeling up their asses or pulling on their tits, I knew that he loves me and that I would be the boy who'd be getting his attention at the end of the evening.

Our Chicago trip took place about three months after our

day afternoon, I met an attractive, long-haired, skinny kid with a shit-eating grin who was my type. He told me he was into leather and light SM. (I had met my first leatherman several years before, but he was the only one I knew locally and he always remained distant to older men.) My bartender friend warned me that this kid was no good, because it was thought he was into leather, kinky sex and recycled beer. But my first impression of Montie sold me—and if he'd asked for a yes, I would even have drunk

we could entertain leather/SM guests. No matter what happened the night before or who might be visiting, the next morning when I woke at first light, he was ready to be taken again by me. He was my life.

We two were one. We even enjoyed each other's families. But then we wanted some extra cash and decided to share our home with boarders and homeless gay friends. With this "gay haven," our own time was completely lost. Previous friends began to come between us, saying I was changing my life patterns too much for Montie. I was becoming a leatherman, and they considered that some unpardonable sin. Anonymous do-gooders sent notes and made phone calls to us, and to my employer.

Finally, when I was hospitalized twice in three months, Montie started blaming himself for my condition. I had to have surgery; afterward, Montie looked after all my needs. Then, when I was better, we discussed matters, shook hands, and parted company. My love for my son was deep enough that I helped him move to another city 1300 miles away, where he is today.

In my thoughts, Montie remains my son/lover, and my straight blood-relatives believe I'm a better man for the experience, even if they don't understand it. Most of my gay friends were and remain jealous; needless to say, they play little part in my life today. There have been other leatherboys since Montie, but I don't look for a replacement. He was a one-of-a-kind godsend. I can only wish him the very, very best. He knows his Dad in Delaware will never forget his son in Florida.

This is my tribute to Montie.

An Anonymous Dad  
in Delaware

## Daddy loves to have his dick down my throat. That's something I also had to work on, because he's the biggest I've taken. He's proud of me, because even when I gag on it, I keep trying.

first meeting. It was during that trip that we both realized just how strong our feelings are for each other. Being in a more open and accepting environment, we were able to do publicly many of the scenes which local Indy bars would never tolerate—and which even in our local leather bar would be looked down on or laughed at by the nelly queens who frequent the place in some vague pursuit of a real man.

Master, Sir, Daddy—I love you, and I hope seeing this will prove to you just how much you mean to me.

I'm ready for whatever you want to give me...and I'll take it willingly, to make you proud of your boy. Thank you, Sir, for making me feel like the strongest man in the world just by being by your side. I'll be your boy always.

Larry  
Indianapolis, IN  
**TRIBUTE**

I'm an older Dad, now 50 160 lbs., who has a "son" 18 years younger. This is my tribute to my leatherboy/son, Montie.

For an older fellow, I always kept in shape by regular exercise and dancing at the gay bars, but I seldom went home with anyone. Then, one Satur-

his piss!

Montie was everything another man could ever want. We communicated perfectly. He could have passed for a blood-relative; we're both Virgos with blue eyes. He served me faithfully and acted out every wish, desire and command even before I asked. We came to know each other totally, and came to enjoy the same wild and kinky trips, whatever either of us could think up.

He was always looking out for my welfare, and I was his protector. We found security in each other's arms. Montie became my son, slave, lover, partner, bottom and mentor all wrapped up in one package, the sweetest that's ever come my way (and I've had lots of men). I remained rock-hard just being in his presence. He introduced me to Drummer, Larry Townsend and DungeonMaster, and he took me through years of suppressed inner feelings with leather/SM cravings that had never had a chance to come out before I met him.

I left my wife for that boy, and we moved into our own place. I worshipped him in leather and we bought a full wardrobe, and planned a well-equipped blackroom where

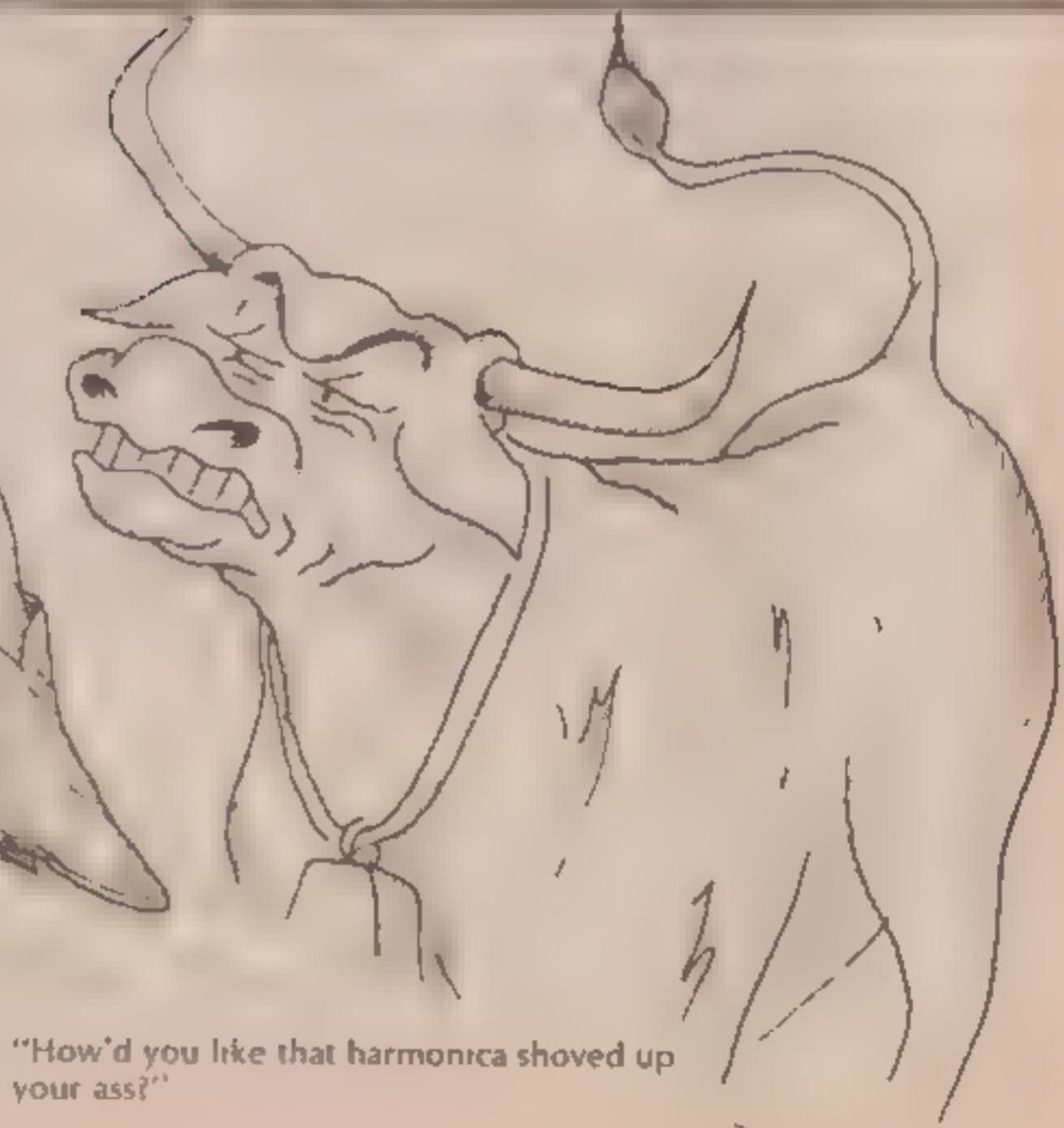
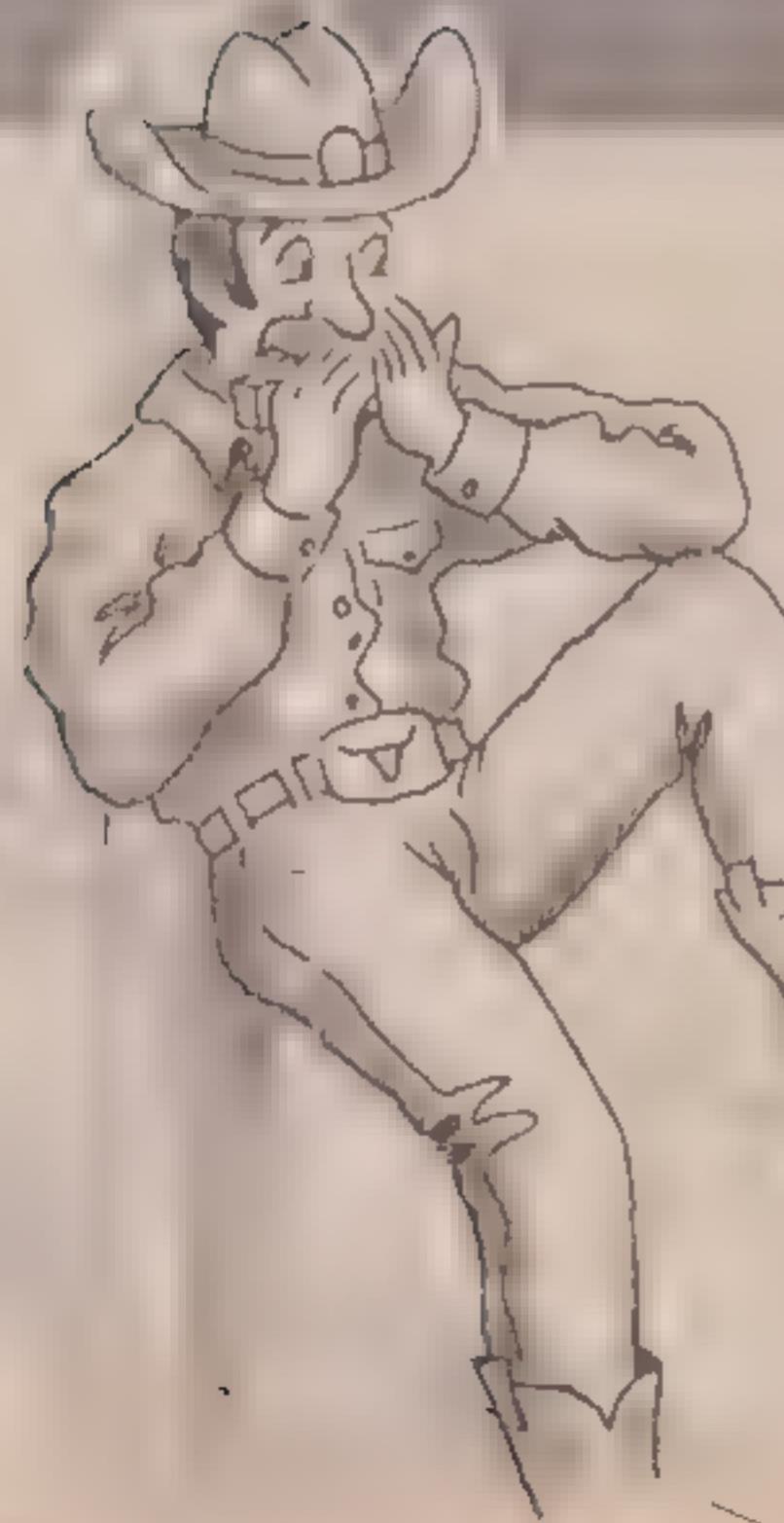
Do you have a Daddy/son story to tell? Don't just sit there jerking off—get off your ass and write it out (or better yet, type it and save us the eyestrain). You'll get off when you see your story in print—and so will a lot of other Daddies and sons! Send to: Drummer Daddies, 640 Natoma Street, San Francisco, CA 94103. □

# DRUMSTICKS

A.I.



"Is the snare ready? Hit you or did YOU just run over?"



"How'd you like that harmonica shoved up your ass?"

DRUMMER PICTON

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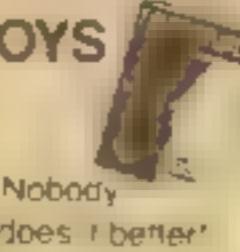
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"The Mercedes"—Firm dunder command with nickel chain.

ADJUSTABLE ALLIGATOR

DADDY'S BOY

I wrote it off to his fatigue and disappointment.

As for John, let's just say he warmed up to the part after seeing Sidney in the flesh and having the boy gush over him. In fact, it got a little sickening during dinner to watch John fawn over the boy. I tried telling myself John was just getting into the game but that certainly didn't explain why he offered Sidney a tour of the gym at work the next day.

If you think I didn't trust John, you're right. Especially since I had to stay home; it would be obvious within a few minutes of my entering the shop that I worked there. (As far as Sidney knew, I took a few days off my job to be with him.) Besides, I know that gym, and it doesn't take four hours to do a tour.

I paced my living room imagining John having his way with his wide-eyed worshipper. In my mind I saw Sidney spreadeagled on the incline bench as John drove his hot prick into that white ass. Or laying on the bench press as John drove his cock into Sidney's warm mouth. Some of the steam room possibilities were so good only my anger kept me from beating off as I considered them.

My paranoia only increased when Sidney came home and announced that "good old John" had offered to coach him privately every day of his stay! I bet he did! When I confronted John on the telephone, however, he got really indignant.

"Hey, man," he shouted. "You roped me into this. What am I supposed to do? The kid's got a bad case of hero worship, not that I can blame him. I can't just brush him off. You want him to fall apart? Besides, you're getting the ass you wanted, right?"

The problem was that it was a very small piece. Sidney was a bit too tired at night, and his loads were a bit too small. If you catch my drift. And each day he knew a few new tricks—and it felt like he was practicing them on me for the next day's use.

It was so bad I was actually relieved when it came time to put Sidney back on the plane to Illinois. But the worst was yet to come. A couple of days later John called me into his office to say he had to lay me off.

At first he claimed business was down, but I knew the figures better than he did, so that didn't wash. Then he accused me of abusing my position with Sidney. Well, what could I say or do? I certainly couldn't fight something like that in court.

The truth, however, was waiting for me on my desk on the top of the pile of routine correspondence. It was Sidney's latest to John, routed as usual to me. After all the gush about having his dreams fulfilled by meeting his idol, he again thanked John for the job offer and said he'd be ready to start work once the semester ended.

Job offert Yeah, my job!

And oh, by the way, he continued, I wrote to Peter and told him we could never see each other again. After all, one should be true to one's lover! I raced home and sure enough the kiss-off letter was waiting for me in the mail box.

My mind was a jumble of images and feelings. First I saw Sidney as the lonely farm boy in that old snapshot and I wanted to cry. Then I saw him as the hot stud getting butt fucked by that slime ball Taylor and I wanted to kill.

"Damn it," I shouted in the mirror, "I'm John Taylor. At least I'm the John Taylor that little son of a bitch fell in love with, even if he's too stupid to realize it. I'm the John Taylor that practically raised him by first-class mail. I'm the one who loves him. I'm not taking this without a fight."

Then I realized I had a trump card to play.

I sat down and as Peter Timms I wrote Sidney a thoughtful, understanding letter. I said I loved him, and losing him would hurt like hell, but that his happiness was all that mattered. So if he wanted to be with John, I'd accept my fate.

Of course I could not bear to see the two of them together every day, so I had decided to move. I told Sidney I was relocating to Illinois, which I had so conveniently fallen in love with during my recent visit. And would he be so kind as to meet me at the airport? For old times' sake.

Then I wrote a second letter in my alter ego of John Taylor: it was the ultimate "Dear Sidney" message. Hey kid, you got a nice ass and it was fun fucking you while you were here, but

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mail order company

let's be real. Kids like you are a dime a dozen for a stud like me  
That job offer wasn't the kind of promise you could expect me  
to keep.

"I didn't mean to hurt you," I had John write, "but you got to  
grow up sometime. That romance stuff is just mush for wimps  
like Petey. Stick to your books. It was fun, but it's finished."

Now, if that second letter worked John might wonder why  
Sidney never contacted him again. He might try calling or  
writing himself. But I doubted it. I knew John well enough to  
know he wouldn't go to any great pains to land someone like  
Sidney. He could snare one a day just as good, and grow tired of  
them just as quickly.

What was more likely was that Sidney might call John. But  
how would our superhero ever explain away that letter I had  
just sent? Oh, he could deny sending it, but it would be in his  
handwriting (namely mine, the only one Sidney had ever seen  
as John's) and signed in his own hand (again mine, and again the  
only John Taylor signature Sidney had ever seen).

You see, whenever I had written to Sidney as Peter, I had  
always been careful to type my letters and to alter my true  
signature. For once, being John Taylor was going to profit me!

I had no way of knowing if my little scheme worked as my  
plane touched down in Illinois. Sure enough, there was Sidney  
with a big grin and a long apology. Miracle of miracles, he had  
seen the light! My letter, he said, had touched his soul and  
caused him to realize that I, Peter, was the sensitive, compas-  
sionate man he had been longing for, and not that sleazy John

That night in the motel room Sidney for the first time offered  
me his plump, ripe ass and I fucked him like there was no  
tomorrow. And in a sense there wasn't, since our lovemaking  
stretched until dawn. As we finally drifted into sleep he said the  
words I had been waiting to hear: love.

I never pushed Sidney to find out what happened with John  
and I never sought to learn how deep his conversion ex-  
perience went. I was content to be with him and to build a life for  
the two of us in our new home. But in the back of my mind I  
always wondered if his love for me wasn't qualified by a linger-  
ing dream about the John Taylor who actually never existed.

That is, I wondered until last week.

In time I landed a job with the Famous Portrait Painters  
Institute. You've probably seen us on the matchbooks: "Can  
you draw this president?" Now I'm Pierre LaBec, with more  
artistic honors and titles to my credit than you can fit on a  
business card.

It's okay work, but I was falling behind on my old nemesis  
correspondence, and so I took some home to work on one  
night. Sidney came in from jogging, reeking of sweat and  
smeared with perspiration, and peered over my shoulder as I  
wrote to a frustrated construction worker and would-be artist  
in Baton Rouge.

"Nice handwriting," he said calmly, his wet body pressing  
against my bare arm.

"Uh, thanks," I stammered. In the two years we had been  
together I had only scribbled notes to Sidney for fear he'd  
recognize my handwriting as the one he identified with John

"Real nice," he muttered, picking up my letter and studying  
it carefully. My insides were churning. With just sneakers and  
trunks on he looked stunning. It would have killed me to lose  
someone so beautiful just because of a note to a guy who was  
having trouble drawing noses.

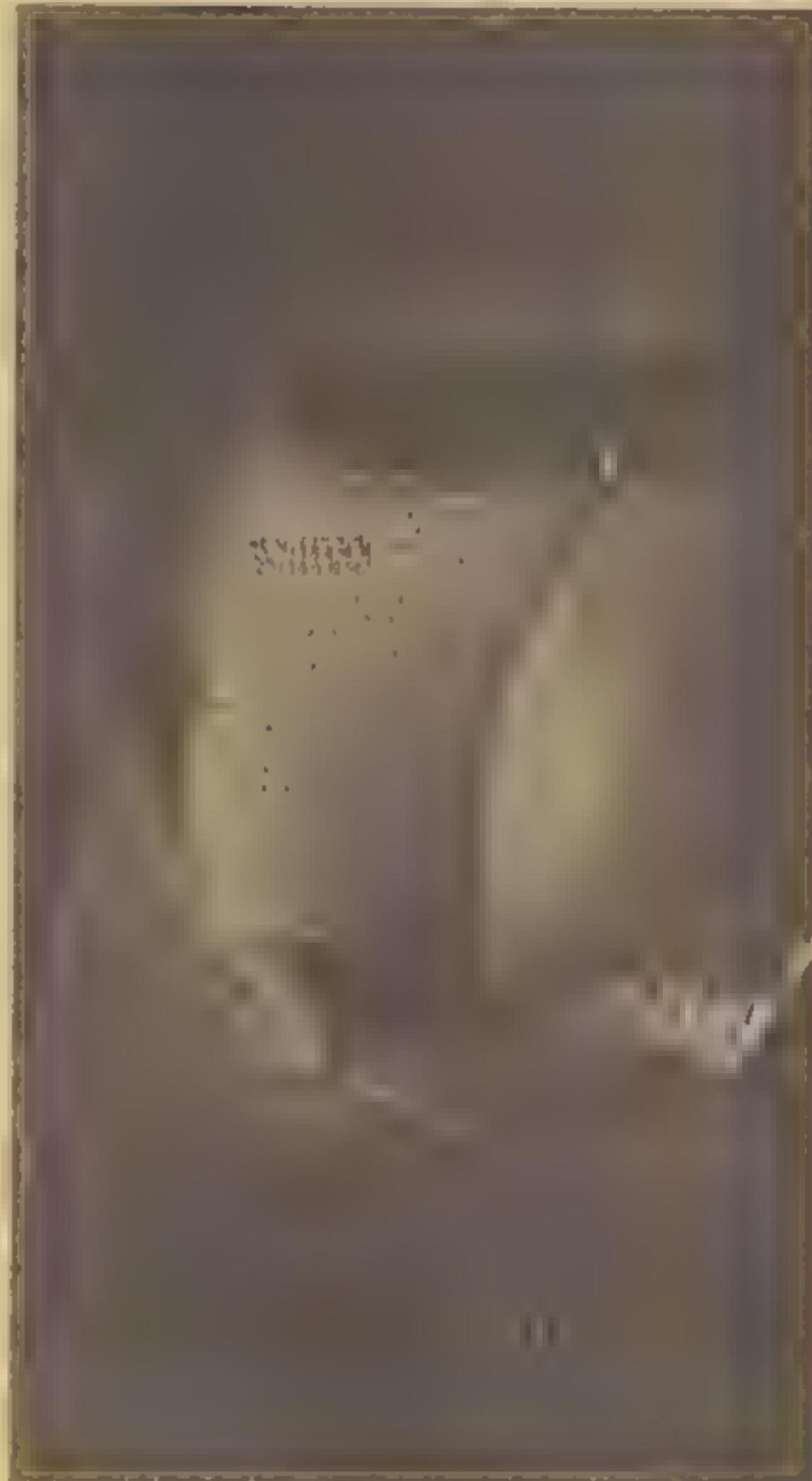
After a couple of minutes and careful deliberation and a lot of  
head nodding, he calmly ripped the letter into tiny pieces and  
sprinkled them on the rug.

"Uh, Sidney. Why did you do that?"

He pushed my work aside and sat his damp body on the desk  
his crotch level with my tits. He took my hand and rubbed it  
against his meat until it grew hard.

"Let's just say it sounded a little too friendly and encourag-  
ing," he said with a knowing smile. "And I don't want some  
dewy-eyed, lost soul knocking on our door one day looking for  
the one and only true love of his life. After all, he might be  
bright enough to recognize it the first time he sees it" □

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# DRILL SERGEANT

by  
**Bolt Tanner**

"Alright you scum bags, drop your cocks and grab your socks!! Let's get those dead asses outa the rack, NOW!!"

The booming voice reverberated around the metal lockers in the barracks, bringing Kevin to life instantly.

Drill Sergeant Matthews continued to shout as he strode the length of the row of metal bunks.

"C'mon people, get your shit together, let's GO!"

Kevin rolled from his bunk and fumbled for the key to his locker as the sergeant walked by him.

"Well, well, well, what the fuck have we got here!!" the sergeant exclaimed, stopping by Kevin, who had snapped to attention.

"Sir?" Kevin cautiously asked.

"Caught you killin' babies this mornin', didn't I, dildol" the sergeant said, pointing at Kevin's erect cock that was pushing its way out of the piss slit in his breezy military issue boxer shorts.

Kevin turned crimson at the sight of his shaft showing hard in front of his sergeant, and a whole roomful of other muscular young men.

"Get down and give me fifty for beatin' off in one of my beds, and don't let me catch you hard again while you're in my house!!" Sergeant Matthews shouted into Kevin's face as he walked back down the aisle.

Kevin sighed and fell into the "front leaning rest" or pushup position and began the exercises.

By the time he had finished, the room had emptied of all of the others, who had gone to take showers and shave before dressing.

His hard-on long gone, Kevin retrieved his keys and opened his locker. The mirror attached to the inside of one of the double doors again did not lie to him.

After six weeks of Army basic training he had lost the slight paunch he had acquired from too many beers after work, and had filled out muscles in places he had never dreamed of. He let his hand wander over his chest, stopping to slightly squeeze one full nipple and then fall slowly down to his now

rock-hard stomach. His eight-inch cock lay straight down against his heavy ballsack.

Hearing someone in the hallway, he quickly snapped himself out of his reverie and whipped his towel around his waist before he could get hard again.

The shower room was crowded with young men of all shapes and sizes quickly getting ready for the day's activities. Sergeant Matthews leaned against a corner of the crowded room, watching the activity.

Kevin hurried with his brief cold shower, and moved to a vacant washbowl to finish with shaving and brushing his teeth. Sergeant Matthews watched, saying nothing.

Kevin noticed that the Drill Sergeant had been watching him all that morning. During their first hour of physical training the Sergeant had watched him; as they marched to attend class he felt the hard eyes of the sergeant on him as they marched to the sing-song cadence.

Late in the afternoon of that same day they were marched to one of the large training gyms and told to remove their shirts and boots, and to sit in a large circle around the center platform.

The Sergeant strode to the center of the platform and announced that they were going to engage in hand-to-hand combat.

He was a handsome man, with close-cut hair. What hair there was was dark brown and swept neatly across his forehead.

His steely grey eyes were piercing under trim eyebrows.

His wiry compact body looked like a gymnast who had been in training for some time. Until now Kevin had never paid any attention to the sergeant's crotch; today he noticed a bundle between his legs that most men would be happy just to look at, let alone touch.

The sergeant called Kevin's name and told him to report to the platform with him. Kevin took a deep breath and mounted the stage.

The sergeant announced a brief demonstration with him before the others were to begin. He grabbed Kevin by the shoulders and quickly pinned him to the ground, sitting astride of his chest. "Let's see you get outta this, baby killer," the sergeant sneered.

Kevin had immediately gotten another hard-on, with the sergeant's crotch rubbing almost in his face. He tried to kick his back and throw his legs against the man, but it was to no avail. He was held fast.

He continued to struggle until he began to sweat. The sergeant kept staring directly into his eyes with cool assurance.

Kevin stopped fighting and conserved his strength for one final assault. He bucked as hard as he could, causing the sergeant to lose his balance.

The man fell to his left, and Kevin grabbed the moment to fling himself directly on top of him, his wet T-shirt sticking against the muscular chest of the man below. Kevin let his crotch grind deeply into the sergeant's, and was only mildly surprised that the sergeant was fully hard also.

The sergeant allowed Kevin to lie on him for only a moment before he tossed him off and rolled away.

Both men got up and faced each other slightly crouched, they circled the small platform.

After a moment of being unable to keep his eyes off the sergeant's raging hard cock, Kevin found himself flat on the floor, the sergeant having taken advantage of the situation by diving for Kevin's feet on the unguarded moment and knocking him off-balance.

Kevin went down with a thud and found the sergeant again astride him, this time with his crotch almost flush with Kevin's face. Kevin could see the big meat pulsing in the sergeant's pants, and could feel the small rivulets of sweat running down the man's arms onto his own.

Sergeant Matthews held Kevin in this lock for only a moment before he released him and began instructing the others on

army wrestling techniques.

Late that night, after they had been released from duty for the day, the sergeant called Kevin into his quarters at the back of the barracks. He was seated at his large battered desk as Kevin came in to report as ordered.

The sergeant motioned to a small wooden chair in the corner and pointed at it with the end of his pencil.

"Sit."

Kevin sat down, watching the sergeant's head, bent over the desk.

Sergeant Matthews finished with his paper work and stacked it neatly on the edge of the desk before he looked over at Kevin.

"You were pretty good out there today."

Kevin blinked. "Sergeant?" he asked.

"Wrestling. You're only the third in two years to throw me like that."

"Just luck," Kevin answered, still not knowing quite what to expect.

"How about a rematch, a real match this time, just you and me?" the sergeant asked.

"Sure," Kevin answered, "When?"

"Right now," the sergeant said, standing up.

Kevin was not certain what was going on, but stood also. Sergeant Matthews peeled off his shirt and undershirt, revealing his sculpted chest and washboard stomach. He unlaced and kicked off his boots. He then unzipped his green fatigue pants and dropped them onto the floor. He was wearing tight jockey underwear, with the bulging head of his prick peering out over the edge.

"Well, what are you waiting for? Let's go!"

Kevin made the first move and faked a start at the sergeant, who ducked out of the way and allowed Kevin to make his first real move by grabbing the man's waist and pulling him down. Kevin was able, due to surprising the sergeant, to throw himself again on top of the burly man.

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But the sergeant threw him off immediately and quickly grabbed Kevin's legs, pulling him down hard onto his back. He ran a hand the length of Kevin's leg and grabbed at Kevin's cock.

Kevin lay back as the sergeant began massaging his dick, and felt himself go to full hardness.

The sergeant let go of his cock and stepped back to slide his hand under the band of his underwear and slip out of it.

His cock was fully hard now, and he let it bounce in the air away from the waist. It was at least ten inches, with a thick base that tapered up to a large head. The piss slit was already oozing a great smear of precum.

The sergeant lowered himself on top of the young man and pressed hard against him. Kevin let his hands roam over the hard body and explore the deep crack of the sergeant's ass, while the sergeant moved his left hand down Kevin's body and let his forefinger begin slipping into Kevin's dry asshole. Kevin hunched against him as he drove the steel-hard finger deeper and deeper into the tight hole.

Sergeant Matthews silently stood up and pulled Kevin up with him, stopping him half-way, shoving Kevin's mouth toward his pulsing cock.

Kevin closed his eyes and let the massive tool slip into his mouth, feeling the hot strength that it carried as the sergeant drove it deeper and deeper down his throat. The man kept one hand behind Kevin's head as the boy sucked him.

"Lean against the desk," he breathed heavily as he pulled Kevin up from his knees.

Kevin obliged, placing his hands on the edge of the desk in front of him and bracing his legs straight behind him.

The sergeant pulled the loose boxer shorts down and exposed Kevin's round firm buttocks. He put the tip of his spit-lubed prick against the puckering hole of Kevin's ass and shoved his cock deep into his tight ass.

Kevin gritted his teeth against yelling with pain as he felt the shaft driven deeply into him. The sergeant let his cock fill up

Kevin's hole, and then began to slowly push it in and out of the puckering gap. Kevin began to relax against the onslaught of the ten inches of meat inside him, and felt his own dick get hard as the sergeant fucked him.

Sergeant Matthews threw an arm under Kevin's stomach and let his hand play lightly up and down the smooth chest and stomach. He continued with short hard strokes of his cock, plunging as far into Kevin as he could go. The sergeant knew that he was about to lose his load. He gripped Kevin harder and let out a low moan.

Kevin reached under himself and grasped his own rod, beating it as fast as he could, trying to pace his orgasm with the man fucking him.

Sergeant Matthews gave a last groan and felt the hot fluid release from the slit of his dick and begin to fill up Kevin's narrow ass channel. It slid in and out with each stroke, until he pulled his cock out and let the last bit shoot out and spatter onto Kevin's back, and Kevin let his load shoot out and pour onto the edge of the desk.

Both men stood where they were, letting the tide ebb from their fulfillment.

Wordlessly, the sergeant shook the last bits of cum from his cock and stepped away from Kevin to begin dressing again. Kevin stood up from the desk and moved back to the chair that held his clothes.

When he finished dressing he turned to face the sergeant who was again seated with a sheaf of papers in his hand. "Don't expect any special favors because of this," the sergeant growled without looking up.

"No Drill Sergeant, I won't," Kevin said.

"Dismissed." The sergeant said, still not bothering to look up.

Kevin walked out of the small office with a smart about-face turn, knowing that he might not expect any favors—but also knowing that the next four weeks of training were going to be a hell of a lot more interesting and challenging than the last six weeks had been! □

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# PART TWO

by Don Perry

T

he steamed-up mirror reflected a partially obscured Fly's impressive, naked image. The bathroom wasn't large, but the mirror covered a good portion of one wall. Fly leaned forward and brushed a hand across the glass. A soggy, streaked abdomen appeared like a hairy washboard. The reflection fogged over and was lost again. Fly's drenched body dripped and glistened. Tee-thin hair everywhere plastered his dusky skin like a heavy pencil drawing. He turned on the heatlamp overhead. The brilliant flood of light elucidated his great physical proportions in frosted reflection: the flying trapezoids like buttresses supporting the long trunk of his neck; the clavicular portions of the pectoralises bloating separately, providing some relief to the endless sweep of the hefty, hairy pectoralises major; likewise, the deltoids, padding and rounding his shoulders massively, twin bulky mounds with a flume flowing smoothly into the bulging biceps...picture perfect.

Fly's muscles were splendidly proportioned, defined and distributed. He was a tall, big-boned man, and all his muscles had grown to more than amply gild his frame. The hair was merely window-dressing.

Fly smeared a spot clear on the mirror with a finger, baring one eye. He winked at himself and thought: You are so fucking adorable, you big cutie!—then roared at his outrageous audacity.

Fly liked to fuck guys. And that's what most of them wanted. The others were just too soy to ask for something else. Still...there was the Old Man.

Fly stroked his pulsing anus, caressing the deeply buried bud lovingly. It throbbed and pouted against his brushing fingers. God, it seemed so tiny. Yet if it could open up to empty out those big steamers...

He opened the door and stepped out of the bathroom, closing the door behind him. There was a full-length mirror on the other side. He got down on the floor and doubled himself up by hooking his arms under his knees and squeezing. Then he rocked back onto his bowed spine until his asshole appeared in view. It was difficult to see in the hair-choked depths of the crack. But closer inspection revealed a little brown crinkled crater that suddenly relaxed and blinked at him.

The consequent contraction jolted him...Pow!...like a gunshot, and rolled him all the way back onto his shoulders. POW! Another, tipped him up onto the back of his head. Pow!

Pow! He was tipped completely over and landed on his knees. Jesus! He quickly flopped over onto one side, lifted his leg and pulled his buns apart, half expecting to see a lump of brown caught in the hairs. But he was clean. He was trembling from head to foot; hustling and puffing...

"You little sucker!" he yelled at his aching asshole. "Your time has come!"

Out of pure perverseness, he chose an early morning hour. He felt it would make him less conspicuous. It would also provide him with an out if the park was empty. But, of course, it wasn't.

Yes, there he was. Wearing the same tight, faded jeans and form-fitting t-shirt. And staring right at him. Even from across the street, Fly could actually feel the intense gaze bore through him. His stomach fluttered, and his mouth was full of cotton. The Old Man's face broke into that lopsided grin, and Fly thought he would swoon...

He knows what I'm here for. Dear God, what do I do now? He faltered. But his feet were already carrying him across the street.

He approached the Old Man like a zombie, his fate solidly sealed. His face was so stiffly numb, he thought if he smiled, it would shatter. He felt like a helpless little boy on his first day at school. But the last thing he wanted now was his mommy...and that did make him smile.

He walked up to and stood directly in front of the Old Man. They stared each other down...up and down. Fly caved in first.

"Are you going to make me ask for it?" he stammered.

The Old Man's grin widened to include the other side of his mouth. "It's always easier when you can vocalize a desire," he purred. "Want to sit down?"

Fly continued standing, shifting uneasily from one foot to the other. He hooked his thumbs under his belt, and stared at the ground.

"I think it's going to be a rather nice day," the Old Man said, nonchalantly. "Might get a little hot later on."

Fly's cock was getting harder. He bent his knees to keep them from buckling. The Old Man raised his arms behind his head and leaned back, gazing at Fly's nervously twitching face.

"What can I do for you, big boy?" he hissed, smirking lewdly, spreading his legs and stretching them out. His box was a small mountain, capped with a patch of white-worn denim. He



MILTON  
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wriggled his hips, but refrained from feeling himself up. It wasn't necessary. Fly's eyes began ravishing his whole body more boldly, not missing a single detail.

The Old Man stroked around the large lump that extended down his right leg, like a flashlight shoved in his pocket. One of those big muthas, the kind that takes six regular batteries. Had the man been here all night, waiting for him. Fly mused, not daring to accept the reality of that...that growing mound. He drove his eyes away, shifting into a lower gear of thought.

He noticed the hard 'ittle peaks poking from the front of the Old Man's t-shirt. He had a sudden, powerful desire to see those nipples in the flesh. "Do you have large nipples?" he asked, with a catch in his throat. The pecs looked well-defined, the tummy flat...

The Old Man chuckled and ignored the question. "Sex keeps me thin," he said instead. "And I work out very hard."

Fly was succumbing to the tremendous aura this man cast...

**F**ly was teasing his nipples with the split-slick tip of the dildo. A long strand of saliva still connected his mouth to the roving prong. Fly's lips were red and moist, and each time he breathed between them he caught a whiff of the pungent, oozing rubber.

"You want to make it with me?" the Old Man whispered, practically cooing the words.

There. It was out. It was time.

"I think so," Fly stammered slowly.

"You have to know, shithead."

"...c-c-e-can't you tell?"

"When I think you're ready, I'll come after you."

"I'm ready now... please?"

A pause. Then: "Turn around."

Fly did as he was told. He felt the edge of a hot hand slide into the crack of his ass and dig into it. The Old Man watched incredulously as half his hand disappeared, and the tight blue jeans molded two very large buns, round and plump.

Fly felt an arm snake between his legs—a hand encompass his box and begin to squeeze.

"Wait a min—" he started to protest. The hand squeezed harder, mashing his nuts. And before he knew what was happening, he was jitterbugging forward, in the direction of the Old Man's car. He pranced and careened, doing crazy steps dictated by the powerful hand mauling his balls. When they reached the car, the Old Man said: "Open the back door." He did so, and was rudely shoved into the back seat. The Old Man got in front, and they drove off.

A few feet down the road, the Old Man adjusted the rearview mirror so that he could see Fly in the back seat. "Now start stripping," he ordered.

"What?" Fly blurted, breathing hard from his recent exertion.

"I want you bare-assed in that back seat in one minute, buster. And as you peel off each piece, give it to me!"

"Insane," Fly muttered, but did as he was told, a curious excitement creeping over him. He quickly took off his t-shirt and handed it over to the Old Man. The Old Man threw it out the window.

Fly didn't even notice. He was too busy with his pants. They were driving down a main thoroughfare and his clothes were being chucked out the window as fast as he could get them off.

In one minute flat, he was naked as a jaybird. And his clothes were gone.

"That's much better," the Old Man mewed mellowly, his voice growing husky as he looked over the hulking mass of virile manhood sprawled on his back seat. He reached into the glove compartment and removed a fairly slender, bright red dildo, ten inches long, and capped with a fat, round, deep-purple head. Along with a small tub of vaseline, he handed the fierce, vulgar-looking pal back to Fly. "If you want me to take you home and fuck you, mister, you're gonna have to bury that thing up your asshole any way you can and leave it there until we get where we're goin'. You understand? But, first, I want to watch you play with it. Pretend it's what I got here for ya between my legs. Make it good. And look at me while you're doin' it."

Fly held the soft rubber cock gingerly. It reeked strongly of rectal mucous. God only knows where this has been, he thought to himself. It felt sexy in his hands. The odor aroused a sharp, primitive desire in his loins. He pressed it to his chest and rolled it back and forth through the dark, matted hair between his tits. His nipples started to tingle and grow erect. He sank down a little in the seat. The warm dong rode up his chest; the big purple head banged him under the chin. He looked up into the smiling face of the Old Man in the rearview mirror. Their eyes locked, and held. The Old Man's look was one of unquestionable possession. He knew exactly where they were going... and Fly knew he was going to be taken all the way there, in style. The passing world outside was shut off by his mounting, galloping mania, his attention captured fully now by the insolent but arousing matter in hand. The Old Man said nothing, but somehow his eyes were directing Fly, telling him what to do, and how to perform it.

Fly raised the flared dickhead to his lips and kissed it, stroking the shaft with his fingers. He stuck out his tongue and rested its tip just beneath the split of the glans. He drew the knob into his mouth and closed his lips over the deep ridge at the back. "Ummmmmmmm!" he burbled. The Old Man's eyes gleamed encouragingly. Fly rolled the head in his mouth, licking and dragging on it; tasting the dank, keen funk of ass and latex mixed. Fly pondered impassively how many butt holes the dong had soaked in, imbedding each one's distinctive lubes in its thousands of pores.

As he continued knob-jobbing, holding the red shaft by its end with one hand, he began fingering his tingling anus with the other; frigging the virgin pucker prudently, almost reverently, working feverishly to prime it for the rigorous invasion he knew must follow. His belly growled in sympathy, and immediately filled with gas. Hunger gnawed his guts, and he broke wind several times, loud and long, mewling helplessly around the plug between his gumming lips. He lifted his feet up, resting his heels on the top of the front seat. He slowly spread them further apart. He slid his back down flat on the seat. His legs were bent now, and his ass was riding high in the air. The Old Man's view in the mirror was filled with hairy ass and crotch muscle. He reached up and stroked a finger lovingly over the wrinkled brown pout centered in his mirror, nearly lost in the circle of hair growing around it. The Old Man decided he would have to shave the shaggy bung. He liked his fresh-fucked holes smooth, saucy...glistening with goo, the stretched, swollen lips pursed free.

Fly was teasing his nipples with the split-slick tip of the dildo. A long strand of saliva still connected his mouth to the roving prong. Fly's lips were red and moist, and each time he breathed between them he caught a whiff of the pungent, oozing rubber. He was ready for penetration. His whole body quivered in his stirrup-like position. It was time to move forward onto the horn of the saddle. He pushed up with his feet, raising his ass up still more...

He laid the dildo on his heaving chest, and reached for the tub of vaseline. He squeezed some onto the fingers of one hand and smeared it around. Reaching between his wide-splayed

legs, he probed into his strained, virgin anus with the middle finger. He sank it home easily up to the last knuckle. His thighs bucked with the sudden intrusion. He wheezed, feeling the indignant internal muscles chomp down on his finger with a vengeance. He felt like he had been punched in the belly. He sucked in his abdomen and crooned with pleasure as his insides continued attacking the buried digit. He wiggled his finger and rotated it in slow, widening circles, dilating the sphincter. He carefully inserted another finger alongside the already entrenched one. His hips jerked and boogied. With two fingers up his ass, he felt impaled.

He gritted his teeth and steadied his jumping thighs. He closed his eyes, and imagined he was dealing some stovepipe stud-service to his lover. His ass began rocking gently up and down. He kept his fingers firmly hilted. He opened his eyes and watched his hand riding between his legs. His big balls were crushed against the inside of one leg, his huge erection jounced freely, rubbing along his hairy forearm in dubbing motion. Every time his ass rode down, he could see the Old Man's darting eyes, looking to the road, then furtively back to the action that filled his mirror. He winked at the Old Man and turned his head to the side, smiling and moaning softly.

Fly stroked his body with an idle hand. He took the rolling dudo and stuck it back in his mouth. He grinned broadly, revealing the garish head of the thing clenched between his teeth. His asshole was on fire; the tender inner tissue rippled around his fingers, then gripped and sucked. He burped his flittering hole the same way he drained his lover's distentions after a long night of balling, to release the bubbling load he had clogged his channel with. He spread his holstered fingers apart and excused a long string of windy, whistling poops. He withdrew before poking them back into his smarting sumphole. He frigged steadily now, in and out, tick-tocking his hips in easy grinding rhythm.

"Hey! God damn! I say, God...damn! What have I been missing?" Fly gurgled dreamily, shoving the plunger to the back

of his throat; stroking his slot with frenzied, jabbing lunges. "Man! Let's make this one last!"

He finger-fucked his shimmery ass with continuous squelching digs, kneading his torso with a spastic, abusive hand, tilting his head way back to allow the thrumming cudgel deeper into his yielding craw. As his virgin anus relaxed and accepted the pistonning fingers more easily, he had the inevitable urge for even wider entry. His narrowing vision caught sight of the remaining inch or so of unconsumed shaft still protruding from his pouting lips...hmmmm!

He plucked his fingers quickly from his gasping asslips, leaving them twitching in shock. He slid the priapus from his slobbering mouth letting his clutching ps drag slowly entwining down the gnarled shaft. The Old Man's eyes sparkled with glee.

He popped the head free with a tight wet ummmpl' and shoved the dripping indecency immediately between his eggs.

It was in him before he realized the rashness of the act. His painfully expanded sphincters jacked him suddenly back to his senses. His swollen lips howled open in a silent, stunned gasp. He stared at the Old Man in a wide-eyed blur. The Old Man nodded a gentle reassurance.

Fly abandoned the partially sunk playdong and began tweaking both his throbbing tits. His crotch twinged seismically and caved in, then clenched about the reaming intruder with a determined strangle-hold; seizing it possessively, permanently.

Fly's ass humped erotically, every muscle in his flexing loins pumping, pulsing, revolving in electric tension. He was grumbling with boisterous helplessness. The powerful contraction centered in the lower half of his body seemed to last forever. But, finally, when it began to ease, he was ready. He ripped his fingers from his raw nipples, lowered a hand between his flopping legs, and...

With one shivering, almighty grunt, buried the last inch up his retching rectum. His anus quivered and almost sighed as it gulped shut over the rounded hilt of what the ad had called: "a cherry-buster—feels like the very first time." Fly moaned and

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The advertisement features several illustrations of people in various sexual poses and activities, including a central circular logo for "PEGASUS HOUSTON" depicting a winged horse.

raised his butt up to show the Old Man his puckered, tightly snatching ring, the end of the consumed rubber-dub resting snugly just beyond it, out of sight. He stroked the swollen, burst rosebud adoringly and almost swooned with ecstasy at the fullness in his guts.

"Get us home. Quick!" he babbled. His body started to undulate, and he was suddenly all over the back seat, bucking and thrashing in a throe of wild, rutting, carnal lust. He sprawled his legs, always keeping his congested asshole in sight of the Old Man. Once, he felt his hole yawn open and an inch of slick, smoking shaft slid out. He reached down quickly and popped it back home, following it with a finger, pushing it

**V**irgil was totally naked. And aroused. His bulky forearm of cock twitched at half-mast; his knees were bowed with the effort of holding it up.

deeper than it had been. He removed the finger, reached down with both hands and pulled his buns further apart, opening his anus slightly, exposing the bright red base of the pillaging pal.

Fortunately for them both, they were nearing the Old Man's place of residence. The Old Man was sweating profusely, and his hard-on constricted in Fly's pants across Fly's fly. He wanted to fuck Fly so bad... all day on the saddle... the original rough rider...

They stood in the kitchen, facing each other, unlikely antagonists. One stood panting hotly, a nude, burly giant who stared

beseechingly, a creamy glaze of desire fogging his hungry eagerness... waiting. The other was also waiting, but with a patience befitting an older man who has been there and knows. His saucer-sized, pale blue eyes were studying the nervous, aroused hunk, carefully searching for cracks he might crawl into and widen.

"We'll leave the dildo in awhile longer," he instructed, never removing his steady gaze from Fly's. He laughed softly. "You can feel it pushing at your anus. Can't you? It wants to be shit out. Doesn't it? That's exactly why I want you to hold it in. To educate that tight ass."

The Old Man slowly removed his t-shirt, baring his slender, tanned torso. A light dusting of platinum hairs silvered his swimmer's chest and belly, and made his bold, brown nipples stand out enticingly, large and very erotic. They seemed to hang out over the gradual, unpretentious curve of the firm pecs. You could slide a finger under, and lift them, bending the nubs up into wrinkling aureoles. They were every bit as beautiful as Fly had imagined they would be.

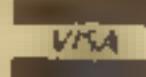
"Come here," the Old Man beckoned. "I want to test your response potential." Slender arms embraced the heavily muscled trunk and held it close. The touch was galvanic! Live, tingling flesh melding, molding, melting... brushing lightly—then pressing strongly. The Old Man stroked up and down the big, bunched muscles of Fly's massive back, marveling over the sheer power such an incredible human structure must possess, actually able to feel that power as the supple muscles shifted and flexed when Fly hugged him more closely. The Old Man smothered his face against the hard, hairy plane of Fly's broad shoulder, inhaling deeply the masculine man smell... hot and sweet and heady... intoxicating.

The Old Man's body felt warm and velvety and wiry, bellying an underlying strength that Fly could sense more than feel. "God, you turn me on!" Fly crowed, ebullient with delight. He

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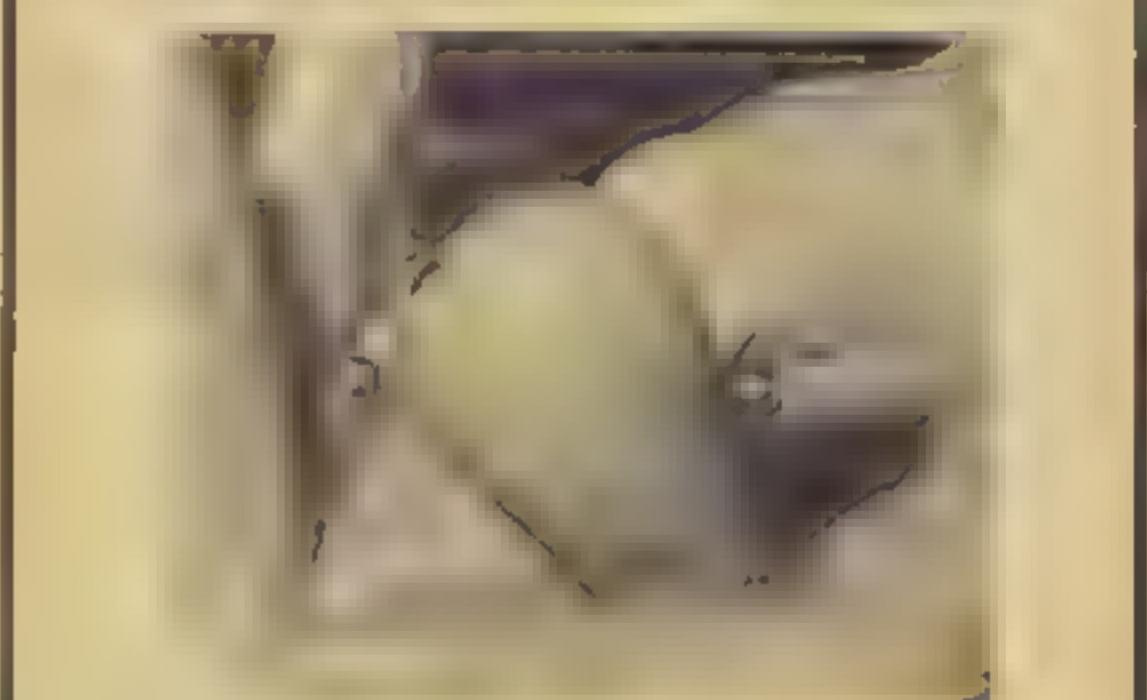
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wanted to scream his rapture to the world. Soon, he would be screeching with pleasure

The Old Man kneaded the great corded muscles in Fly's neck "Ooooh, I want to feel you up, baby. All over. Play with your balls. Finger-fing your hole. Watch you take a bath. Watch you work out. Give you a massage. Shave your entire body. Soak you in milk. Rub you down with warm, scented oils. Bind you into a pretzel and explore your orifices with my tongue. Then partially set you free and fuck you until you can't stand."

The Old Man felt Fly stiffen and turn to stone in his arms. He backed away slightly and looked into Fly's face with concern. What he saw there was a slack-mouthed, bug-eyed pale of incredulity creeping slowly over Fly's features, like a mask falling.

Fly was staring at something behind them. The Old Man whirled around, and—his hands flew to his mouth—he bit his fingertips and shivered with uncontrollable fury

"NOT HE'S MINE!" the Old Man bellowed, near tears.

"Not this time, Old Man." Virgil, who had just come up from the cellar, now leaned in the doorway and folded his arms with quiet calm. He was totally naked. And aroused. His bulky forearm of cock twitched at half-mast, his knees were bowed with the effort of holding it up. The thick slabs of abdominal muscle strained and hardened like sheets of slate beneath the busy clumps of hair. His bald noggin shone as though gold-plated. His look was pure steel. His over-all appearance was absolutely satanic. There would be no denying this man. He was after a soul.

"We can share!" The Old Man held his palms forward in supplication

"I want him alone"

"But..."

"The Boy was by, I warmed him up for you. He's in the woods behind the house. Wants to play Pony Express. Don't keep him waiting."

"Sheer! Fly here's cherry."

"Fly here is a man. Not a piece of meat. I take care of the men in this house."

The Old Man looked aghast at Fly, then at Virgil's pecker, then back at Fly. "I'm sorry," he muttered to Fly. "But he's good. It won't hurt for long. And then..." The Old Man shook his head. "May God give you strength. Or a new ass." And with that, the Old Man patted Fly on the shoulder, shrugged at Virgil, turned and left the room.

During this entire exchange, Fly had not once removed his eyes from Virgil's great boom of meat, the gaping eye of which stared directly back at him. And the word "impaled" never left his mind.

"See somethin' you like, mister?"

Fly's sphincter gasped and gave birth to a ten-inch, steaming, bright red baby, all slick and shiny with rectal afterbirth—its garish purple head tilted back, the flaring glans yowling silently with a life of its own. It plumped on the floor between Fly's fidgeting feet, splattering his lower legs.

Virgil lurched with surprising grace from the doorway. He kept his knees bent, and had to let his shoulders droop backwards so that his hips thrust forward spearing the room with his sex, dominating, dwarfing everything in its path.

"Well...well...well" Virgil reached out and filled his hand with a dense slab of pubescent pec. "You're going to be quite a handful," he teased, flicking his thumb over the fleshy, hardening tip, watching Fly jerk away, gulping open-mouthed. "But manageable."

Fly stared, mesmerized by Virgil's cumbersome, somehow upright erection. Virgil was standing at least three feet away, yet the stout, dark helmet of cut meat seemed to bob within touching distance of his quaking, rippling abdomen. The hot flesh burned his grasping fingers as he struggled to stretch them around the terrible thing. He stroked the wide worm reverently with trembling, flicking fingers. The great extension flinched and flapped against the palm of his hand, looking for a new home.

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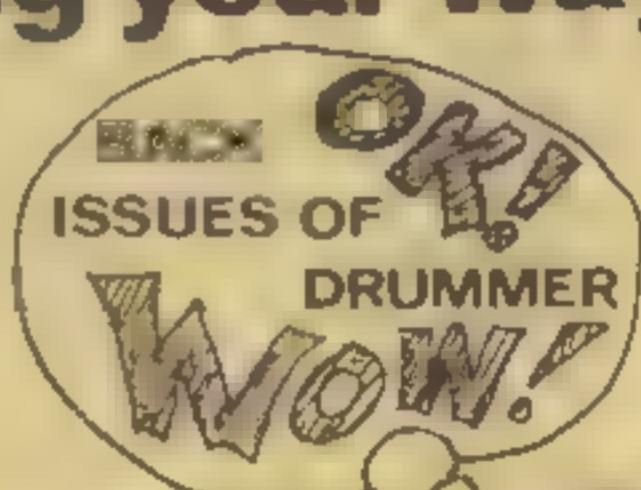
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Virgil watched Fly's expressions closely, giving the man all the time he needed to contemplate savage surrealisms and all the frightfully wondrous things this dream, or death wish, could do to him...was going to do to him...and make him do

"Do you mind—if I sit down a minute I feel a little dizzy."

"Take it easy, guy. We got all day."

Virgil leaned forward and gently pressed his lips into Fly's. The warm, silky contact jolted Fly violently. He stepped forward quickly, lifting Virgil's cock up between them. His chest slammed against Virgil's. He grabbed Virgil by the arms to keep their bodies from rebounding. His broiling breath gushed into Virgil's mouth and back out his nose, clearing his sinuses and searing his taste buds.

Virgil pulled back and studied Fly's face intensely. "Hmmpmm?" he smiled, sliding his fingers up the back of Fly's head, losing them in the thick, rich softness there.

Fly allowed himself to be pulled slowly back onto Virgil's face, opening his mouth wide and flexing his lips with ungodly desire. One more step...his cock slid between Virgil's legs, buried by the balls...he removed his hand...his abdomen humped, and...he felt like Hercules...trying to destroy the temple...with his loins.

Their heads waged a fierce, flaming battle, their mouths struggling to lock in combat. At times, suctioning too powerfully to break the hold, their faces stretched outward, locked by the lips, one trying to tear the others' off. Rubbing noses. Snorting the sweet steam. Lapping. Sucking tongues. Eating the high cheekbones and prominent chins. Spit-slicking eyebrows. Licking. Devouring each other's spirit; dragging it up from the depths of their souls. Using their tongues as probes. Exploring noses. Ears. Teeth. Slurping the oral mean. Giving head. Their big bodies impressed as one, unmoving, only the gasping, sputtering heads bobbing and colliding round and round. Virgil felt the hot salami between his legs and squeezed it in a vice. Fly felt Virgil rearing up his torso...and it touched his heart...like a great serpent god.

And so, the day wore on.

Virgil strutted awkwardly about the house, tidying up, performing small, inconsequential tasks and menial chores, reaching down occasionally to fondle his perpetual hardness. Fly followed behind on hands and knees, face conveniently at crotch-level. A curtain of drool connected his parted, stammering lips, the tip of his tongue puncturing the veil whenever Virgil touched himself so lovingly, so intimately petting the object of Fly's obsession. Virgil would pass in front of Fly several times, drawing deliberately close enough for Fly to inhale the enchanting effluvium of his sex, until Fly grew pale and faint with passion; and then Virgil would press the oozing noggin against the patient, snapping hips and utter the words Fly wanted so desperately to hear: "Eat me," feeding the whole unearthly thing to him in one neck-wrenching plunge. Then withdrawing completely, his cock streaming with Fly's hot gruel, and continuing with his housework while he interrogated Fly with personal questions about his private life, sounding calm and collected as though nothing had happened.

Fly's throat guzzled and spasmed constantly now, even when the interminable truncheon wasn't packed into it. He burped and smacked his lips. All he could smell and taste was cock. He followed the upthrust icon about the room on hands and knees with a febrile gluttony that bewildered, alarmed and consumed him totally. His jaw dropped down like a trapdoor every time Virgil came within five feet of him.

Virgil teased him unmercifully. "Say ah," he would grin wickedly as he approached Fly; then laugh and walk away, leaving Fly gaping helplessly, foolishly. But he would stop frequently enough, exploring Fly's head thoroughly inside and out with his awesome dribbling dark, sporadically allowing Fly to suck its full length for a few dizzying moments before cruelly taking it away again.

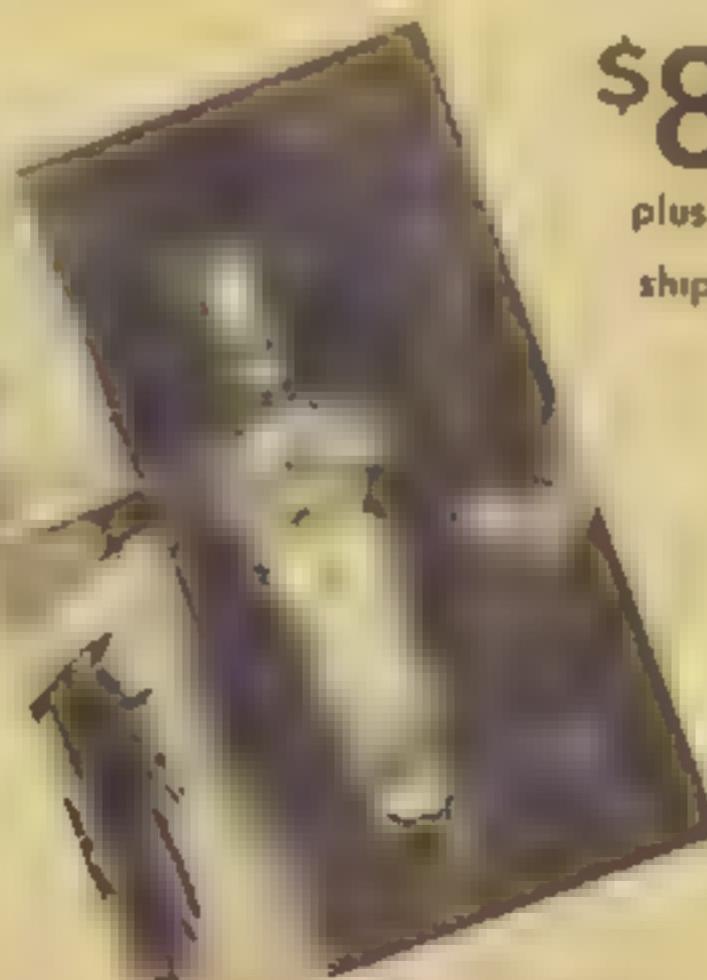
The long afternoon wore on...

They kissed. Fly sucked greedily, filling his lungs before each might swallow. They made small talk, and looked at dirty maga-

## mummy dearest

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zines. They even watched a primitive little French film that showed two skinny, hairless boys with long, snake-like cocks fucking each other, plowing each other's holes with endless, monotonous rhythm. Fly would apply one eye to whatever was put before him, while he carefully, furtively kept an eye on Virgil's naked, roving, looming, prowling presence, holding himself primed for any unexpected encounter. He had memorized every inch of the monster meat, and tried to explore its most interesting features with his tongue each time he was allowed to ingest it: the particularly evil-looking ridge, more like a scar, about halfway down; a clustered band of stud-like bumps near the hilt; the thick, smooth veins that curled like ropes all around the shaft—a beautiful donkey dick with more points of interest than a tourist trap, and Fly struggled to map each one indelibly in his mind, knowing it would come in handy later on when he was trying to figure out how far the thing was inside him, and how much more of it he could take up his tight ass. If that day ever came...

Virgil carried the long, rectangular mirror from the bureau in his bedroom to the living room. He ordered Fly to kneel in front of him so that he could see his own reflection, and proceeded to explore Fly's oral and thoracic anatomy with his deep space probe

"Look at yourself," Virgil chided. "Have you ever seen a prettier sight? Now watch." And Virgil would slowly haul his ponderous peter out of Fly's throat, making Fly's eyes water when the bulbous, flared head barely squeezed through the bend at the back of his mouth. And Fly would watch bug-eyed, as his spreading, smoldering lips, pouting obscenely around the bloated meat-whistle slid over the bumps and veins, molding around them perfectly, gliding lightly, distorting the taut, yawning grip ever so slightly, making the muscles in his face ripple and flutter, his cheeks hollow. He whimpered with excitement as he continued to watch through bleary eyes what Virgil's withdrawing dick was doing to his handsome features. It was indeed a beautiful sight! When his painfully distended lips

neared the great nude glans, Fly drew his shoulders back and extended his neck forward, relaxing the muscles in preparation for another explosive, reaming swallow...but the words "eat me" never came. The fat head plopped free of his gumming lip-lock once again, and he was dragged stumbling to his feet

Fly looked up shyly. His own untouched erection hadn't abated much since the morning. It ached with a prickling numbness, with a definite desire to be hard, to be seen, to proclaim his manhood. But not to be aggressive. His stance mimicked Virgil's, although it wasn't necessary. Fly's enormous long legs and powerful thighs would support even Virgil's incredible extension. He wanted to match Virgil's bravado, his arousal. Prove himself worthy of this moment. He wasn't scared. Only wary...his larynx had felt the length and girth of this man. Could his ass?

"Come along. I want to show you something." Virgil took matters by the horn and led Fly towards the basement. He realized if he waited for Fly to plead the way, they would never advance beyond the oral stage, and he was in need of some exercise very, very badly. Playtime was over.

They entered the cellar through a door at the bottom of the stairs. As soon as they were inside, Virgil turned and locked the door.

"Wait for me over there," he indicated the general center of the room. "I'll be right with you, big boy."

Fly stepped onto a wrestling mat of professional size that covered the center portion of the floor, and padded to one end of it. He looked around. The furnishings were spartan. Over in the far left corner was a sink with a low cabinet sitting next to it. There was a big pan and a few jars on top of the cabinet. Near the back wall was a low table. And that was all. All that was noticeable. There were no windows, but the air was cool, and Fly felt a draft from somewhere ruffle the hair on his legs.

He waited expectantly... □

(To be continued)

# MR.

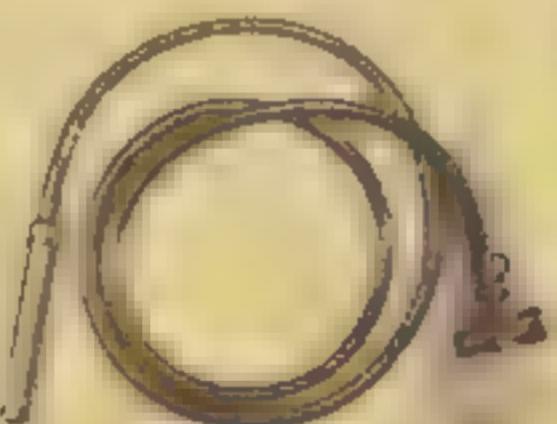


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# THE LEATHER NOTEBOOK

by Larry Townsend

**Dear Larry,**

In ref. Letter number one in Drummer 85, from C., Florida, about the catheter scene. I've found a new twist, using a round ball-chain like the one used to hold the plug for a bathtub. I sterilize it in a pressure cooker, then push it into the urethra, down to the prostate, then lightly jerk off to a great climax. But don't pull it out too soon, as all valves are closed. Go slowly. It bends every which way and doesn't injure anything inside (it's about twelve inches long.) Thanks, just had to share this.

Master Ringo, WI

**Dear Ringo,**

For many years I refused to sell catheters, because I was afraid someone would hurt himself with one. Then I realized that without genuine catheters being available, guys were shoving all sorts of weird devices up their dicks, and subjecting themselves to far greater potential danger. Your comment only enhances my previous conclusion. Those chains are plated; if the plating flakes, you've had it. To say nothing of the possibility of the chain breaking inside you.

I can think of several other dire results, but it's your dick. Enjoy it while you've got it.

**Dear Mr. Townsend:**

In your response to "Puzzled" (Drummer 84) you speak of involuntary servitude and the fact that both Master and slave can ask for termination (freedom) in regard of our societal laws. The true Master/slave relationship, although rare, is based on voluntary servitude and usually a Master cannot get rid of the slave no matter how hard he tries. But, a true Master with a true slave would not envision freedom at all; they both endeavor to perfect their commitment together for life.

I find it ironic that so many pushy bottoms are looking for a "real" Master. By their attendant attitude they are begging for a bruising. They deserve whatever happens to them! Hopefully nothing. They deserve frustration, an empty life and no release or fulfillment. Most of them are all talk, anyway, and are sub-

missive only to what they are into... real pussy slaves. Don't you feel they should be taken up on their challenges to teach them some respect? Afterwards, they can be discarded, being the piles of shit they really are—no real slaves at all.

A true slave is worthy of a Master's love; all else is pig's scum.

Iron Rose, San Francisco

**Dear Rose,**

In a way I agree with you, in that a guy has no business calling himself a slave if he isn't willing to assume all the elements inherent in the role. However, for the most part I am called upon to answer questions for the would-be slave, and when I do this I am ever hopeful that I am addressing my answer to a man with some degree of potential. Perhaps I retain a more optimistic attitude than you; at least I hope so.

**Dear Larry,**

For some time I have been very interested in the uniforms worn during World War II by Nazi soldiers and the SS. Can you tell me where I might find some of these uniforms (even reproductions)?

B.B., Irving, TX

**Dear B.B.,**

What am I becoming, the local shopping service? But I have to admit some fascination with these materials, more with the brass and insignia than with the actual uniforms, however. In the United States, I have seen various items at large swap meets (these are groups specializing in WWII memorabilia), and in dusty corners of second-hand shops that specialize in war souvenirs. If you don't mind getting your name on their mailing list, the various "American Nazi Party" groups also run ads in their local publications for people offering the items for sale. You won't find them sold openly in Germany, but I have seen quite a few items in London. There is one shop that specializes in them, plus a number of dealers who hawk their wares at the Portobello Road flea market. I've also seen some at the Nasimarkt in Vienna. Almost any large city has costume rental companies, and they will usually have reproductions of many uniforms. If they won't sell them to you, they might put you on to their supplier.

**Dear Master Larry,**

I am a bottom, and really into "ass stuffing." I've stuffed almost anything you can think of, and I've never had any real problem while it's in or in getting it out. However, I have recently come into possession of some steel balls, in graduated sizes. I've used the smaller ones, but would like to try the largest. This is a little over three inches in diameter. I've taken things that are this big before, but the object has always been something that protruded from my ass so I could get hold of it and pull it out. I know I can get

this ball in, but my question is how to make sure I can get it out. I don't want to end up in the hospital emergency ward and have to explain how it got up there in the first place.

**Can you help me?**

John, Tallahassee, FL

**Dear John,**

If you were to end up in the hospital emergency room, the doctor would probably use an anal speculum (one of those steel, duck-nosed dilators) to get it out. I don't like to recommend do-it-yourself medical treatment, but these devices are available from several toy suppliers. If your ass is as loose as it sounds, you might also do the job with a good dose of castor oil. Just don't sit on the john when you're ready to drop the bomb. New toilet bowls are expensive.

**Dear Larry,**

I know you don't like to write about AIDS, but I just have to ask you if the information I got was right. A local health counselor told me that sucking cock was not really dangerous if you spit out the load instead of swallowing it, and immediately rinse your mouth with a good antiseptic mouthwash. I'm only 24, and in perfect health. I don't even smoke or use drugs, so I don't want to fuck myself up.

Young and Healthy, NYC

**Dear Young,**

The procedure suggested by your advisor is partially correct, and is certainly better than merely sucking and swallowing. However, this is not a sure-fire protection. Research has not yet determined how fast the body can absorb the virus. All you would need would be a tiny cut or sore in your mouth, maybe a spot along the gum where you brushed too hard, or where you nicked the inside of your mouth in chewing or in your sleep. Nor is there any firm proof that you can't simply absorb the virus through the mucous membranes in the mouth. Stomach acid will destroy the virus, but saliva will sustain it. If you're going to spit it out anyway, why not stop short of your partner's orgasm? Many brochures on AIDS list sucking without ejaculation as "possibly safe," while swallowing semen is "unsafe."

That's the best I can gather from all the advice I've received and all the mountains of paper I've read. When you come right down to it, no one is 100% sure of anything, so if I err in the advice I give, it is always to the side of extra precaution.

(If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him via Leather Notebook, Drummer, 640 Natoma Street, San Francisco, CA 94103.)

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# COME TO THE *Leather* SOURCE!



## SPLIT PADDLE

A very meaningful variation on the traditional leather paddle, our split version made of high-grade latigo leather carries a bite and a bark! He'll feel it as he hears it.

**10.85**

## LEATHER BLINDFOLD

Fleece lined, beautifully crafted of fine leather.

**10.85**

## DOG COLLAR

Perfect for unruly mutts who need training. Our snap-on dog collar with D-ring attachment comes studded with screw-in bulldog spikes to make sure that Rover stays at heel. Attach a leash or whatever.

**10.85**

## CLUBS & SPIKES ARM BAND

Our exclusive armband design is double-lined fine garment leather, studded with dog spikes and laces around pumped arms. For hard-assed gladiators on either the right or left arm.

**10.85**



## LEATHER MILITARY BELT

A perfect final touch to leather jeans (or any jeans for that matter) is our black leather military belt with silver buckle. Metal stab allows for one-size adjustment

**18.95**

## LEATHER SUSPENDERS

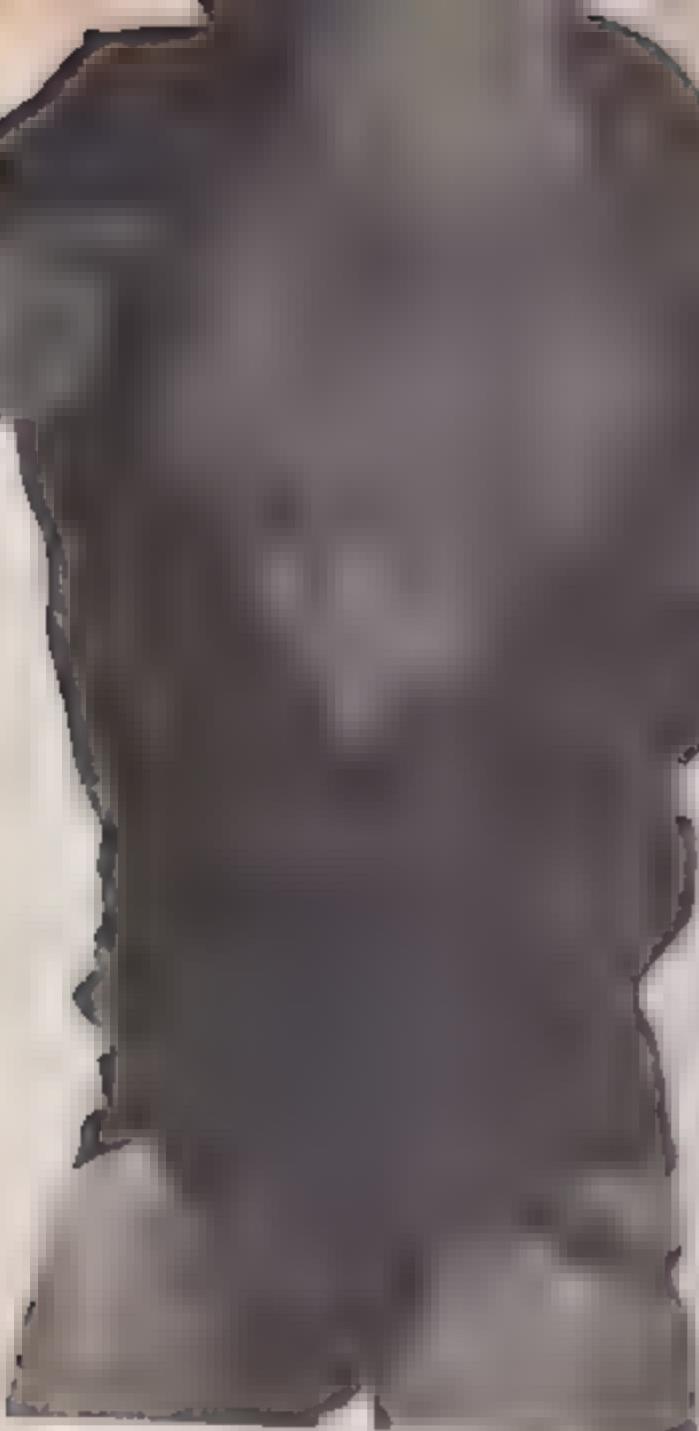
The perfect suspenders for country studs and city studs who want to be country studs. Very western, very high-quality, very black

**25.85**

## LEATHER BAR VEST

Our functional and sexy bar vest is made of fine quality garment leather, comes with two inside pockets and is tailored to hang right. In black leather only. Small, medium or large

**CJ 85**



## LEATHER SHIRT

Military cut with snap pockets to fit you like your second skin. Beautifully tailored with short sleeves. State shirt size or s/m - xl

**169.95**

## LEATHER JOCK

In fine soft leather with black elastic. Pouch holds everything you've got snugly and comfortably. A great favorite with bodybuilders and leathermen alike. State s/m/l/xl

**27.95**

## LACED RUNNING SHORTS

You'll have all eyes on you when you hit the track in these laced-leg all-leather running shorts. Cut for a smooth streamlined look, elastic waistband, black only. Small, medium, large.

**\$75**



Need a place for your car keys? Your hands? Our running shorts have two slash pockets, leg vents, and a sewn-in elastic waistband. Black leather only. Small, medium, large

**69.95**

# LEATHER & RIVET STUDDED WRIST BELTS & BELTS & ARM BANDS

Our tough-crafted bands are one and three-quarter inches wide, high-quality construction and sure-fire attention getters.

A Flat Diamond Wrist Band	14.95
Flat Diamond Belt	34.95
B Pyramid Wrist Band	14.95
Pyramid Belt	34.95
C Round Rivet Wrist Band	14.95
Round Rivet Belt	34.95
D Cone Wrist Band	14.95
Cone Belt	34.95
E Diamond & Bar Wrist Band	14.95
Diamond & Bar Belt	34.95

" 101 by 1½" sizes, 6" to 8' lengths for wrist Belts; order by next size (belts adjustable one in either direction)

## TRAINING HARNESS

Of top grade leather. Completely adjustable with cockring. Wear it around the house with a buttplug while you do your chores. A great favorite at a modest price.

**49.95**

## MASTER'S HOOD

Our hood is made from quality garment leather. It is handcrafted and has a lace-up back.

~~59.95~~

## DELUXE LEATHER HANDLE

### CAT-O-NINE

Stroke any tiger into a pussycat. Forty inches of beautiful black leather. A classic instrument to build skills and bring desired results.

**49.95**

## LEATHER HOOD

Our handmade soft leather hood can mask his identity or just keep him quiet by adding the detachable gag and keep him in the dark (by adding detachable blindfold). One size.

**99.95**

## LEATHER/CHROME HARNESS

For top or bottom. Studded fine heavy leather to fit most any torso. With cockring and will accommodate butt plug. The feel of leather strapped around your body exceeds mere stimulation. Adjustable.

**69.95**

## LEATHER SHEATH HARNESS

Keeps it up front, erect and handy. Straps adjust to size and prevent it sticking straight out. Prevents self-abuse and aids in toilet training. Beautiful leather look for him or for you. Ah chastity!

**69.95**





**SOURCE**

**CIRE'**

**CIRE'** has a lot going for it. It isn't leather and that is the blessing. Water won't hurt it. In fact it is incredibly easy to keep clean. We've used it to create some great under or over garments you'll love (or someone you love will). First there's our Cire' T-shirt that fits like your or his second skin. Tapered and form-fitting with abbreviated sleeves. Beautifully made in s/m/l/xl.

**21<sup>95</sup>**

**BRIEFS**

Zipper Cire' to package you like you have never been packaged. Just enough to keep you decent in front and back but present enough flesh for sunbathing or anything else. The zipper makes a nice touch. State s/m/l/xl.

**12<sup>95</sup>**

**TANK TOP**

The **TANK TOP** of Cire shows off your shoulders and pecs like the very best in tank tops but this is black Cire' and you've never looked better. Wear it under or wear it only. It is hot in a cool sort of way. s/m/l/xl

**21<sup>95</sup>**

**TRUNKS**

Black Cire' **TRUNKS** that are low cut and revealing enough to make a big package of what they contain. Elastic top and a tailored fit. You will love them. So will he. s/m/l/xl

**14<sup>95</sup>**

Daddy's Boy

WOMEN

## T-SHIRTS

**995**

### DRUMMER T-SHIRT 995

Our usual fine quality 50% cotton  
black t-shirt comes with the tan  
drummer logo print  
so let everyone know  
of man you are. Small  
or large.

### DADDY 995

Drummer packed the  
Daddy's Boy box  
drummer Daddy mode  
you can let every potential Daddy  
boy on your block know you have  
a firm hand and a firmer attitude.  
While on 50% black cotton. Small  
medium or large.

### DADDY'S BOY 995

Looking for a firm hand &  
attitude? Advertise with our  
cotton black t-shirt that is  
who and what you are.  
Medium or large.

### IN TRAINING 995

The perfect cover-up  
had and worked his  
rainbow half shirt from snazzy  
mid-stomach black on bottom  
gray 50% cotton. Small  
or large.

### DADDY'S LITTLE MAN 995

BEND FG  
FOR OUR  
NEW CATALOG

# Leather SOURCE BACKPACK

We've found the finest quality all-leather BACKPACK available. Our super durable and super soft top-grade garment leather backpack with padded shoulder straps and brass zippers. Not only a highly functional way to carry just about everything, but a work of leather art. Strictly top of the line.

**159.95**



## GYM TOTE

The guys at the gym will know you're looking for a serious workout when you pull your gym shorts out of our garment-soft highly-durable all-leather gym bag with brass zipper. Strongly oversized to double as a portable toy chest or carry-on flight bag, this exceptionally-crafted item will become your favorite handful.

**89.95**

We are pleased to offer what we believe is the finest Mega formula available for men. If you don't believe us, compare the formula with anything else you can find. To get you hooked on them we are offering a \$12 bottle of IMMUNITABS with every 30 days supply of VITA-MEN you buy at.

**24.95**

**Leather  
SOURCE!**

540 NATOMA STREET / SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA 94103

Send me the following and make it snappy

- Dog Collar w/studs & D-ring 11.95
- Cock Ring w/leash
- Spiked Arm Band 18.95
- Split Paddle 16.95
- Leather Bar Vest 69.95 size \_\_\_\_\_
- Leather Suspenders 25.95
- Leather Military Belt 16.95 size \_\_\_\_\_
- Leather Military Shirt 169.95 size \_\_\_\_\_
- Leather Jock 27.95 size \_\_\_\_\_
- Leather Jockey Shorts 64.95 size \_\_\_\_\_
- Leather Shorts w/pockets 69.95 size \_\_\_\_\_
- Classic Leather Boxer Shorts 69.95 size \_\_\_\_\_
- Laced Front w/back pocket Leather Shorts \$75 size \_\_\_\_\_
- Cire' T-shirt 21.95 size \_\_\_\_\_
- Cire' Zipper Briefs 21.95 size \_\_\_\_\_
- Cire' Tank Top 21.95 size \_\_\_\_\_
- Cire' Trunks 14.95 size \_\_\_\_\_
- Flat Diamond Wrist Band 14.95 / Belt 34.95 size \_\_\_\_\_
- Pyramid Wrist Band 14.95 / Belt 34.95 size \_\_\_\_\_

- Round Rivet Wrist Band 14.95 / Belt 34.95 size \_\_\_\_\_
- Diamond & Bar Wrist Band 14.95 / Belt 34.95 size \_\_\_\_\_
- Cone Wrist Band 14.95 / Belt 34.95 size \_\_\_\_\_
- Leather Master's Hood 59.95
- Training Harness 49.95
- Master's Harness 69.95
- Cock Sheath Harness 69.95
- T-Ball Harness w/D-Ring 6.95
- 1 1/4" Ball Harness 7.95
- 2" Ball Harness 11.95
- Cat-O-Nine w/handle 49.95
- Leather Backpack 159.95
- Leather Gym Tote 89.95
- Vita-Men w/Immunitabs combo 24.95
- T-Shirts:
  - DRUMMER 9.95 size \_\_\_\_\_
  - DADDY 9.95 size \_\_\_\_\_
  - DADDY'S BOY 9.95 size \_\_\_\_\_
  - DADDY'S LITTLE MAN 9.95 size \_\_\_\_\_
  - IN TRAINING 9.95 size \_\_\_\_\_

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY, STATE, ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

Enclosed is \$ \_\_\_\_\_ which includes \$1 for postage & handling

Charge it to my  VISA  MASTERCARD No. \_\_\_\_\_

Expiration Date \_\_\_\_\_ Signature \_\_\_\_\_

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6% sales tax. Use street  
address for UPS delivery  
when possible



**LEATHER  
FRATERNITY  
MEMBERS  
DEDUCT 10%.  
INCLUDE YOUR  
MEMBERSHIP  
NUMBER, PLEASE.**

# ODD BALLS STORE

## CHEAP & EASY



**P**icture this  
You're horny (again).

So you pick up the phone and punch a few numbers.

Some other dude comes on the line. Some other horny dude. Live meat, unrehearsed, and you've got him on the phone.

Now what do you do?

That's your business.

To join, call the Connector at

**(415) 346-8747.**



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**CONNECTER, Inc.**

The 24-hour-a-day telephone cruise line  
Still the only service of its kind. No disconnections. No "unwanted charges." And no hired voices. Just hot - live - phone action.

It's easy to use. Quick. And real inexpensive - only a few cents a call (excluding any long distance charges).

Our exclusive S&M, Jack Off, and Dating hot lines are waiting. Check it out now!

The Connector, Inc. 315 Broadway, Suite 2, San Francisco, CA 94117

Must be 18 years or older.



# Dear Sir

**YOUR AD:** First, give us the top line for bold type. There's no extra charge for this attention getter!

**PRINT IT OUT:** Don't worry about using abbreviations to save money—you are paying by the word—not the number of characters. Tell 'em what you want and what you're offering. At these prices you can be as wordy as you wish.

**WHERE WILL YOUR AD RUN?** Under your state or geographic section. If you would like your ad to appear under "Nationwide" or "International" instead of your state or country heading, say so. Ads for Models, Organizations, Mail Order, or Services will appear under those respective categories.

**DEADLINE?** There isn't any. You'll get in the next issue, even if your ad is listed under "Late Submissions." Subsequent insertions will find you where you belong if yours is more than a one-time effort.

**DISCOUNT?** You've already gotten it. Our rates are a fraction of the competition.

**WANT A BOX NUMBER?** Add a buck, that's all. The responses to your box will be forwarded to your address immediately. That's a bargain!

**PHONE NUMBER?** Run your number for instant results. But include a dollar for us to call you to verify the number for your and our protection.

**PAYMENT?** Pay by check, money order, VISA or MASTERCARD. If paying by credit card, include card number and expiration date along with your signature.

**CENSORSHIP?** No, Sir!—provided you keep references to Minors, Animals, Prostitution, or Drugs out of your ad. These we cannot accept. And you, of course, must be 21 or better.

**TO REPLY TO A DEAR SIR OR USA BOX NUMBER:** Enclose your reply in a stamped envelope with the box number penciled on the back. Enclose a quarter (25¢) for each envelope and we will immediately address them and mail them the same day we receive them.

If the ad has a USA Box number, follow the same instructions, but send it to USA/Bud Berkeley, Box 26011, San Francisco, CA 94126.

**IT'S THAT EASY!** And that's the way it should be.

THE PAGES OF THIS MAGAZINE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN A COMMUNICATION CENTER FOR LEATHERMEN! By expanding and simplifying Dear Sir (formerly known as DRUMBEATS) we are doing just that. NO DEADLINES, NO \$7 BOX CHARGES, NO \$20 CANCELLATION FEE, NO \$5 PHONE VERIFICATION FEE, AND ONLY 50¢ A WORD!

**FOR LEATHER FRATERNITY MEMBERS:** Your ad is included for the next twelve issues as part of your membership! Change your ad as often as you like. There is no box charge and if you send replies to other advertisers you don't need to bother sending in the 25¢ forwarding fee per envelope. How about that! The Leather Fraternity is a real deal even without these features. With them it is even a bigger bargain!

## WE'RE CHEAP AND EASY! ONLY FOUR BITS A WORD!

### DEAR SIR

ALTERNATE PUBLISHING  
640 Natoma Street San Francisco, CA 94103

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

PLACE MY AD UNDER THE FOLLOWING HEADING

Cost of Ad (      ) Words x 50¢      \$  
Number of Insertions .  
 Box Number (Add \$1<sup>00</sup>)  
 Telephone Number In Ad (Add \$1<sup>00</sup>)  
Total Enclosed ..... \$

Payment enclosed is  Check  Money Order  VISA  Mastercard

Card No \_\_\_\_\_ Exp Date \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_ (I am 18 years of age or older)

I declare that I am 18 years of age or older and that the data in my ad is true and correct.  
Accurate reproduction due to mistakes or technical factors. I understand that Alterations in my ad will affect the cost of publication.  
I understand that Alterations in my ad will affect the cost of publication.

**BOLD HEADING (30 letters & spaces maximum)**

AD COPY (please print)

HOT MAN-TO-MAN CONTACT FOR A COOL 50¢ PER WORD!



# DEAR SIR:

## NATIONWIDE

**BIG HAIRY ANIMAL**  
wanted by 27 U/C Italian top 6171236-4305

**MASTER**  
Handsome muscular, trim, well-built 48, 5'9", 145 lbs. seeks slave-masochist-lover, permanent, temporary or weekend who is trim under 45, well-built. All scenes into being face-fucked, toilet trained, whipped, heavy flogging, FF WS, scat C&BT, hot wax & electrofeture, piercing. B&D branding, stretching etc. Well-designed and equipped dungeon available. Send picture to seek Master's pleasure. Box 4240LF

**MASTER SEEKS SLAVE**  
who is into leather B&D, heavy S&M I will administer military discipline, physical training, confinement and verbal abuse. My slave must be willing to be pierced, tattooed, and shaved. Your Master is young, black hair moustache, 5'7", 155 lbs muscular and experienced. I am looking for a slave who is 35 to 50 and experienced. Your mind is the only thing I am interested in. Discretion is a must. I can travel, you must travel. Long-term relationship wanted. Your picture gets mine. Box 4485LF

**HOT HORNY WHITE MALE**  
Versatile (top or bottom) seeks others into fucking, fistng, WS, rimming, SM more. Am 29, 180 lbs., 5'10" brown hair/eyes, beard. Bridwell. Box 7686 Atlanta, GA 30357-0686

**PROMISCUOUS?**  
Healthy? Group! Looking for masculine multiple outlets & sexuality? Need makes of all interests to take part in Private Group. Must be clean & healthy & be able to locate in Houston—so sell & equipment are readily accessible. Have facilities available if you desire and are accepted. If you're discreet, responsible and have some interest send confidential letter as to your preferences—active, passive, versatile training needs and experiences, for additional details. Only mature (over 30) any race, but no drugs or drunks. Learn, experience and expand together. Beginners welcomed. Versatile W/M 5'11", 180# Box 3329LF

**BOOT WORSHIPING SLAVE**  
Begs to serve and service a hot master. Slave is 35, tall, lean 'n hungry and above all, serious. Thank you for your attention, Sir. Box 3755LF

**BOOTS, BIKES, BONDAGE**  
If you dig the feel, smell, and creak of total leather, the helplessness of prolonged yet total and tender bondage (top/bottom), write Box 33, Riner, VA 24149

**MUTUAL ACTION**  
Two down-under men—20's, good-looking, well-built—coming for years visit starting December 85. Seek hot men for varied safe and mutual activities, especially bondage and piercing. North Carolina host is 32, shaved, expert tit-man. Extensive travel. Letter with photo to host Box 4626

## LIVE-IN SLAVE WANTED

Yes slave I want you in my home, long-term. My slave gets properly cared for, slave trained and used for my pleasure. There will be rewards, pain, rules, chores, bondage, discipline. CB&TT etc. I have all the leather restraints, tools and equipment a slave needs. I am tall, trim, hung, 34 GWM, and stable. My slave must be 21-37, submissive, and ready to move in. I believe a slave should find happiness thru serving me, and be kept under control. Write about your body present limits, expectations, and other qualifications. Respectful questions get answered.

OSA, PO Box 20835, Reno NV 89515

## STRONG

centered, intelligent, responsible handsome man wants same for long-term 35-5'3" 200 sadistic affectionate top needs partner for pain, love, kink getting on with life. Full replies with photo to PO Box 20052, Midtown Station, NYC 10129

## YNG TOP WANTS GROVELING DAD

Hot masculine dude, 25, brn/hzt, 5'8"-130 lbs looking for masculine older man (30s-40s) to train and abuse. You must be in good physical shape and be willing to put yourself through the paces (BO, CBT, TT, ??) for the opportunity to use your mouth ass, or whatever else I demand for our mutual pleasure. I am experienced, sane but thorough and relentless. Satesex standards practiced. I travel frequently, on business, will come to your lnd if necessary. Send recent photo with letter to Son Box 4727LF. Start groveling

## HOUSE YARD MAN

House-yard man for Victorian inn, pool, 2 acres. 2 guys. Help maintain part-time for room/board/small salary. Other work available or ideal for someone with private income. Write for details. Garrett-Drake House Box 316 St Joseph, LA 71366

## YOUNG MALE

needs attention! Haven't had anything for too long. My love needs a caring hand. Jem PO Box 69 London OH 43140

## FORESKIN, TATTOOS

and muscles wanted. If you are a good-looking, well-built, white male slave over 20 and have a cheesy foreskin, rachchy armpits and a hot tattoo, then this handsome muscular and domineering Blackman would like to meet you. I am 36, 165 lbs, circumcised, not by choice, and hung heavy and thick. Reply letter with photo. Box 4644

## HERE IT IS

New England area 6'5" white, with 9"=6" tool. My dick needs long, slow sessions with attent on 10 uncut skin. Looking for men 18 to 50 who know how Healthy Absolute discretion. Will answer all interested. Hard and waiting. Box 4708

## PERMANENT SLAVE WANTED

by butch attractive, well-built 33-year-old Master. Must be trim, masculine. 18-30. Training will include long whippings and endless fuck sessions. Box 4445.

## HOT HORNY PIG TRAVELS EASTERN U.S.

Tall, bearded, butch bottom, 31, seeks hairy leather studs to service. W/S, fucking, sucking, rimming, humiliation and more. Groups and animals possible. Use me I'm eager to please. Box 4670

## HOUSEBOY WANTED

Slave/houseboy—good living, hard work, firm discipline, financial stability, travel. Apply Rob Jensen, Box 454 Fargo, ND 58103

## SEEKING HUSTLER

Seeking hustler/porn star/relationship. I'll take care of you—send photo and statistics to Boxholder, PO Box 12280, Columbus, OH 43212

## HOT PEN PALS WANTED

into fantasy letters? Do it then. Write to me. All letters will be answered. Any trip you want. Hope to hear from you. Write John Pascarella 305 West 18th St NYC 10011

## HORNY AFFECTIONATE DADDY

42, 6', 187 lbs, non-smoker seeks intelligent, obedient, self-supporting son into light verbal abuse, being spanked, eating Daddy's ass, having Daddy fuck his face and ass and sleeping in Daddy's arms. Relocation and monogamy expected. Letter and picture to Sir, PO Box 1095, Richmond VA 23208

## NEEDED: STRICT BLACK DADDY

who won't wait till son (40+, light) fucks up, to whip his white ass good/proper no skimping on ass-whippings! Son best not "forget" to beg for his daily bare-bottom touch-up with razor strap. Dad's appetite for pleasure is limitless not his patience! Your ass tired of ordinary servicing, craves son's serious worship. Son's ass often sore, but blessed with all the good Black dick a white pussy can handle. PO Box 4039, Appleton, WI 54915

## MASCULINE VERSATILE BOTTOM

seeks hot, hung 25-45. I am W/M 36, 5'1", 155, beard 7" cul into leather like bondage. ASSPLAY spanking. Mirrored slingroom 200+ sq ft farm hayloft, outdoor nudity. Am also looking for someone to live on the land with me. Olli-BI Dave PO Box 85, Bur's Gap TN 37743

## ASS EATING SLAVE

I'm in my 40's, bearded and not bad looking. I want to experience being the ass eating slave to a young hot guy who's willing to teach. I want to be teased with his tight levis, Speedos briefs or bikinis as he sits on my face for long periods of time, rewarding good ass kissing with licks in my face. When he teases me with his naked ass I will suck and tongue his ass in every position for absolutely as long as he wants me to. I would hope that he would fart often and loudly in my open mouth. Create a scenario in your letter and I will come and follow all instructions. Box 1571, Scottsdale, AZ 85252

## ONE MASTER WANTED

who likes far-out night-time service. Loyal daytime partner I'm 40, prefer younger Latin, Black, Asian or white. Anything you like that's safe. Photo please—al answered Box 4072

## SON/SLAVE WANTED

by Daddy/master in late 30s. If you have a serious desire to be the son/slave of this bold 6'3" affectionate but no-nonsense Daddy/Master. Include photo and phone with your response. Assistance with relocation available if necessary. Box 4426LF

## HOT, HUNKY, TOP

GWM 34 years 5'11", 185 lbs, brown/blue, moustache, hairy chest with big nipples. I am a stable, intelligent, healthy professional. I'm looking for similar men to 40. I am into hiking, photography BB, and good fun. Enjoy J/O, titwork, massage. Into cowboys, U/C, leather. No drugs, fags. Send reply with phone/photo to Box 4675LF

## SLAVE WANTED

Surrender to me your body mind, and will freely give to me your unquestioning obedience, servitude and worship. Become my property to do as I please. Wear with pride the leather collar I will give you. There is no other way. You will have a long list of regular household slave duties which you will perform naked. You may be equalled to work at a conventional day job, go on the outside, maybe one beneath your skill and turn your earnings over to me, but you will know that it is right and proper for you to do so. Your reward and pleasure will come from providing service and pleasure to me and my life partner and perhaps, another select man. You will be ready at all times to submit to a derange of S/M related sex. Similarly as passive or as orally as active. For rebellious action, careless performance of duty or defiance of, disregard of rules on your part, you will be and mental punishment will be inevitable. Severe and publically sadistic. A major part of your life of service will involve either and motorcycles. You should be between 25 and 45 masculine build. Your body should be reasonably good shape. You must be in good health. You may use moderate amounts of alcohol and tobacco. Send a recent photo of yourself and a letter detailing reasons why I should consider sending you further details and an application. Master Los PO Box 511265 Salt Lake City, UT 84151-1265 (LF4733).

## BON LOOKING FOR DAD

GWM, 31, 5'10", 185, quiet, intelligent, loving and honest. I need a DAD who will give love, security, parental guidance and dominance I need. Please let's build a healthy monogamous father/son relationship. Build my mind and body as what you want in a son. Please no bad pain or dirt. Suite 105, 49 Tuttle St, Wakefield, MA 01880 Boston area

## OPEN TO THE PUBLIC AGAIN

J-REE's Basement Studio, 222 Magnolia, Downtown Daytona Beach (next to Kentucky Fried Chicken). Afternoons, ultrarealistic paintings—life-sized and larger posed, action couples, bondage, execution \$4500-\$21,500; reproductions available. Commissions negotiable. (Inquiries: PO Box 2266, Daytona Beach, FL 32015-2266)

## LOWLY GRUNT SLAVE

### WANTED!

Want to serve a former Marine? Not into bullshit or playing games and is serious about wanting to serve a good MASTER. This former MSG is seeking a full time slave who wants to serve as it is directed, instructed, ordered or commanded to Bondage, discipline, C&BT TT, or anything else this MASTER so chooses. Slave will be in a strict disciplined military lifestyle. Send letter of application and appropriate photo for inspection to Box 5002LF

## LEATHER IN THE COUNTRY

Hunky and attractive WM 5'10", 155 brown hair and eyes has 40 acres of woods and comfortable home seek a nature lover into outdoor activities. Itness, good nutrition and travel have the freedom and time to explore nature and seek someone with the aesthetic sense to enjoy it. Seek permanent relationship with either buddy or daddy's boy. Let's explore geography and sexuality. Photo mandatory. Bob Box 938, Merin, OR 97532

## DEAR SIR—AN ADVOCATE OF HOT TIMES

### DAD LOOKING FOR SON

If you are fem or into bars, games drugs or any other kind of bull shit move on to the next ad. But if you need a REAL dad with a lot of love for you let's talk. SON will be GWM 18-35, quiet intelligent, industrious, loving obedient, affectionate, submissive, very much daddy's little boy and enthusiastically bottom. He needs a permanent lifelong protective and totally monogamous relationship with a dad who will give him the love he deserves. Guidance and dominance his desires. Legal adoption a possibility. DAD is GWM top 37 b/bl moustache 6'210, professional with many interests and a lot to offer his son: permanence, security, direction, protection, love and affection when earned, bare-assed punishment when deserved. WE will live in the country and develop mutual interests that will encourage your growth as my son while we have fun become best friends, and develop a sexy and healthy father/son family relationship based on respect and discipline. You will submit a complete description of yourself, your life and background as well as your needs in a relationship with your dad. You will include your address, telephone number and two photographs (snaps ok, revealing not necessary) no more than six months old and you will receive as much in return—same day. So snap to it kid! DAD 11900 Winterthur Ln., #101 Reston, VA 22091

## BOTTOM SON WANTS HOT TOP

Hol bottom man into hiking, camping backpacking would like to meet hot top men for fun in Alaska. I'm 5'10", 172 lbs, br;br moustache, masculine good build, hot buns. Would like to meet men 25-45, masculine well-built not at all, well-hung who know how to take charge of the action. Also interested in building a relationship as a good son to a younger very masculine Dad. Letter with photo to Box 423, Kenai, AK 99611 (LF4403)

## RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!

### BLOW YOUR OLD MAN

Handsome, white grizzled, whiskered, boot-wearing Dad, 56, 5'10", 175, with thick uncut, 7", full-time hardon seeks self-supporting, submissive, silent worshipful boot-licking, long-winded cocksucker son/slave. Live together. Permanent. Write Occupant, Box 8925, MPLS, MN 55408. (LF4721)

## ALABAMA

### MUSCULAR GUY

wants hard labor under direction of the lash. Preferably on farm or work-camp. Daily bare-back whippings. Mark. PO Box 322, Mendianville, AL 35759

### GOOD SLAVE NEEDS MASTER

I am a very good slave and a masochist. I am seeking good times with good-looking Leather Masters who enjoy being a Master as much as I enjoy being a slave to my Master. I will be a good urinal boy and ass wiper. I enjoy being humiliated especially in public places and I need to suck lots of cocks. I need daily whippings and I can take a lot of abuse and use. However I do not wish to be permanently marked. I love leather chains, ropes, handcuffs and restraints and being bound up for use or abuse. Please Sir! I need you. Don't you need me? Please. Sir! I will obey and make you proud of your slave. Thank you. Sir. Box 4460LF

### TEACH ME, SIR!

WM 6', 220, 44, full beard, desires friend/top to show me how to be a bottom. Into some BD CBT dildos or the real thing. Have selection of "auto-erotic" hardware on hand. Must get to know and trust respondents before getting it on. Mutual discretion is expected and assured. Montgomery area preferred. Box 4481LF

### LEATHER LEVIS & BOOTS

I would enjoy fun times with leather guys into Harley Davidson Motorcycles. Let's get together—be my guest! I'm 49, 5'10", 160 W blue/brown. Enjoy as well Horseback riding, mountain hikes, travel oceans, music, good food & wine. Spend some time in U.K. each summer. Love leathers, levis & boots. Box 4482LF

### FORESKIN HUMILIATION

21-year-old WM cut at age 17 due to humiliation, especially over doctors examining uncut penis. Photo exchange. Phone J/O. Write to David PO Box 59808, Birmingham, AL 35209

## ALASKA

### ALASKAN LOOKING FOR A DADDY

Straight acting hairy cut GWM 37 200 blue, brn. Quiet evenings home hot tub, gardening, split wood, fish ocean, trees Pavarotti, violin USA 603

### LOOKING FOR WM UNCURT

40-60 short, little body hair. I'm AL X 58, 215 Hawaiian. Mail correspondence with nude pics. Box 4-122, Anchorage, AK 99509

### UNCUT WANTS SAME

Would appreciate hearing from and meeting uncircumcised men. A photo would be nice. Thanks loads! USA 287

### ANCHORAGE

Handsome Lat'n man, 31, well-endowed, wants fun and kink with white uncut males. 25-40 into creative sex, no hangups. Send photo and letter to Box 3130, Anchorage, Alaska 99510

## ARIZONA

Arizona nat ve—29, head-less 6'—looking for buddies having or interested in genital modifications. L. Hirsch 1500 N. 15th Ave., Tucson, AZ 85705

### UNINHIBITED? SO AM I

Like to write and meet others into c/w and skin. Like long, prolonged French sessions and cock pleasures. Enjoy it all. USA 113

## PHOENIX DADDY

Looking for young WM who needs to be taught a lesson. I will administer a good bare-ass spanking and fuck your mouth for good measure. Send detailed letter with phone number. Newcomers welcome. Box 4522LF

### NEW AGE ARIES MALE

30s, slender attractive. Just happens to have very handsome foreskin covering a magic mushroom inside in which magical healing powers reside. USA 700

## PORTER 4'

## FOR LIFE OR 10

wants contact with well-built boys M. Write detailed letter to FDW 6344 Contra Costa, Oakland, CA 94618. All answered.

**VERSATILE COUPLE AVAILABLE**  
for friendship and whatever we enjoy—cards, D/Wing and safe sex. Couples or other ways in K. B. T. T. Box 10637  
one 49 Te 4-8 . . . . .

### RAUNCHY SEX

Raunchy sex in San Francisco wanted by GWM. 22 Box 4678

### SIX FEET TWO

and eyes of blue. Free again with a need to be liked. DR6576 SF (415) 431-4293

### NO FANTASY

Trim W/M slaves wanted. S&M discipline, torture, rough sex, ownership. Box 5233, San Francisco, CA 94101-5233

### ENEMA BUTT SLAVE

Healthy W/M 27, 5'11", 165, seeks kinky creative tops who are into working on a non-hairless butt into enemas. F/F. G does. Toys. Stuffing. Shit. Medical trips. M/F W/T. F/M, kink SI #152 San Fr . . . . . A 39 4

### VERY MUSCULAR ANGEL TYPE

looking for others into bondage, whips, dirty feathers, bikes, tattoos and other shit. 40 years, 6 ft., 225 lbs. Send photo & letter to PO Box 761495, Sacramento, CA 95816, 45/5LF

### MUTUAL FISTING

Goodlooking W/M 37 5'11" 150 wants buildup for deep asshole exploration. Let's spend several hours lifting our big wide open butts. Box 4669

### TATTOOED SLAVE

W/M 52, seeks master for long term duty any age any weight. I have good body, tattoos and masculine. Paul Box 4713

### HOT HARD LEATHER ACTION

Full leather, chains, erect nipples, hard pecs, defined stomachs, arms & legs, ringed nipples, fat dicks, uncut dicks with stretched overhangs, shaved balls & assholes, heavy C/BT T/T, V/A piss, enemas, beer sweat, spit, grease, oil & lubricants. S&M, gelling,stoned, heavy sloppy kissing, pig sex. I want it all—in a SAFE hot environment! I'm 28, 5'10", 165 lbs with a very tight gym body, defined rippled washboard stomach, firm pecs & arms, shaved balls for heavy stretching & hung thick! I'm very versatile & very energetic! I'm looking for a stud who is just as energetic. 25-35, has a tight defined body, hung well and is a no-nonsense, fat-free, fat-free, get together and play it hard in leather! Call Buddy at (415) 346-7416

searching for slaves. You hot, under 30, trim, capable of heavy bondage whipping, TT & C/BT. Me hot, 41 muscular AIDS-aware. Have well equipped blackroom. Send application to Box 4714. First consideration for applications with photo

## EAST BAY MARIN

Hot rare male with deep throat seeks body with hot butt 25-40, dark hair and foreskin. CR PO Box 816, Larkspur, CA 94939

### SLAVE BOY/DOG

needs Master with whip. PO Box 4077 San Francisco, CA 94107

### BONDAGE BOTTOM

GWM 38, 5'9", 155 looking for a black man who is a bondage top. I am into most types of bondage and am willing to expand my limits. No FF scat or heavy pain. Reply to Boxholder-H 584 Castro, Ste 634, San Francisco, CA 94114-2588

### BOOTLICKING MASOCH ST

Whip and torture this health conscious, intelligent, professonal bootlicking cocksucking torture slave into 501s, military boots. Fr Gr BD, SM, whipping, and ball torture. Moving to SF soon and visit SF frequently now. Nautilus, computers bridge, travel books. No WS, scat, FF, rear Fr. Send phone to Box 4532LF

### EXPERIENCED SM MASTER

searching for slaves. YOU hot, under 30, trim, capable of heavy bondage whipping, TT CBT ME. Hot, 41 muscular AIDS-aware. Have well-equipped blackroom. Send application to Box 4512LF. First considerate at on for applications with photo

### LEATHER/RUBBER SADIST

Harley-riding Devil seeks demons for black leather or black rubber connections in my Inner Sanctum. I'll shove a leather-crotch Fuck to your hooded-head. You are bound in a leather or rubber straight-jacket. Surrender your sensibility with application to Boxholder P.O. Box 99033, San Francisco, CA 94109. Enclose photo. Video recording a possibility

### BB SLAVE NEEDED

I want your well muscled rugged body to struggle, sweat, and strain against my chains as I force you to hunk out one more tough torturous set of curls ignoring your screams for mercy. Your BB is into hot slave/animal training, oiled-up flexin', hot wax endurance trips, CB/T TT, 4-wheel n rock, smoke and country ways. Not into phone trips or buisness. If you're not in the area write BOSS, PO Box 30091, Walnut Creek, CA 94598. If you're in the area and are ready to sweat, call (415) 944-2984 before 10:00 P.M. on weeknights, anytime on the weekends. Keep America Mean

### PIERCED, TATTOOED

GWM 41 tattooed, pierced. Advertising. Seeks men. Cigars, uniforms and all basic pleasures. Photos exchanged. All answered. Box 4256LF

### HEY, BOY!

Your Daddy is looking for you! (916) 381-9755 or write to Box 22402, Sacramento, CA 95822

### HOT BONDAGE BOTTOM

needs booted, gloved, leathered/uniformed top interested in training a boot licking cock sucking asshole. I need to meet up with cops, bikers, leathermen and daddies with attitude! A mean streak and a kink knowledge of heavy BD, heavy VA, moderate SM, hoods, gags, gas masks, enemas, boots and toys. This horny hairy WM 29 6', 160, brown hair, beard & moustache needs cigar smoking cops and leathermen to show me my place and keep me there. Will correspond. Photo for photo. Box 3711LF

### TOTAL BONDAGE

For cute young guys by handsome top in Central California Valley. Letter with picture (returned on request). Box 4701

**SIRI**

I want to worship you Sir! I'm late 30s (look younger), 6', 160, slim, dark brown hair and eyes, Gr-p Fr-p, looking for a monogamous relationship with a naturally dominant take-charge, loving and caring big-muscledock wrestler football player cop military construction workers. 25-45 into tight TT, physical BD, sweaty muscles—show me new things! Outdoor scenes among the redwoods? I want to please you Sir Ric, 1632 J Street, Eureka, CA 95501

**BOTTOM PIGS**

Experienced erotic, sensual top willing to workover and train a properly submissive bottom pig possessing an insatiable desire for prolonged workout on his p'ghore. My range excruciatingly delicate to brutally harsh depending upon my mood and your need. Bottom must be tight 11, clean I'm white, 37 handsome 6' 160 cut 7" and in control Box 4472.F

**SHORT HANDSOME BODYBUILDER**

San Francisco native, discreet, even-tempered experienced in SM. Expert at balancing pleasure with pain. Sado (non-damaging) genital torture, restraints, mechanical and electrical stimulation to deliberately stretch your limits. I don't just assume a dominant "role"—I am sadistic dominant and no amateur. Roger (415) 864-5566

**TOP THIS DADYOY**

GWM bottom, 40, 155 lbs, 5'6", good condition seeks student jock for daddy/son relationship. CP/VA/HUM Box 4677

**SLAVE BOYS WANTED**

While daddy 30's accepts pleas from submissive, obedient bottoms to serve him. Open to many fantasies. Letters with photo answered first. Box 4723

**TATTOOED SLAVE**

W/M 52 seeks master for long-term daddy at my age, tiny weight. I have good body 12' abs and masculine Pau. Box 463

**SACRAMENTO LIVE-IN LEATHERMAN**  
5'9" 33, 180 lbs, medium build, moustache. As a leatherman seeking a permanent live-in relationship with another leatherman with same interests. Willing to relocate in Sacramento. Your photo gets mine. Box 4687

**ASIAN LEATHERMAN**  
seeks friendship with masculine, quiet but amiable W/M Leatherman under 6'. Send photo, address Box 4686

**LEAN, HARD, DEFINED MASC-  
SLAVE**  
seeks trim Sado-Master Ready for dog training, complete toilet service, bondage, CBT, piercing, cigars. Any or all, but more important, your trip—your way, am 42, 5'10", 150. Travel Photo phone, descriptive letter to PO Box 5908, San Francisco CA 94101 (LF45 9)

**SLAVERY-OWNED-TORTURE**  
If you are haunted by these words if you feel compelled to slavery; if you need to serve then you will submit an appropriate application to John Phillips, PO Box 2755, San Francisco, CA 94126. A man. A Master. Sensitive yet cruel. Sophisticated but tough. Patient experienced, perceptive. Accomplished and successful. Early 40s, tall, well-built, damn good-looking. Doesn't happen in a bar over a weekend, or by fantasizing. Permanent ownership is achieved by thorough exploration, extensive training, and total commitment over time. The most intimate, personal relationship that two people can experience is a true master/slave relationship (LF4533).

**BOTTOM SLAVE**

Two hot GWM tops want bottom/slave to train and serve them. We're 34 experienced and AIDS-aware. Into light & moderate S&M, B&D, CBT, TT. Limits respected & expanded. Good attitude important. Respectful replies to Sirs with qualifications, experience photo & phone Box 3441 San Francisco CA 94119-3441

**HOUSEBOYS & SLAVES**

Which is what you were born to be and you know it. We are willing to train the right 21-35 husky amenable man for complete service. You must be a hard worker and will be enrolled in a strict gym to make you a showpiece. You will serve men older than yourself. Strong discipline. No bullshit. Send something about yourself and a photo to Box 1000. You can call me Sir!

**SEEK DOMINANT GWM**

Over 50 experienced in VA CBT B&D very hirsute Prefer cut. Size unimportant. Must be clean and sane and respect limits. POSITIVE NO Scat TT WS, heavy pain, or raunch. No monies involved at any time. Prefer non-smoker but not necessary. Weight unimportant, but no freaks. I am not Gr/p but am Fr-a-p. I am not cut but am retracted all the time. I am new to leather but interested. Box 4530LF

**BUTT SLAVES WANTED** (415) 752-0971

**JOCKSTRAP LOVERS ONLY**  
W/M heavy into bulging raunchy pouches 6' 170 lbs, dark hazel eyes, 8' cut, into phone J/O group action, jock exchange W/S, no scat exhibitionism, public toilets late at night. Only those who worship bulging jock pouches need reply P.O. Box 4764 San Francisco CA 94101

**HUMBOLDT CO**

Handsome exhibitionistic slave, ex-marine, ex-slut, queer. Need master for S&M WS B&D, leather, hard fucking, the works including friendship. W/M 5'10", 150W, 30" waist, 39" chest, work out regularly. Box 4613

**YOUNG WHITE ASIAN**

wanted for life bondage. No SM. I'm GWM 47 (504) 831-1146

**SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA****DADDY NEEDS SON**

W/M daddy 50's seeks loving son. Daddy is horny and knows how to take care of both of us. No S, M. Photo letter to Joe Saulsbury, 9860-A Mission Blvd., Riverside, CA 92509

**BOTTOM SEEKS TOP OR TWO**  
Handsome GWM bottom, 32, 6'1", T-cut, seeking one two goodlooking butch top daddies, 30-50, into 3-ways, toys, WS etc. Safe/healthy only. Reply to P.O. Box 69275, LA, CA 90048

**PRO SIZE NIPPLES**

Hunky, tattooed bodybuilder, 38, 145 lbs., 5'6", with hungry nipples seeks bodybuilder into long, uninhibited sessions of filthwork J/O, muscle, etc. Tattoos a plus. Photo a must. P.O. Box 480651, LA, CA 90048

**MUSCULAR SLAVE**

Hot, W/M top, 34, 6', 170, into leather wants a hot, muscular slave to train in bondage, hoods, TT, water sports. Must be disease-free. Have playroom & toys. Orange County. If you are hot send a description/photo to Drummer Box 4735.

**WANTED TOP**

for long bondage sessions. GWM 50, 6' 220, into BD, SM, FF, shaving, ball and toy play etc. Have playroom and toys. Desire action, not talk. Tel. (213) 223-9348

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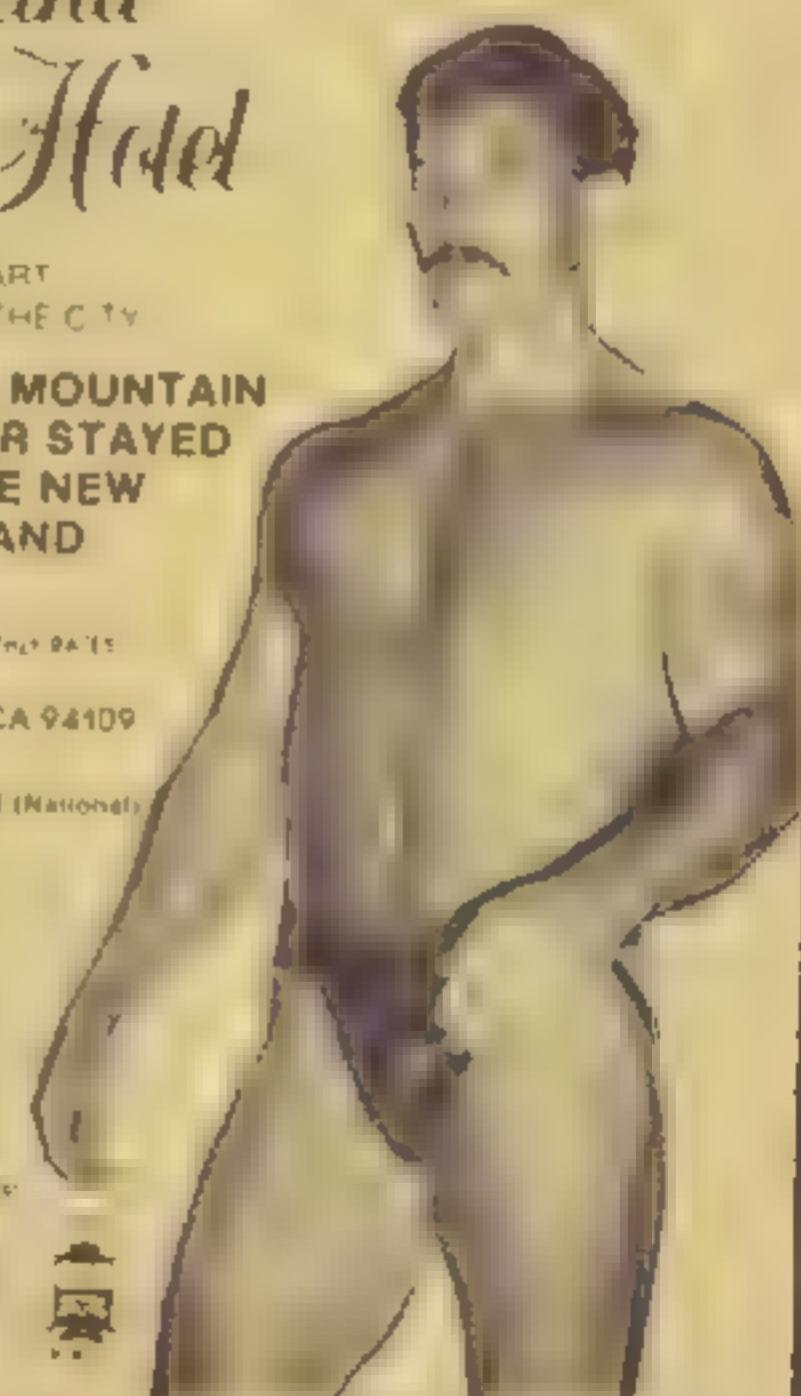
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**THICK COCKHEAD, LOOSE FORESKIN**

WM. 46, 5'10", 165 lbs., good body seeks a 1 into foreskin action. Have darkroom like porn and JO scenes into foreskin stretching. Will experiment JSA 246

**CUT BUT STRETCHING**

GWM. 32, 5'11", 150 lbs, 41" chest, 28" waist, 8" bodybuilder Br/Gr, mouse ache, looking for similar into regaining foreskin and uncircumcised who are into hot skin action USA 239

**BIG UNCUT SPERM Oozing**

Good looking insatiable Hispanic pumps hot intestines or sausages out of urethras. Enjoys low sizable sweet breads Knowledgeable Prefer 6' or 7' JSA 237

**FAT CHEESEERS WANTED**

by cut, slim goodlooking WM 30s. Br hair/eyes. Prefer husky build. Any age. No cigs or trade. Photo please to S.L., No 314, 4670 Hollywood Blvd. LA CA 90027

**FORESKIN FOR 2?**

Deprived GWM 37 5'10", 170 lbs, bald but w/ chest hair. Hopes you'll share! Write Ed. Box 5028, Stanford CA 94305

**NASTY UNCUT DADDY WANTED**

Are you the kind of Daddy that likes to sit on your boy's face and shove your uncircumcised nose down his throat to take a piss? Got a beer belly? Hispanic? Hairy white trucker? Want to make him eat the cheese from under your floppy foreskin? Like him to sit between your legs and clean you from foreskin to asshole? Obedient son doesn't have to be told twice. SF boy is 30 goodlooking 5'11", 150 lbs, fair and fairly hairless, uncircumcised, thick cock and waiting to hear from his nasty Daddy USA 271

**UNCUT PHALLUS WORSHIPPER**

Wish to correspond with other uncircumcised worshippers like myself. Experiences and photo if possible etc USA 149

**EXPERT DOCKER**

& Foreskin Stretching Health, WM 38 9 yrs fast head & 40" chest. Man w/ fat dick topped with extra long slimy foreskin. Blind meat ok (213) 665-6511

**CUT DADDY WANTS UNCUT SON!**  
Are you ready to let Daddy take YOU in hand? Write and lets see what happens! RR #1, Box 85 Corwin St., No. 2, San Francisco CA 94114

**GETTING CIRCUMCISED?**

Send me your foreskin or photos of your uncircumcised cock to Rick, 178 Church #3 San Francisco CA 94114

**S F SATYR**

Attractive 28 year old man, 6'1" 200 lbs, 8" thick, uncircumcised. Fantasies too hot to print, too exciting to not make real! Jamie. Box 40561 S.F. CA 94114

**M.D. WANTED**

I am seeking a well-qualified surgeon M.D. to do a cosmetic re-circumcision for me Southern California area only. Any recommendations? Please advise R.D. Mager Box 5341 Pasadena, CA 91107

**PROFESSIONAL, 6' UNCUT**

Brown hair/eyes. seeks discreet GWM uncircumcised okay 28-40 to Peter Christos Box 126974, San Diego, CA 92101 Photo if possible No weirdos.

**CHEESE REMOVAL SERVICE**

Hol. husky WM 38 wants to sniff and lick that smelly dirty skin and wash it down with hot piss! Box 31151 San Francisco CA 94131

**EXP FRENCH & TOTAL MASSAGE**

Offered to hairy uncircumcised men who prefer not to reciprocate! 40s, butch face, firm body S.F. Alan (415) 648-5875 Late ok

**UNCUT? UNDER 35?**

WM. 51, 62", 185 lbs., cut, wishes to meet you USA 222

**UNCUT? INTO FORESKIN TYING?**  
Help me with serious research in exchange for sensuous goodtimes! No SM size, age unimportant. Write Box 684 Berkeley CA 94701

**GWM. 30, 6', UNCUT**

Br/br, healthy, honest goodlooking wants to meet friends. uncircumcised any race, or age. Please, photo if possible thanks! 326 Evergreen Ave. Daly City CA 94014

**GWM. 44, 6'2", 84" CUT**

170 lbs seeks "Safe Sex" and possibly more w/ heavier GWM 30-50 cut or uncircumcised. I'm a successful professional man. Other interests: California, TV, sex, traveling. USA 219

**PLAYMATES WANTED**

Goodlooking young (21-28) preferably uncircumcised cock wanted by handsome uncircumcised GWM. 42 into creative fun and games USA 218

**MUTUAL JO**

Interested in meeting guys, especially other uncircumcised like myself for mutual JO maybe more Ron (415) 752-7268

**ARE YOU YOUTHFUL, BOYISH, UNCUT?**

Need friendly relief no strings? If at least 18, write to Richard Box 4052-BG Woodside, CA 94062

**HEY HUNK GUYS WITH SKINHEADS**

This mature GWM has keen sense of smell & wet hot suction power for your unwashed, uncircumcised cock. Sir! (213) 465-6732 Write Box 6292 L.A. CA 90055

**PARTIALLY-CUT WHITE**

PROFESSI34. hairy blond into uncircumcised man to like to stretch their skin and spend time together enjoying each others cocks and minds USA 114

**NEED CIRCUMCISING, BIR!**

Want to contact others needing it too ACORN No. 3, 633 Post St. No. 542, San Francisco, CA 94109

**"INFORMED CONSENT"**

A 9½-minute videotape about circumcision shows actual surgical procedure Send SASE to "Informed Consent", Box 443 Forest Knoll, CA 94933

**REDHEAD**

30, wants safe, easy skin sex w/ uncircumcised Dad. Pig gets same Box 14064 Staten G, San Francisco, CA 94114

**HAVE FORESKIN & VIDEO**

Want to hear from other with homemade videos of their uncircumcised glory. Will trade. Added attractions: shaved crotches, cheese WS. Set your lens for close up and lets turn each other on JR Box 14576, San Francisco, CA 94114

**UNCUTS WANTED**

Dider GWM wants any race 18 and up. Write Meyers, 1946 N Kenmore, L.A. CA 90027

**RESTORED?**

Would like to correspond with man who has restored foreskin by stretching or who is in process USA 274

**BEST BJ/EXPERT COCK PLEASER**

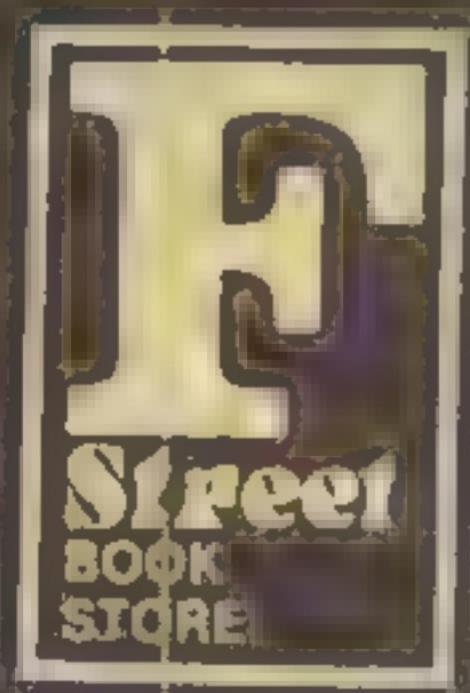
Heavy hung, uncircumcised, mature men only. No farts, foms. Day or night calls only in SF & S. Marin. Write to O Boyia, Box 451 Sausalito, CA 94965

**THE EROTIC PREPUCE:**

Stuffing, stretching, pulling, piercing & removing? Lets share fantasy and experience. Babs tool Carl Pierce, Box 66032 Stockton, CA 95206

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**UNINHIBITED SHARING**

Interested in uninhibited sharing of erotic stimulation of foreskin and shaft. Jerry Jansen, 37A Moss St east San Francisco CA 94103

**UNCUT NON-SMOKER SEEKS SAME**

6'2", 170 lbs., 37 dark brown hair, br eyes, moustache, I-ke vege gardening, antiques, antique autos, play piano country-type living. Call Rick (415) 676-2853

**REDHEAD/BLUE EYES**

5'10", 175 lbs., 6' uncut, goodlooking bodybuilder 35. Like husky WMs, big thighs, small uncut cocks. Suck, JO fantasies. No fuck/SM 14711½ Bus park LA CA 91411

**ACTIVE ASS**

W M 5'3", 165, 40's wants dominant guy(s) that will give me light B&D, TT ass spankings, lots of VA and cock to worship and be a slave too. Leather and mature turn-ons but no FF W/S or scat. With poppers and hard cock my ass gets very active. Denver area but will correspond anywhere. Reply to Box 4731LF

**SPANNING**

Boy sh, 22-year-old needs spanking. Send name number fantasy & desc p-tion to: Scott Adler, PO Box 10672 Denver CO 80210-0672

**ACTIVE ASS**

W.M. 6'3", 165, 40s, wants dominant guy(s). That will give me light B&D, TT ass spankings, lots of VA and cock to worship and be a slave to. Leather and mature turn-ons. But no FF W/S or scat. With poppers and hard cock my ass gets very active. Denver area but will correspond anywhere. Reply to Box 4818LF

**TOILET LICKING FAG**

WM, 25, 5'10", 170, good looking, needs well hung master, 18-40, into verbal abuse, humiliation, spankings, photos, golden showers. Excellent toilet bowl tongue cleaning available. No scat. Will travel. All answered, photo gets mine. Box 4625

**LEATHER SM BIKER**

Looking for bottoms/slaves who knows what leather slavery is and is good at it. Indeed, SM sex. In dungeon and on my bike will train respect limits. Write—enclose photo. If you're ready for leather sex. Box 3857LF

**BEARDED MASTER**

42, 5'10", 165 lbs., hung thick, experienced, understanding. Seeks clean healthy slaves for long sexual sessions in my fully-equipped "den". All scenes except scat. Novice guys get TLC. I am in the Annapolis-Baltimore-DC area. Letters with photos get answered. Also looking for other good Masters. Box 4625LF

**DEDICATED LEATHERMAN**

WM, 37, 5'10", 155, Bl, Bl, moustache, goatee, SM, BD, CBT, TT, WS, FR, GA. Seeks others into same, both top and bottom. Write P.O. Box 2341, Manassas, VA 22110 (ILF4696)

**A MAN**

170 lbs. solid muscle 5'10" 39 dark bearded InterChain 226. I am essentially dominant and totally masculine but can be warm, loving, considerate and always sensual. Self-confidence based on intelligence, experience, maturity and self-acceptance. Years of residence in Stockholm, Paris and Ber-

lin have given me European flexibility and my own man and not captive of any role. Ardent handball enthusiast. Besides FF am into all sides of Fr. Gr. titwork and mutually satisfying S&M. Like both intense one-on-ones and group scenes. Very health conscious but that doesn't keep me from enjoying it. Sound interesting? Write Bob P.O. Box 30651 Bethesda, MD 20814-0651

**DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA**

Animals! Black boy needs real puppy love and/or more plus humiliation. P.O. Box 15920, Arlington, VA 22215

**HOT LEAN DIRTY, KINKY TOP**  
needed by hot lean white bottom. Into normal scenes plus W.S. electricity catheters, cigarette burns, shaving beer poppers B/D and C/B torture. Let me smell, kiss, lick and suck your dirty unwashed meat as you discipline my cock and balls. If your odor can't make me back off or water my eyes don't bother. I want the real thing. Box 4068

**BLAZING PADDLES**

WM stud seeks tough guys for reciprocal rounds of classical seat-of-the-braces, ankle-grabbing lift-you-off-the-floor ass busing. Box 27082 Wash. DC 20038

**HOT FF BOTTOM**

DC-Metro, hot FF bottom into intense scenes enjoy unusual and interesting mind games. Also enjoy a little surprise and novelty not expecting your classic top-bottom situation. A little imagination, concentrate hard. I'm 5'1' 180 lbs WM and a real surprise. Alex Box 4732LF

**SOUTH FLORIDA BIKER**  
desires to hear from masculine gays or bisexual men who are dark and hairy

and into hot, sweaty funky sex. Write Box 4734

**"THE SARGE"**

33, 6 ft., 165 lbs., short brown hair, clean-shaven, goodlooking, fun loving leatherman. Lookin' for a few good men. If you are muscular, defined clean and together, a man who takes care of himself and knows how to take care of another man, if you've got the spirit, maybe you can join my corps. Sarge is top, but always welcomes correspondence from other tops. Send a picture for an answer. C'mon don't be shy. Now stand at ease and start writin' Box 4526LF

**I'LL SUCK YOUR COCK**

I'm on my knees sucking while my friend pisses on me. Shaved head cock and balls. P.O. Box 8072 Port Charlotte FL 33949-6072

**SLAVE NEEDS INSTRUCTION**

Slave with little experience looking for Master who can provide proper training. Slave is 35, 5'11", 200 lbs, blond, blue eyes. Into doing Master's wishes. Limitations: No drugs, scat, piercing or marks. Please. Sir, train me to serve you. Box 4461LF

**FT LAUDERDALE**

Masculine attractive top with firm but gentle style seeks subjects for "training" in heavy bondage and light SM limits respected. Can go bottom for competent top interested in safe sex. Discretion required and reciprocated. Jake Leonard #24751, Ft Lauderdale FL 33307

**FLORIDA**

Ft Lauderdale mid-40's seeks stable 28-38 affectionate, intelligent, lean non-promiscuous male looking for safe sex—no drugs. A photo would be appreciated. Write "BILL" P.O. Box 030406 Ft. Ladd, FL 33306

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PHOTO: LES ALLEN FERRY

**1-213-386-0448**

**HAIRY, HUNG DADDY**  
seeks S aveboy/Daddy's Boy for possible permanent relationship. Daddy is 40, 5'10, hairy and hung big. Boy is younger (but legal age) smooth with a big uncut dick and low hangers. Boy must be obedient, eager to serve, looking for love and security. Daddy can provide good home life training, strict control, and all decisions. Can travel anywhere or meet you here in Florida. Photo and submissive letter required. Box 4453LF

#### ATHLETIC W/M

29, seeks down-to-earth, well-built masculine man for friend and possible lover. Enjoys the outdoors, the beaches, working out, fine arts and quiet times cuddled up together. Write P.O. Box 5121, Winter Park FL 32783. 5121 Photo, please.

**BONDAGE BUDDIES WANTED**  
Imagine yourself in classic torture scenes? Inquisition, foreign legion Indians, etc? W/M 32, 6', 165, seeks other masculine adventurers into capture, bondage torture games, safe and sane, no marks or injuries. Loads of fun. Club possible. Box 4637

**WANTED: FULLTIME SLAVE**  
by Master (30, 5ft, 10 in., 165 lbs bearded, hairy). Must be submissive obedient, healthy, into leather heavy S&M, B&D Gr/P Fr/A FF/P and more. Must submit to complete training for duties. Sincere only. Apply w/ photo to Bradwell, PO Box 7686, Atlanta GA 30357-0686

#### GEORGIA

**HOT KNIGHT IN AUGUSTA**  
Hot, masculine, muscular, 44 yr old white, motorcycling leatherman seeks permanent relationship with man into leather uniform boots. Speedo swim briefs and b/g bikes. Must be open, honest, mature, 35-50 yrs. and willing to become my workout partner, motorcycle buddy, companion, friend and lover. Into light to moderate, health-conscious S&M. Prefer the top role but enjoy switching w/ man I respect. No fags, freaks, albies, druggies or weirdos. Send photo please. Box 4728LF

**HOUSEBOY & ALL HOT MEN**  
GWM duo, 29 and 36, both 5'10", 150 lbs., moustaches, smooth, hairy. Seek hot tops or bottoms, singles or couples for hot times with no hang-ups. Any & all scenes w/ mutual respect. Get a fantasy, let us make it a reality! Also looking for houseboy/slave, live in or out, with initial input considered. W/ I train, no experience OK. Photo phone, detailed letter. PO Box 76125, Atlanta GA 30358-1125 (4700LF)

**TRAINING—COMPUTERS**  
Would like to join with others in Atlanta in enforced training and discipline. Also, would like to make contact w/ others with computers. Box 4710LF

**THE ATLANTA SLAVE**  
The Atlanta slave awaits your discipline and orders. I am 33, 5'9", 140 lbs and need your help and training please. Sir. Box 4409LF

**BOOT WORSHIPPING SLAVE**  
W/M, 27, 6'0", 180 lb. slave. Sir, this southern boy needs to worship you and your boots. Sir! Sir! This boy is into WS, shaving, BD, SM, TT, and rough ass play. Sir! Dominant Master needed. Please write. Sir, or call (404) 881-0299. Sir, this boot boy is on his knees waiting for your orders. Sir! Box 4483LF

**FUCK BUDDY WANTED**  
Let's get it on, hot & sweaty. I'm 37 built, hung hairy, horny. Work out with me sweat grapple, fuck, piss and see whose white butt gets whipped and

fucked. Call Mac at (912) 436-7373. Get something hot going. Buddy

#### ILLINOIS

##### FART IN MY FACE

Let me lick and suck on your dirty ass. Piss in my mouth. You, white 16-40, 120-170 lbs. Me 40, slim, white, not into body hair. Spanking and fucking possible. Box 4707

**GET YOUR FANTASIES FULFILLED**  
Chicago Master, 43, 6'3", 190#, with well-equipped Dungeon/Playroom including sling walls, submissive slaves or bottoms for obedience training, bondage, humiliation, discipline, fraternity initiations, paddling, C&B work, SM exhibitionism etc. All limits respected. Photos of sessions available if desired. Novices accepted. Race no problem. Will be Drummer Dad to deserving young studs. Also require occasional services of slave to maintain & care for leather toys and playroom and to perform miscellaneous tasks. Send photo if possible to P.O. Box 2630, Chicago, IL 60690

##### COCK & BALL TORTURE

Sadist seeks trim slaves for strict bondage, whipping, and cock & ball torture. You will be bound spread-eagle and subjected to prolonged slapping, twisting, squeezing, whips, weights and wax. Intense but safe. If you can take it send letter with photo and phone to Box 4588

##### FIT TO BE TIED

Handsome bondage enthusiast, 29, 6', 165 lbs., seeks Chicago-area buddy 21-40 to play with. Versatile top and/or bottom, into leather, rope, rubber other creative, safe activities. Let's explore together. Write/photo to Box 4671

##### MATURE MASTER

wants casual encounters. You must be between 18 and 40, short, slim, well-defined and know what to expect and what is expected. Blacks and Orientals especially welcome. Contact R. Smith, Suite 134, 8827 Ogden Ave., Brookfield, IL 60513

##### MATURE MALE MASTER

white, seeks slaves and submissives for casual sessions. Not interested in teacher role, dopes, drunks, or leather queens. Want men 18-50, white or Oriental who are healthy, in good shape. Well set-up and know the score. Prefer between 5'1" and 6'0" and 130 to 180 lbs. Box 4404LF

##### MEN WANTED

W males 35-50 who would like their cock, balls, asshole worshipped. G W male 40, will service you like nothing you've had before. Size not important. Construction, truckers welcome. Call (312) 545-6075.

#### INDIANA

**SW INDIANA BOTTOM NEEDS TOP**  
W/M 38, 5'8", 135, cut, brn/blue, moustache, seeks older bigger Top/Master to service. SM, CBTT, FF, WS. Teach me—Train me to serve. Hot mouth hungry ass eager to please you! Box 4536

##### CHICAGO DAD

41, 5'10", 165# fit, professional seeks novice young men for hot sessions into leather and discipline, but no heavy SM. Firm but gentle. Write to Box #107DS.

##### BOTTOM NEEDS TOP

Submissive W/M, 38, 5'8", 135 lbs., brn/blue, moustache, 6% cut, seeks older partner for periodic service. Photo/phone appreciated. Bottom lives in SW Indiana. Drummer Box 4739

#### BONDAGE SLAVE

anxious to serve. WM 160, 5'10", tall with some limited experience is anxious to be put into your control and to perform services which my master demands. Also interested in initiation experiences either by myself or with other initiates. Am not into FF or electric shock, but would expect strong discipline for master's pleasure. Can travel on weekends in Northern and Central Indiana, or even West Central Ohio. Would also be interested in prisoner scenes being used as an animal and dungeon experiences. Discretion essential. Box 4475LF

##### POOR BUT EMPLOYED

Indianapolis slave W/M, 40, 5'11", 165 lbs., Gr/P Fr/A, needs to serve young demanding sane imaginative masters. Shape me into what you want with forced B/B, steroids, surgery etc. Need lots of discipline and ass action. S/M, B/D, gang bang, FF, W/S, CB/TT, piercing—then loan me for continued training. Jay (317) 923-5704 from 6:30 PM - 7 AM. No scat!

##### FT WAYNE AREA

Bring me your fantasies! W/M, 5'11", 180 lbs, blond/blue, hairy. Into everything from cuddling and playing gently all the way to heavy S/M, whipping, paddling, etc. FF a specialty. Many top, but extremely versatile. We can work out your mildest or wildest fantasies together. Can travel and entertain. Photo appreciated but not necessary. Reply Drummer Box 4705LF. MIDWEST

##### MASTER

seeks WM permanent slave 25-35, 5'7", 6'2", 150-250 lbs. Ideal is ex-BB, football, wrestling jock who needs to refocus his life. Other hot men will be considered. Goal is mutual physical and mental growth. Master is 250 lbs., tall, late 30's, hairy, clean, educated former Army MP. Into all but scat. Sincere only reply—no wimps, cons or drugs. Send letter with needs and phone, picture optional. Box 4666

##### FT WAYNE AREA

Bring me your fantasies! W/M, 5'11", 180 lbs, blond/blue, hairy. Into everything from cuddling and playing gently all the way to heavy S/M, whipping, paddling, etc. FF a specialty. Many top, but extremely versatile. We can work out your mildest or wildest fantasies together. Can travel and entertain. Photo appreciated but not necessary. Reply Drummer Box 4705LF

##### MIDWEST MASTER

seeks WM permanent slave 25-35, 5'7", 6'2", 150-250 lbs. Ideal is ex-BB, football, wrestling jock who needs to refocus his life. Other hot men will be considered. Goal is mutual physical and mental growth. Master is 250 lbs., tall, late 30's, hairy, clean, educated former Army MP. Into all but scat. Sincere only reply—no wimps, cons or drugs. Send letter with needs and phone, picture optional. Box 4666

##### BOTTOM NEEDS TOP

Submissive W/M, 38, 5'8", 135 lbs., brn/blue, moustache, 6% cut, seeks older partner for periodic service. Photo/phone appreciated. Bottom lives in SW Indiana. Drummer Box 4739

#### OKLAHOMA

##### BACKPACKING, CROSS

COUNTRYskating, full leather, moving to San Francisco from Iowa in Fall 1985. Japanese-American, 5'4", 125 lbs., goodlooking, macho-bearded ex-gymnast. Am fanatic backpacker with 15 years experience, new to X-C skating. Business professional travel 40% full leather primarily top can switch, safe. Seeks full-leather studs from Bay Area or Seattle into outdoors. You are 25-40

educated, masculine, no smoke/drugs. WS, FF Photo please, will rec. procate Box 4544

#### LOUISIANA

##### MOTORCYCLE COP

New Orleans, WM 30, 6', 165, LF4458 seeks WM into the smell, taste, feel of hot black leather. There is no such thing as too much black leather—tall black leather boots, breeches, gloves, chaps, jeans, jackets, belts, caps. Prefer to be bottom, but versatile. Also into toys. My breeched ass works on a HD by days, and I ride a V65 Magna at night in leather. Also have Kawasaki Ninja and am heavy into motorcycles and motorcycle gear. Police uniforms and gear also. Into BD, SM—light to heavy scene action on y. Cigar smoker. Phone 30 ok. Call (504) 282-0729. PO Box 57181, New Orleans, LA 70157. No novices. If you aren't dedicated to leather call someone else.

#### INDIANA

##### TIE ME UP AND?

Serious bondage bottom interested in prolonged sessions. Box 2186, South Portland, ME 04106. A.I. answered (LF4459)

#### MASSACHUSETTS

**TIGHT LEVIS/BLACK LEATHER**  
W/M 5'10", 28, tight body, good looks. Into leather, snug levis, hefty boots. Seek wild, rugged young dudes and leather-jacketed punks to horse-around, party. Hey studs, let's roll around, bulging crotches, tight black leather pants/faded levis, tyc & jackets, gauntlet gloves. Let's cruise late at night on our motorcycles. Sane straight-acting discreet masculine guy. Photo decked out in leather gets mine. Will correspond. DIRK Suite 346, 2 Vernon Street, Farmington, MA 01701 (LF3994)

**BLACK LEATHER and BONDAGE**  
WM 27, 6'1", 185 needs booted, gloved, arrogant leather Master for dog training, humiliation, heavy VA and heavy bondage (gags, hoods, collars, cuffs, etc.). Send me your orders, Sir, and I will obey. Complete discretion requested. Box 4576LF

##### TOTAL LIVE-IN SLAVE

Dad and Son want a GWM approx 6' tall, 170 lbs., slim body, no facial hair who is ready to relocate immediately to a small town and live in a large house. You will do house and yard work, but will not work a job. We will support our slave. We are into leather, rubber, SM, B&D, TT, shaving and W/S. Playroom is well equipped to provide discipline when required. No items, drugs, FF or scat. For info, contact call (413) 267-5278 before 10 P.M. Eastern time. We are ready for you? A doctorate in slavery is not required. LF4247

##### INDEPENDENT BOTTOM

Boston area, seeks a mature (35-plus) Top, who wants the willing service of an intelligent, thinking and bottom into bondage, discipline, WS, raunch, and on-forms. I'm 40, 5'11", 170, blond, clean-shaven, smooth body, cut. Ultimate goal is a healthy dominant-subordinate relationship involving the intellect, spirit and body. Sir, let's explore the possibilities. Reply to Box 4444LF. All replies will be answered.

##### GWM COUPLE

GWM couple, 39 & 41, goodlooking, clean, seek similar for hot threesomes. If you like leather, fistng and the usual write to PO Box 8, 645 Beacon St., Boston, MA 02115

**SPANKING DAD**  
42, 5'11", 175 lbs, trim beard looking  
for well-proportioned affectionate son.  
You'll be spanked over my knee when  
bad, loved when good. Dad likes  
sports, music, travel, fine buns. Greek  
A/P, does not like smoke or drugs.  
Relationship possible. Send descrip-  
tion, interests, qualifications to Joe, PO  
Box 3283, Peabody, MA 01961-3283.

**YOU A TICKLER?**  
Trim short hairy, very ticklish GM  
craves the unbearable touch of a com-  
patible man with a playfully sadistic  
streak. Torture my tender feet and  
manly but sensitive body; make me  
laugh and plead til I'm weak with  
exhaustion. Role exchange optional,  
safesex a must. Also seeking  
penpals—your hot letter gets mine! PO  
Box 1944, Boston, MA 02105.

**RAUNCY—HOT—WET SEX**  
23 years old, 5'5", 150 lbs, brown hair  
brown eyes, has beard & moustache.  
7½" cut hose, active and passive. Digs  
leather/Levi action, tit work, lots of  
peep drinking, 69, recycled beer swap,  
well used jockstraps, sweaty bodies.  
Scott, PO Box 42, Milton, MA 02186.

WM, 35, 5'9", 140, trim well-built masculine  
seeking same 20-40, for Master/slave  
relationship. Would like to be examined  
in my skin-tight levis and T-shirt with  
white Hi-top Nikes, bound at wrists  
hanging from ceiling. Paddle my tight  
ass, n levis, then strip me, torture my  
cock and balls w/ leather straps, then  
shave my masculine cock hairs till I'm  
bald. Shave my ass cheeks until they're  
smooth. Keep me hard for hours until  
my Master makes me cum. Box 4405LF.

WM, 41, 5', 185 LBS.  
Bottom seeks top for pleasure trips into  
pain. Turned on by bondage, whips,

pings, tit-cock-ball torture and lots of  
peep. Not into drugs, sex, FF, blood and  
damage. Seek same top/buddy for my  
use, yet satisfying. Mes Photo, phone for  
early meeting. Box 4724LF.

## MICHIGAN

**JACKSON AREA TOP**  
36, 6'0", 170 lbs, well-built, long, thick  
uncut 10½", topman into man-to-man  
leather SM sex GR, FR, FF CB, BD, TT,  
WS, toys—you name it! You: Masculine,  
20-45 with hot eager hole submis-  
sive and willing. Write with photo,  
specs, # and your favorite fantasy. Box  
4539LF.

**DADDY AND SON**  
Daddy and son looking for others who  
like to play. We are into T/T bondage  
spanking and more. We have a well-  
equipped dungeon. Willing to train  
novices. Robert/Neal, 1030 Adams  
Road South, Rochester Hills, MI 48063-  
5147.

**INTO TITS???**  
5'10" dude seeking same for wild creative  
erotic nipple action. My cone-  
shaped, hard, growing tits enjoy  
enlargement, stretching, heavy sucking  
and pulling. Also into leather and  
toys...lets get in touch and especially  
discuss hi experiences, tit fantasies, tit  
photos, etc. RJG, 611 Tobin Dr #208,  
Kester, MI 48141.

**BOYISH YOUNG PUMP**  
Wanted male slave 18-25 willingly dis-  
posed to being sex toy and obedient  
pet. Beginner OK. Want to train your  
mind and ass to new horizons for mutual  
pleasure. Total servitude a must.  
All your needs provided. Send appropriate  
application and photo with experience  
to Bulch, PO Box 52035, Livonia,  
MI 48152.

## HUNGRY FOR TRAINING

Hot 32 yr old seeks training. Greek pas-  
sionate and enjoy BDSM. S/M and servitude  
Desire to be a slave and travel California Only  
ad. Box 4691.

## MINNESOTA

**FETID FORESKIN**  
on raunchy 38-year-old, 150#, 5'10" pig  
needs attention from other raunchy  
freaks who are 35-50, beefy, dirty  
hairy UC & mean. Hot filthy correspon-  
dence welcome. (4571LF) Grant, PO Box  
6194, Minneapolis, MN 55406.

**WICCAN PRIEST**  
rides 1000cc bike, sane SM. Wants to  
contact those with similar interests.  
Also has opening for permanent live-in  
slave to serve two professional lovers.  
Write properly for details of indenture.  
Must be willing to be educated and relo-  
cate. Box 4527LF.

**SLAVE NEEDS MASTER!**  
Photo, phone please. Write to Box  
#1090S.

**DADDY WANTS SON**  
Seeking young man for permanent  
relationship Daddy/Master 6' 165, 41  
stable, sensitive, sincere, loving, domi-  
nant/leather Son/slave slim, smooth,  
18-30 (youngest given preference all  
others considered). Submissive, obedi-  
ent, needs and wants someone to  
take control of his life and provide  
direction and security. Son should  
desire affection as well as light SM, BD,  
humiliation, ownership, shaving, WS  
verbal abuse, being fucked, must be  
excellent cocksucker. Novice okay as  
son will be fully trained to serve and  
service his Daddy/Master and will  
derive pleasure from knowing that he is  
serving his Daddy well. Serious sons  
should send application letter and  
photo to Box 4202LF.

**DILDOE BOTTOM**  
I'm blond, hairy PO Box 65232, St. Paul,  
MN 55165.

## PRISONER AVAILABLE FOR TORTURE

Blond slave, 22, seeks dominate master  
for confinement and torture. Whips,  
spread-eagle, TT, CB&T, dildos,  
stretching, obedience and training  
(612) 874-9239 Box 4703.

## KNOW THE ROPES

WM, 30, 5'8", 155 lbs, seeks similar hot  
men into top/bottom leather/rope  
bondage Photo, phone to Box 4693.

## MISSISSIPPI

### LOW HANGING BALLS?

WM, age 35, attractive. Wants to be  
slave for man to age 45 with big hang-  
ing balls. Everything goes. Box 4396.

## MISSOURI

### SEARCHING FOR LEATHER MASTER

heavily into bondage, themes, rubber  
shaving, etc. Slave is white, 26 yrs, 170  
lbs, medium build, novice—needs  
training and servitude. Master will  
have devoted slave. Please write soon.  
Sir, Box 4555LF.

### WANTED!!

White male who is serious about our  
way of life. Who expects to be treated  
as property and will make his Master  
proud of his property. All responses to  
include address, phone number and  
photo which will be returned on  
request. Box 4719LF.

## MONTANA

**MASTER SEEKS SLAVES**  
Clean, healthy, discreet together. I'm  
5'8", 140 lbs, trim & athletic. Please

**(415) 821-9952**

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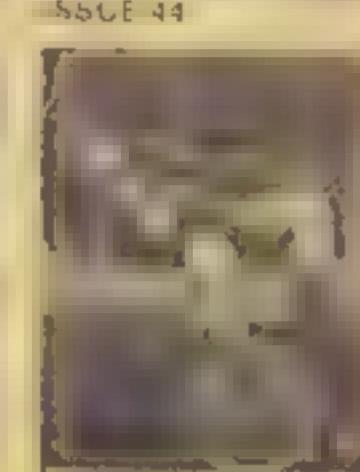
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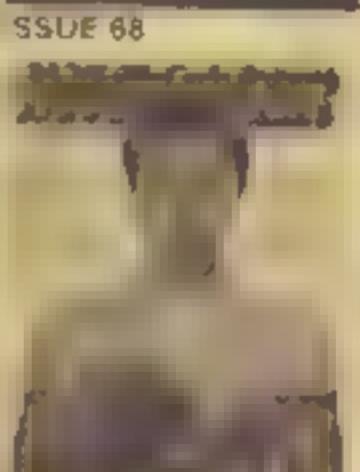
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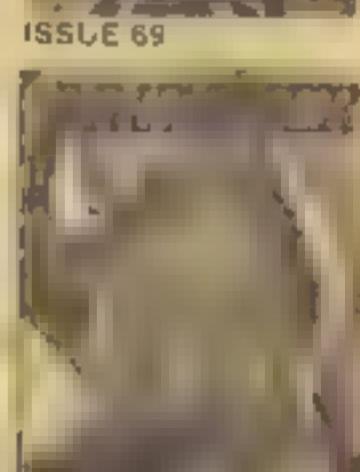
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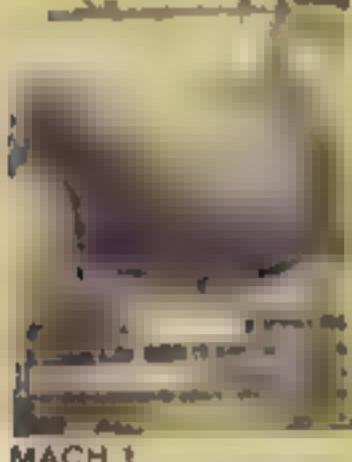
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Would like my limits expanded, but respected into bondage, enemas, WS FF I'm 40 5'7", 160 lbs blue eyes, cut. Please send orders, desires and phone to Box 4580LF

**MASTER/TOPMAN WANTED**  
WM, 5'9", 185 lbs, looking for Master/Topman who is into prolonged bondage w/ masks, hood, strait-jackets etc. Boots, uniforms, watersports, whipping—you name it! No limits except no drugs or permanent markings. NY MD W VA, VA, DC PA Area Box 4531LF

**BASIC TRAINING**  
Recruits wanted for "Active Duty" by Military Drill Instructor Basic Training in a strict, discipline military setting will include a thorough pre-induction physical exam, servicing spit-shined military Jump Boots and physical training. Discipline administered to recalcitrant recruits with live SM and BD techniques in a safe, sane and mutually satisfying session. DI is looking for

A FEW GOOD MEN who need to be "squared away" for the first time or who wish to re-live their BOOT CAMP experiences. Recruit candidates should request orders from MCRD-PHL BOX 242, Penndel, Pa., 19047-0848. A responses acknowledged, but those w/ photo/phone answered first LF4257

**MASTER WANTED**  
28-year-old Italian-Arabic bodybuilder 5'10", 180, black/brown eyes, very hairy seeks BB Master into shaving. Call (215) 691-0586

#### PITTSBURGH AND TRI-STATE AREA

Muscular top, 29, 6'3", 220, ex-college football player is accepting applications for a body slave. Applicants must be straight looking and acting muscular and between the ages of 17 and 40. Will consider newcomers but you must be ready to serve a Master. If you're not sure you want to serve, don't waste my time with your application. Send your photo and application to MASTER PO Box 65, Glenshaw PA 15118. (4484LF)

**ROUGH, WILD & KINKY SEX**  
I'm 30, 6', 170 lbs., br hair, gr eyes, swimmer's build, straight appearing, goodlooking 8½" cut, dig rea-men SM CBT poppers, J/O, Gr-Fr a/p—rough wild & kinky sex. Send hot photo for quick reply JC, PO Box 1454, Unontown, PA 15401 (LF 4047)

**NOVICE SLAVE PITTSBURGH**  
Looking for young discreet Master to teach me how to serve. I'm 31 WM 5'11", 165 lbs, good body attractive 7½" of nice meat, and frustrated. Please state interests and any other info you deem necessary. Box 4702

**WANTED: BONDAGE MASTER**  
Once you get me under your control you set the limits. 37 year old bondage slave needs natural master capable of extended heavy bondage, sensory deprivation and behavior modification. Please send orders to PO Box 2091 Philadelphia, PA 19103. Am able and willing to travel to your domain. (LF 4674)

**TOGETHER TOP**  
Tight, goodlooking WM, mid-40's seeks bottoms who know their place and other tops who can trade off. This man offers safe, sane SM action. Only interested in masculine types—no heavy drugs, fakes, blacks. If you can take it let's do it. Philadelphia area Box 4685

#### RHODE ISLAND

**WANTED: MUSCULAR TIT BOYS**  
If you get your rocks off on having your body worked on by two young horny guys, both 23, 5'9", white and very

goodlooking. You must be muscle boy type, willing to be used and serviced into B/D Greek and French, C/BT, and heavy tit work. Long, hot sessions of non-stop sex. So if your dick is drippin' for sex just call or send photo & phone to (401) 438-7328, PO Box 5723 Providence, RI 02903

#### LIVE-IN SLAVE

Dominant, Italian GWM seeks to move in with qualified slave. Qualifications are: Age: 25-35, Height: 5'3"-5'11", Weight: Not over 10 lbs normal weight. Hair color: N/P moustache—mandatory body hair—OK. Race: N/P Education: HS grad, some college. Domestic: good cook & housekeeper. Employment: must have steady income. Ass: small buns, light, hairless. Cock size not important, must be cut. Sex: Greek A/P French P monogamy bondage. Health: Must see physician regularly. All applicants must submit full resume with current photo and phone. All letters will be answered only if rules are followed. Box 4252

#### COLUMBIA

GWM 32 5'11", 145 lbs, slim, hairy 6" uncut seeks healthy masculine partner for mutual SM exploration & satisfaction. B&D, CBT, tit/assplay, dildos, piercing, shaving. Very versatile. Answer all. Can travel. Box 4744

#### EX-PRO

**LEATHER/POLICE UNIFORMS**  
Austin area WM 30, 5'11", 175, hairy ex-cop seeks dominant leather/uniform Topman/Master. Am turned on by touch, smell, taste and feel of leather, high black boots, full police uniforms and gear. Also into SM, B&D, TT, VA/humiliation and WS. Gr/p Fr/a. Photo phone gets priority response. No scat farts, fems or blacks. Box 4528LF

**HOT, LONELY AND VERSATILE!**  
6', 180 lbs., healthy and cut WM with stocky build, medium chest hair, desires slave/Master meeting and possible lasting relationship. Enjoy JO, TT (am pierced and tattooed), chains and leather jocks and other athletic gear. Willing to experiment with right person, 25-45. Younger appearance than my 50 years and could assume dad role. Photo, phone and description to Box 4454LF gets mine Dallas area

#### MUSCULAR SLAVE

Healthy hot, B/M 27 6'0", 180 lbs gym body needs hot master for bondage, discipline, CBT, TT, J/O. Safe sex. Sir! P O Box 541242 Houston, TX 77254-1242

#### DALLAS

Safe sex with a super-clean, healthy white top. I'm into bondage, C/B, tit torture, spankings, W/S and verbal abuse. Age: 48, 5'9", 140 lbs. Box 4743

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- HOODS

#### BOTTOM NEEDS TOILET TRAINING

GWM, 22, 6'1", 150, 7" seeks hot healthy white topman to 45. Sit on my face and let me eat your load. Am inexperienced but want to be trained. Also like piss, fuck, ng, dildos. Send photo, phone, picture of your hole is a plus. Houston Box 4679

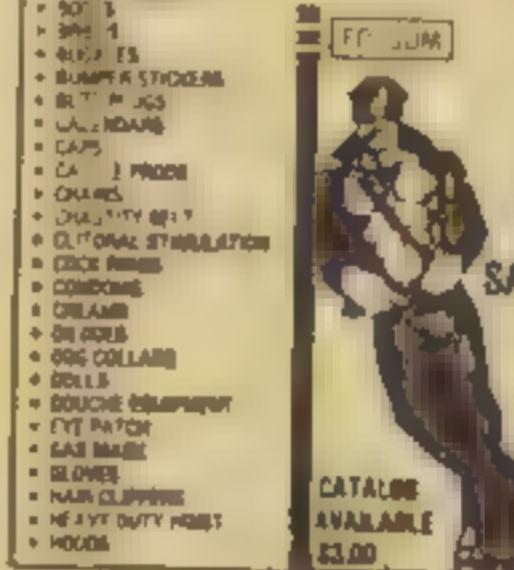
#### HOUSTON

GWM 35, 5'6", trim seeks submissive under 40 into B/D and S/M including whipping, CBT, electro-torture and piercing. Live-in position possible for bottom with right qualifications and capabilities. Send photo with letter Box 4673

#### BIG DALLAS NIPPLES

Want to be manhandled GWM 37, slim (6', 155 lbs.) seeks muscular or trim topman/men for CBT, TT, W/S, shaving, obedience training & B/D. Healthy sex only. No fats, crazy, or over 45.

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## WASHINGTON

### DADDY'S MAN

ME Professional, responsible, 31 yrs 5'8", 157 lbs, hairy, moustached, balding, naturally masculine (considered hunky), and have eyes that "make a statement."

OBJECTIVE Long-term commitment! Service Convert one to kinky and devote myself to a man who inspire me and is capable of taming my hard driving nature and eagerness to please YOU. Confident stable age 30-45 good physical stature non-alcohol tobacco substance user, at least a moustache affectionate, naturally dominant (leather optional) and looking to possess a man's body and soul. I am serious and I'm willing to relocate. Sincere responses with current photographs will get the same from me. J.D. P.O. Box 23035, Seattle, WA 98102, 4538LF)

### NEED MASTER/DADDY

33-year-old GWM young goodlooking 145 lbs, 5'10" seeks mature, secure Master/Daddy to train beginner/novice for possible permanent relationship. Am tired of fantasy and bars. Need Master/Daddy to respect, obey and worship who is patient and considerate of slaves limitations, but knowledgeable enough to expand them and ultimately control both my mind and body. Slave into to let training, WS, bondage, verbal abuse and humiliation. seeks introduction to pierce. Master is honest, intelligent, healthy, and financially secure. Slave will need to continue working while being trained. Thank you, Sir. Box 4529LF

### FIND DADDY IN DEAR SIR

55, 5'5", BRN, BRN  
130 lbs. Top wanted by masochistic bottom. Into SM WS, TT, & CBT. Greek passive, French active & passive. Tie me up in bath tub & piss on me. Strip my ass with my cat of 12 tails. (12, count em) Dino, P.O. Box 25776 Seattle WA 98125. (206) 367-4980

## WISCONSIN

### TOP/MASTER

wanted by bottom/slave, 28 6'4" 250, hairy. Into B&D boots, TT cigars. I'm ready. Box 4667

## INTERNATIONAL

When answering foreign ads with box numbers, remember to include the correct amount of overseas airmail postage. Current rates are 40¢ per 1/2-ounce. Letters without correct postage will be destroyed.

## AUSTRALIA

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## BELGIUM

HOT BOTTOM—BRUSSELS  
33, 5'7", 135, into bodybuilding, travels worldwide, Gr/P, wants active topmen, bodybuilders, uniforms for hot, sale sex, CBT/T, B&D. Write P.O. Box 1145, 1000 Brussels 1, BELGIUM

## CANADA

### SERIOUS SLAVE

WM 5'8", 170 lbs, wants Master for long-term relationship. Slave into leather boots discipline, CBT/T humiliation, dog training etc. Slave is handsome and of good company looking for hairy, beefy, heavy top who will instruct and punish me. Eastern Canada (Eng or Fr). Can relocate. Only interested Masters looking for serious, long-lasting SM relationship need to respond. Send pic & letter to: Box 3984

Being top or bottom to momentarily satisfy one's own needs is unrewarding. This 5'9", 160 lbs, 38-year-old bottom is ready to commit himself (mind, heart, body) to the training of a heavy built, serious, demanding but loving and protective Master. Do you exist? P.O. Box 872 Station H, Montreal, P.Q. H3G 2M8

## MEXICO

### TALL ATTRACTIVE

Tall, attractive, green eyes, well-educated, clean, nice character 39 Gr A/P, Fr A/P, straight appearance wants to meet attractive Gr A/P Fr A/P coming to Mexico City. Write AP 61-223 Mexico City, DF 06600. Send photo if possible.

## NETHERLAND ANTILLES

### ASIAN MALE

Inexperienced Asian male 26, 5'6", 135 lbs. seeks GWM up to 35 for penpal friends, lover. Bond, twins are turn-ons. Write with photo. Vacationers welcome—discretion No fats, fems, blacks, drugs. SM. Maresh Moorjani C/O P.O. Box 105, St Maarten, Netherlands

## WEST GERMANY

### AMERICAN IN GERMANY

Ex-patriot living in Frankfurt area 35, blond, 6', 155, moustache—seeks leather/leather contacts for friendship and sex. Enjoy poppers, cockrings, chaps, toys, TT, CBT, WS. Moustache and hairy chest preferred. Am willing to provide short-term accommodations to American men visiting Deutschland in return for same when I visit USA. Discretion assured to European contacts. No hard drugs or chain smokers. Have video and playroom for mutual pleasure. Box 4456LF

### BERLIN, 40, 6'1"/170

B1, bearded uncut, into L/L, FR a/p, GR, p. tilts, coming to US, wants to meet leathermen. Send Photo to Hans G Bass, 74 Stresemannstr #1120, 1000 Berlin 61 West Germany

### GERMAN LEATHERMAN

In SM BD, TT, shaving kink (NO scal) games and gamerooms, wants to meet interested and interesting men into same. Age, race not import. Send photo, description of your scene to Postfach 420 515, 1000 Berlin 42 West Germany

### BERLIN, GERMAN

6'3/185, dk bid, moust, into L/L and related activities, not just limited to BD, SM, CBT, shaving, experiments, wants to meet men into some, all or more of the above. Traveling quite often. Send letter of your scene and photo to Box 3946

### LIMITLESS DIRTYSCENES

wanted by experienced man 45, 5'11", 160 looking for top or mutual pigs. Piss, snot, shit, puke enemas, mud, grease oil, rubber and leather gear catheters

piercing hot wax, S/M, TT, cock and ball torture, shaving. Interested in world-wide contact Box 4682LF

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Leather Master, very muscular, XXX hndsm. Tom of Finland looks intelligent, tall, 36. S&M, Discipline, Punishment, Lt to Hwy C/B & nipple work VA, Humil., Submission, Spanking, Riding Crops, Pain/Pleasure, Daddy & more. Salesex International model \$125 min. Out only MC/Visa. FRANK (415) 861-5549 Photos/Travel info \$10 to Frank Holt, Sta. 486, P.O. Box 15068 SF CA 94115 (584 Castro)

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S/M bear seeks experienced and/or respectful trainees for extended training sessions in restraint and sensory isolation or erotic flogging. Special interest in tit torture and C/B work. AIDS aware. Safe play only. South of Market playroom, unusual gear, fantasy contracting. Arrangements can be made for long-term restraint. \$125 minimum. Detached letter/photo to Mark P.O. Box 42501 SF CA 94101 (415) 621-6294 noon to 10 P.M. SF time ONLY. For out-of-towners, S/M training by mail.

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#### -LAW & ORDER-

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If the above appeal to you, then the American Patrolmen may be the organization for you. National Organization meeting to be held in October in Northern California. For information send SASE to B. Radatz 4433 3rd Ave #7 San Francisco CA 94112

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The largest group in the country for men who are into boots, shoes, sneakers, socks and/or bare feet. If you're into any of these items and/or any type of clothing such as leather, levis, business suits, etc. and you wish to correspond with others who are into the same, send your name and a self-addressed, stamped envelope for information to The Fraternity, Box 24102, Cleveland, OH 44124. We moved! (Formerly of San Francisco)

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Hol. Harry NYC jock. 39, 5'10", solid 160. into man-to-man body contact verbal action, between two raunchy jock-filled studs. Also peccy split and hairy pits. J/O and hol sex. Wants a man who can take what he gives. Photos answered first. Box 4573LF

### UPSTATE LEATHER MASTER/DADDY

WM. 62" 180 lbs. masculine Master seeks slaves for training possible permanent relationship. Must be submissive & obedient. Have own home in country. Box 4756LF

### LEVI FREAK

Hol. bearded. 6'1" 40 will get into most anything with partner who also looks good and feels right in skin tight 501 Levis, raunchy or new San Francisco Box 4755

### VERSATILE, HIRSUTE

Masculine guy interested in other versatile hirsute men to explore mutual safe, healthy exploration of limits. Photos always appreciated. Married. bi guys, first-timers more than welcome to respond Box 4751

## HAIRY TOILET WANTED

Theatre man, 42, 6' 150. B' uncut wants permanent relationship with small, dark, raunchy submissive animal with smelly, hairy pits and asshole into mutual to let sex. Serious only! No booze drugs family! Relocate to Indy. Box 4750

## LASHMATES

National Whipping Spanking Club RS, Box 3596 L.A. CA 90078

## L.A. ORIENTAL MASTER WANTED

Novice white male 40, stocky bearded shaved head seeks training by quietly masculine Oriental, under 35 as occasional panty wearing maid and persona, cocksucker. No pain but willing to expand other limits. Box 4754

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Stats Healthy hunky man 47 5'7" 155 lbs well-built rugged good looks, selfish yet caring bright, warm, imaginative, sensual, tactile, bearded, balding, big-dicked, tattooed, successful professional, wears leather, Levi boots as well as suits, ties & jocks, diverse interests, and a nice guy. Looking to meet another man/buddy over 40, together mentally and physically to horse around with for a night or lifetime. Write with your phone number to RCS, PO Box 1064, New York City NY 10022 (LF4749)

## NEED TO BE ROPE, DAGGED HELPLESS?

Got a hot defined bod? This handsome lean, muscular top, 34, 5'11", sans sense of humor wants to tie you up, shul you up, and jack you off. Sale sex your place, no SM weekdays before 4 PM. Photo or honest description to Box 318, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd., Suite 109, West Hollywood, CA 90046 (LF4748)

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## BUDDIES: PASSION ON A DEADLINE

DIFFERENT WORLDS: David Schachler and Geoff Edholm form an unlikely match in Arthur J. Bressan, Jr.'s *Buddies*

Arthur J. Bressan, Jr.'s *Buddies* is the first effort to delineate on film what is only reluctantly being incorporated into the 1980's definition of gay identity: AIDS. *Buddies* hits AIDS head on, harpoons the quivering corner of our psyches concerned with basic survival, hangs in there til it punctures the fairy tales—sometimes rough, sometimes smooth, often on a totally subliminal level—and then binds up a great many wounds, including those you didn't know you had, in a couple of swift, heartrending and gladsome strokes.

AIDS. Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome. Again,

## AIDS

I thought I might as well start out with that and get rid of the burnt-out (desensitized), the coward (hypersensitive) and the closetcase (unconscious) right off the bat. Once in a lavender moon, a personal film illuminates the increasingly polluted homosphere. It draws new strength and special courage from its audience, and returns it in spades. I recommend *Buddies* with all my heart and whatever skills I possess, but not under false pretenses. *Buddies* is "about" AIDS. Its fiction is that one crucial step off the documentary that means you can't step back and look "objectively" at

someone else's "story." If it doesn't engage on one emotional level—like the weather—it'll shift around without warning and get you on another.

But AIDS—and dying, and helping—is at its soul, and stripped bare. There's a "tired old phrase," as one of *Buddies'* two characters labels the other's nostalgia for the flag-flying days of pride and rage and joy, of indiscriminate jism and spontaneous gay combustion: "If you ain't part of the solution...

Fine. They're gone. Now let's get down to the movie.

What it's about is two guys who don't even like each other

to start with. If they'd met under casual social circumstances (an unlikely proposition, considering their incompatible appetites), it would have been sneer at first sight.

Instead, it's an all-out confrontation—with gloves on (plus mask and gown)—between strangers in a hospital room. In less than 30 seconds of the first scene, both characters have leaped to third impressions, solidified their social prejudices and swapped points-of-view without a spoken word. Visually, the terrifying apparition of a sick-room visitor in full contagion regalia is shouting Unclean!

Unclean! as it advances upon a prone and vulnerable victim; its a formless, tasteless, flaunting, obscene image—superior, invulnerable, unapproachable. It's enough to give even the most optimistic patient the willies, but he gets a touch of the sillies instead.

And no wonder. The disposable get-up draped on David Bennett (David Schachter), volunteer Florence Nightingale from the Gay Center, resembles a pinafore leftover from Judy's Wizard wardrobe. His eyes are round and bright with fear and wonder. The hostile response from patient Robert Willow (Geoff Edholm) is deeply tinged with amusement, and his (and the film's) opening phrase is a scatological variation on the Caterpillar's of *Alice-of-Wonderland* fame: "Who the fuck're you!"

They will spend the rest of their screen-lives asking that rhetorical question of each other in every way they can. It's their way of struggling into love.

Through David's black-rises, we look at a still sun-drenched son of California, weakened, to be sure, but overflowing with disconcerting juices, full of flouted conventions, unchic politics, irrepressible curiosity, impudent humor and odd-ball spontaneity. The guy can't even take dying seriously!

Via Robert's penetrating vision, we see an uptight, self-righteous, complacent, passive, desk-bound, conformist know-it-all, a pippin off the Big Apple who's a mere 25 to Robert's own experienced 32—a bedroom gay who thinks being up-front out is "tacky," and discussing one's sex life, much less anyone else's, is positively perverted.

The story is plural, a multiple focus (them and us) all the way, though it's David's thoughts we hear reading his journal aloud, and David's present-day actions we see outside the hospital room relating to a number of vital off-stage characters. The deep focus on Robert's worsening physical condition never wavers, yet is rarely looked at directly. If anything, the threat of a deadline to their relationship accelerates its growth, forces a painful and self-conscious honesty, and places a priceless value on

it.

All the unacknowledged complications, the silent barriers, are there. There is such a thing as safesex, but no safe passion.

David is as jealous of Robert's past potent promiscuity, freedom and experiences as Robert is of his new friend's simply being hale and whole. Anger bares its fangs: towards Robert for not being rescuable, for being too easy to be fond of, towards David for not taking advantage of his health and appreciating the future, for not being the absent lover. Resentment rises simply out of David's being able to go to a place called home, or out of Robert's ability to embarrass. One is open to rage, the other to guilt. There is no time for justifying or rationalizing what is happening, and the few months snap by in swift, vignette encounters, cutting through the cobwebs of myth that obscure their feeling for one another.

*Buddies* is pervaded with eroticism of the truest and most painful kind—sexual frustration—released in one shattering scene which requires David's participation to make an empty jack-off into an intense emotional coupling ("my cock came," Robert whispers of his previous solo tries, "but I didn't"). What the French call "the little death" suddenly becomes the better part of its big brother. Flowers and candy, a friendly face and an attentive ear—even a library of video porn—are all very well, but when it comes down to it, there's nothing like a little help from a buddy.

(Needless to say, there is a glaring message here to those who make and keep the evil rules, to those who deny both the existence and practice of sexuality—much less homosexuality—to those who need it most, to whom it is the best, most natural, and incidentally cost-less, pain reliever of them all.)

If we must look only at two characters, Geoff Edholm and David Schachter, as Robert and David, are choice casting. Both are uniquely, unconventionally photogenic. As different as their personalities are—beyond the blond and brunet color differentiations—both have a high tolerance for the

close-range lens. The camera can explore an entire continent of expressions on Edholm's face; its broad angles and clean planes are under the control of an actor who can evoke emphasis from the most fractional movement, particularly of the large, wide-set, sea-blue eyes and generous, sensual mouth with a most beguiling smile. Beneath the bedcovers and below the sculptured facade is a supple, compact swimmer's body, seen in snapshots, video flashback and fantasy sequences. By contrast, Schachter's physical appeal is held in reserve, long after the initial fancy-dress is disposed of. It is no mean talent that transforms a man poised to flee into an obstinate fighter, or one with a stony onyx glare and pursed lips into another, as equally liquid and adorable. It is Schachter—the esthete rather than the athlete—who can bear the exposure of an extreme and undistorted close-up.

As *Buddies* concerns AIDS, so are its characters uncompromisingly, unpretentiously gay: Men with a single-minded sexual preference (drive, choice, propensity and whatchamacallit) for other men. These are the "givens" of the film, as is the bald fact that AIDS is no more a "gay disease" than the Nazi holocaust had a natural affinity for its victims. In *Buddies*, the stigma of being gay is linked with the stigma of dying—natural processes in the specific, and the general.

As to the movie being "depressing" (that catch-all, peculiarly American phrase for anything heavier than *Film At 11*), I won't bother defining dramatic catharsis again. Apart from its messages (as subtle as possible under the urgent circumstances), *Buddies* has the power of an earth-tremor, a small but essential psychological safety-valve, allowing the massive emotional tectonic plates under immense pressure to shift, create a moment's space for sorrow, and settle into new stability. You get better leverage from solid ground.

*Buddies* is Arthur J. Bressan, Jr.'s concept, script, direction and editing. Bressan is a magician with nothing up his sleeve, a minimalist and montage artiste with no special effects, no misdirection, a minimum of

props (and financial backing), and only one mirror—the audience. He employs the greatest disguise device of all (as he did with a previous film, the devastating *Abuse*): universal emotional reality softened, only around the edges, with a dash of rarified romanticism, shorn of sentimentality and slop, and a sprinkling of laughter. With a minimum of subtitling, *Buddies* will elicit the same response from an audience in Boise as in Berlin or Bombay.

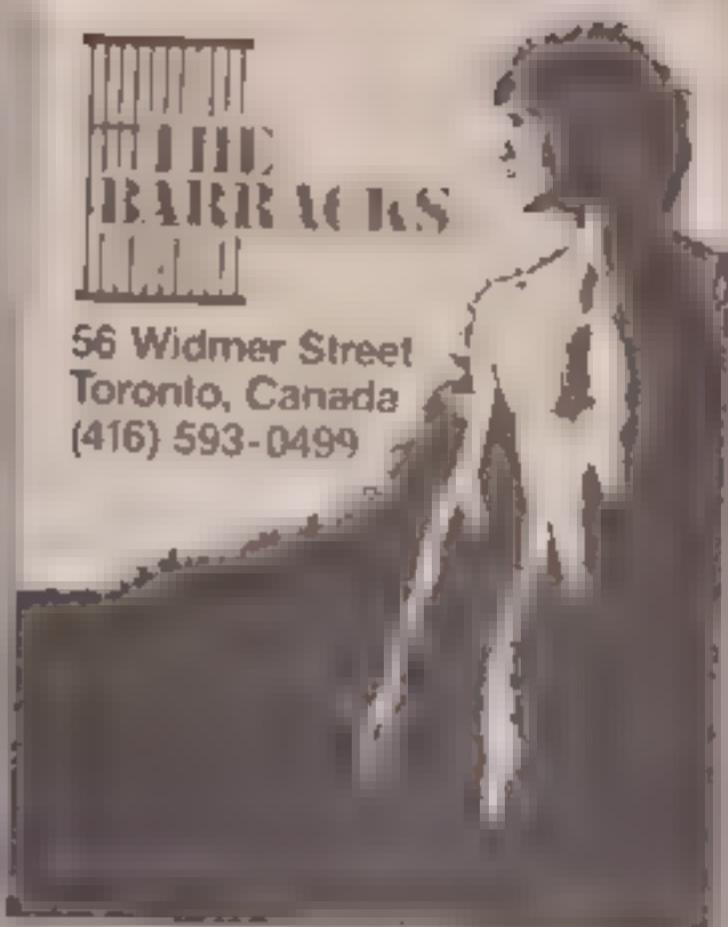
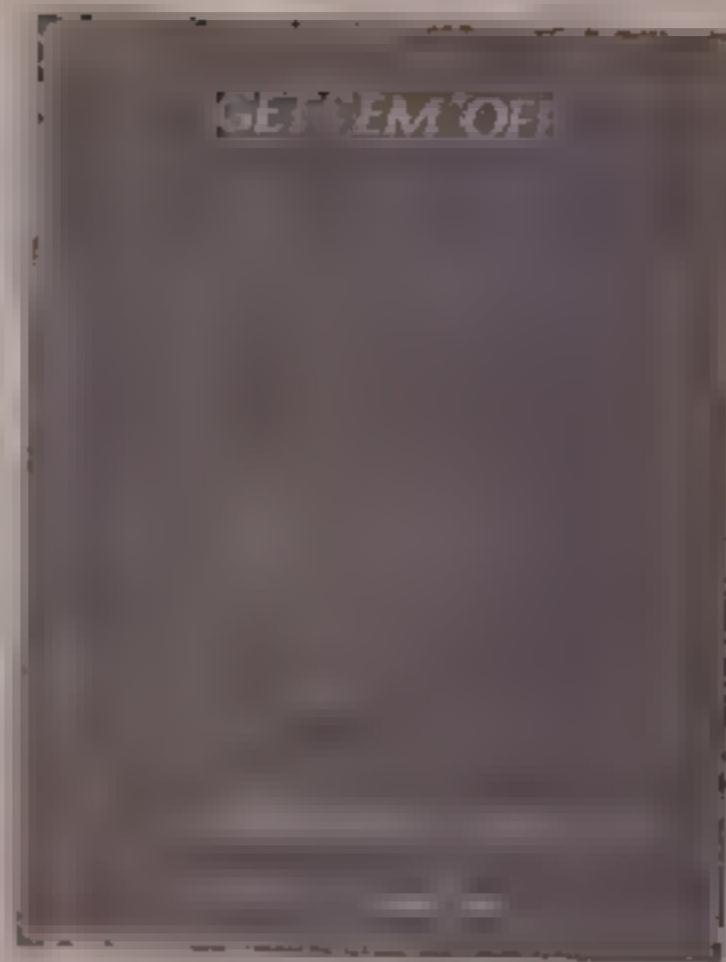
Carl Teitelbaum's cinematography is clean, clear and close (like the dialog, where what is left out is equally intriguing), evoking intimacy without claustrophobia. The scenes cut in slowly to start, telegraphing the worst of the trauma and leaving room for complex reactions; then the pace picks up rapidly and sprints to a series of multiple climaxes. Underpinning pace and mood is a string quartet soundtrack in the contemporary classical mode (*New York Salon*, performing a mix of Debussy and original score by Jeff Olmstead). Souvenirs from earlier Bressan films turn up unexpectedly in the background always pertinent to the action like a clip of Robert Adams in *Passing Strangers* prefiguring the sensuous agony and ecstasy of a safe-sex rendezvous nearly a decade ago; a familiar trip down a flight of stairs that Michael Christopher first made in *Juice*; or artifacts from San Francisco days of Milk and roses and *Gay USA*.

*Buddies* glowed steadily in San Francisco's landmark Castro Theater at its September 12 gala World Premiere. About 1300 attended the Frameline-sponsored benefit for Shanti Project. Distributed by New Line, it followed up with a two-week run at the Roxie Cinema (fortuitously paired with a wise, witty, tongue-in-cheek Canadian short, *David Roche Talks To You About Love*). Openings in New York, Boston, Chicago, Atlanta, Dallas, Los Angeles and other major cities are planned—but you'll need to search them out. *Buddies* is not likely to find a theatrical home in LittleTown, USA. If you haven't got a buddy, see it with a load of loving strangers.

—Penni Kimmel

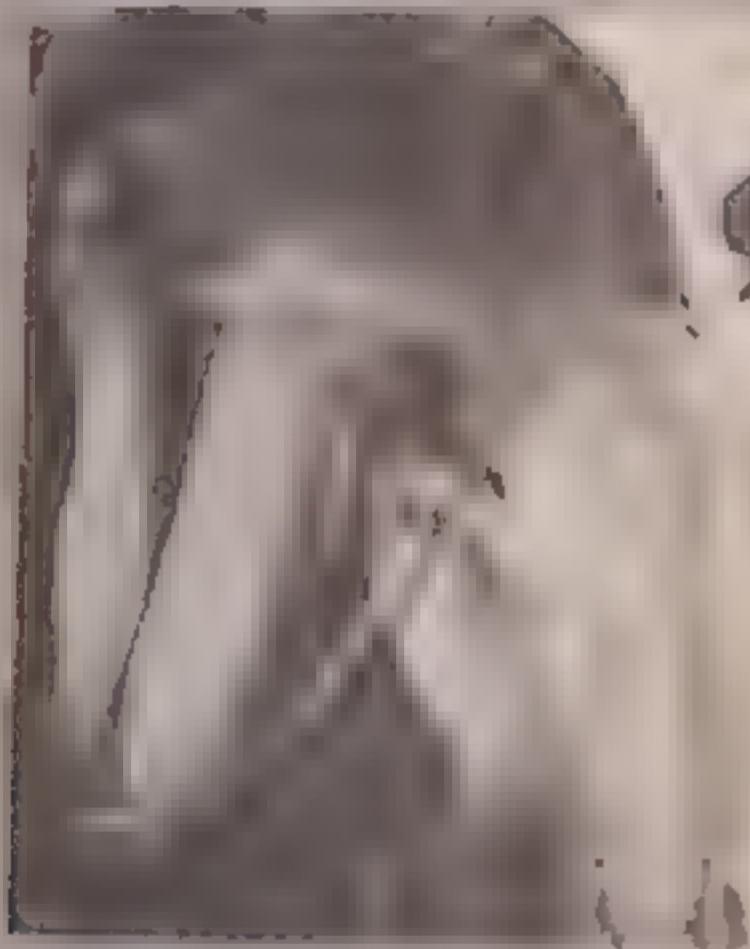


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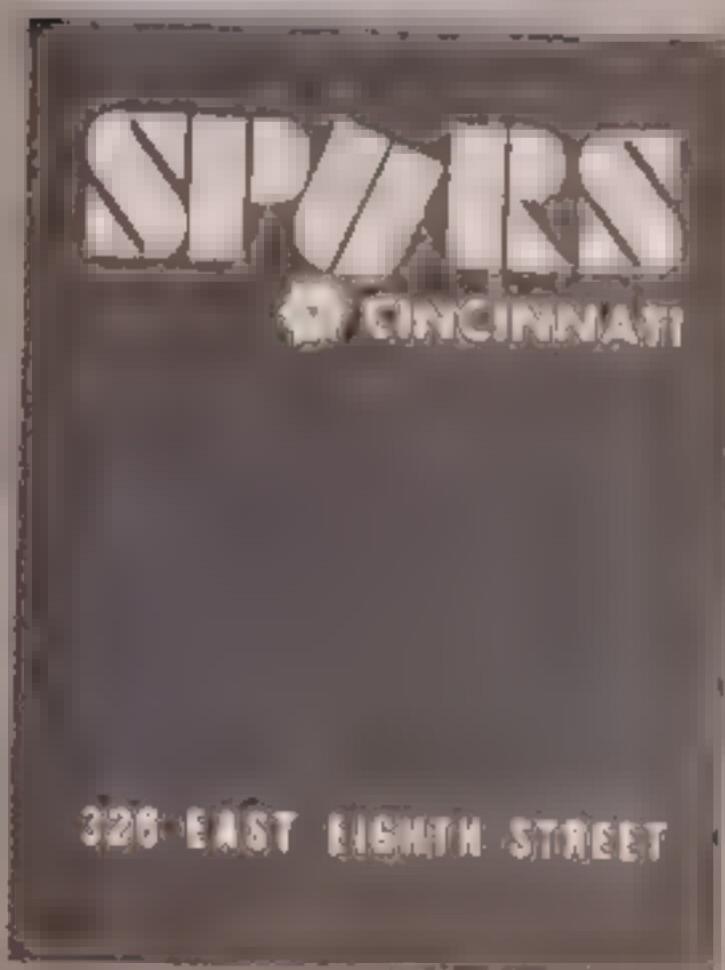
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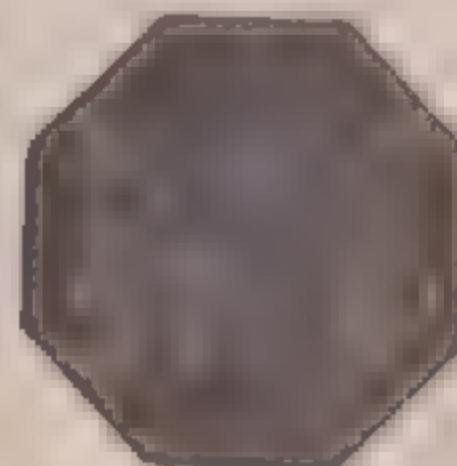


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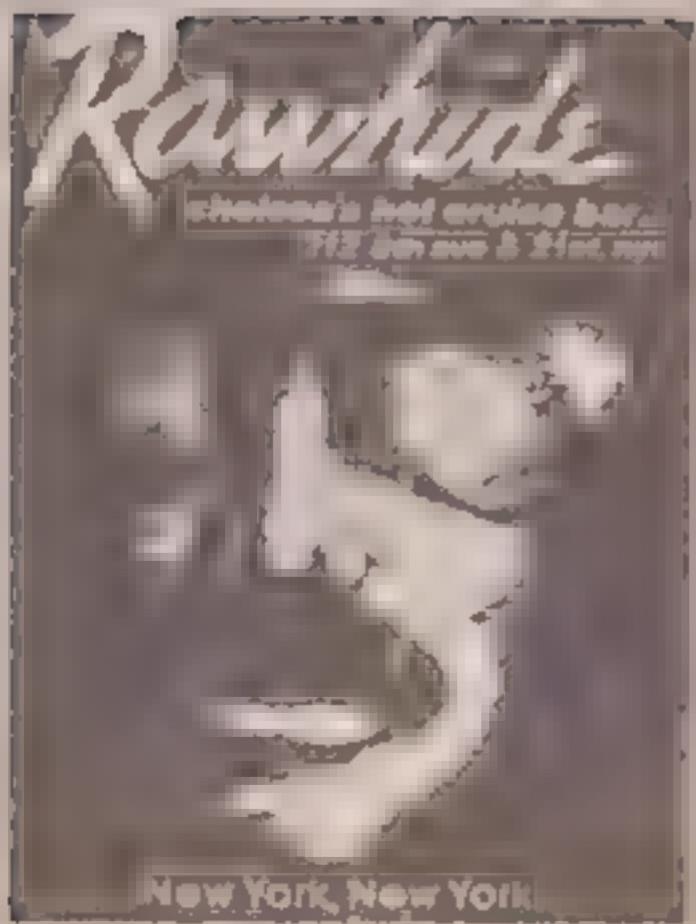
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"REDNECK" AUTHOR ROY F. WOOD: Giving manliness a good name

Now that the expanding market for gay writing has grown to embrace generic staples from mysteries and romance to science fiction (not to mention the boom in porn-as-literature), it seems we're finally ready for what the mainstream critics for decades have alternately praised and shunned as "regional writing." Regional, of course—given the provincial prejudices of the East and West Coasts (where most publishing and "gay culture" are based)—usually refers to writing from the South and Southwest. The writer dealing with his life in New York or San Francisco is presumed to be speaking of universal matters, the writer who talks about

Atlanta or New Orleans or Houston is presumed to be somehow more confined and exotic.

Nonetheless, most gay readers across the country are likely to find more relevance to their own experience in the two books reviewed here than in the works of Edmund White or Andrew Holleran. That's one reason that both Lars Eighner, writing from Austin, Texas, and Roy F. Wood, a Georgia boy to the core, are especially noteworthy. Another reason is that they're both damn good storytellers.

Wood's first collection of short stories is *Restless Rednecks: Gay Tales of a Changing South* (Grey Fox Press, paper, 160 pp., \$7.95, by mail from Subco, PO Box 10233, Eugene, OR 97440, \$8.95). Wood has been quietly, prolifically turning out short fiction

for numerous gay magazines over the last five years. (His most popular piece for Drummer, "The Conquering Strength," appeared in issue 74; with its Latin American setting, it doesn't appear in *Rednecks*, but will hopefully show up in a future, "nonregional" anthology.)

Roy F. Wood is the voice of the rural recluse, the gay loner, the Southern outsider. The men in his stories are rugged, sharp, fiercely independent and sometimes fiercely lonely; strangers in a very strange land of spittfire preachers, restless rednecks and sweet, secret longings. Wood's most eccentric tales are odd little gems of satire and wish fulfillment, apt to strike those who don't know the South as mighty peculiar, apt to strike those of us who've been there as only slightly

larger than life.

When he turns his talent to a lower key, he can deliver classically crafted stories that come from the heart; the beautiful "Next Time" captures to perfection the ache of unspoken desire for the man and the moment that slipped away. And when Wood's men do connect (usually against ferocious odds), sparks fly, heroes spring to life, and a Georgia boy's dreams come true.

For this reader, there is perhaps too much space given in *Rednecks* to Wood's earlier stories dealing with fundamentalist repression. These anti-religious stories have an uncomfortably preachy and obsessive edge, but they do provide a sense of context—you can't realistically paint the South without religious color—and there is a painful

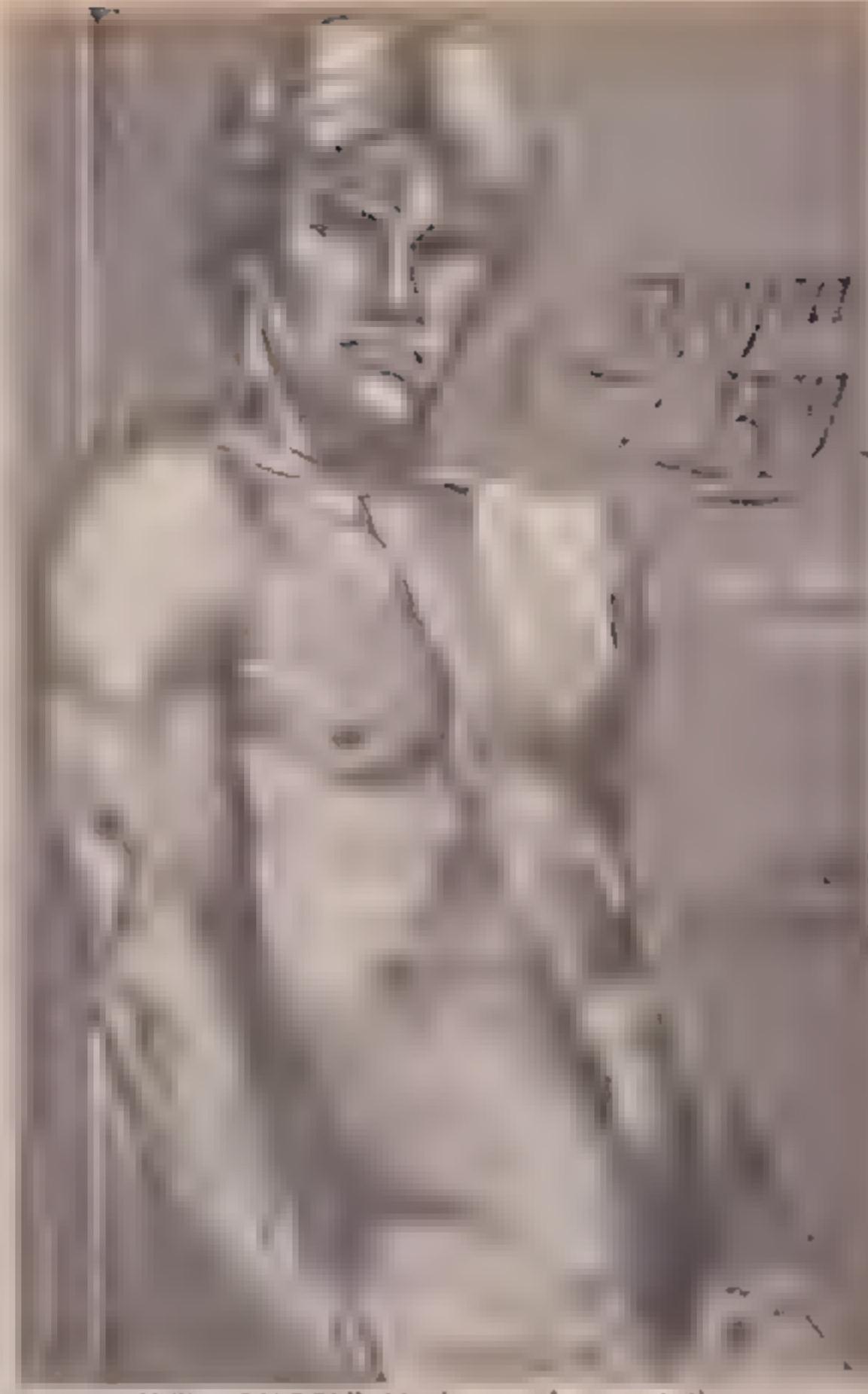
sincerity in them that often overcomes their awkwardness

Wood is by and large a sentimental writer. Despite the presence of out-and-out SM in a story like "Masters of the Ceremony," it is his stories of one rugged outsider reaching out to another that deliver the most potent erotic charge. In "A Picture of Rex," an ex-con just out of prison answers a sex ad for "a dominant man," that's exactly what he is...in bed. But when the time comes to drop the masks, it's the stud con who shows his loneliness and vulnerability in a piercing scene that begs for a happy ending.

Happy endings are what Wood delivers, much to his credit. There is unspoken sadness enough in these stories, tragic endings would only mar their special quality, a combination of sweetness and big-shouldered masculinity without a trace of false bravado. In *Restless Rednecks*, Wood evokes the best and most wistful qualities conjured up by a much maligned word like "manliness."

Lars Eighner's *Bayou Boy and Other Stories* (Gay Sunshine Press, PO Box 40397, San Francisco, CA 94140; paper, 158 pp., \$7.95/\$8.95 by mail) is a frankly amazing combination of authenticity and craft. Authenticity, for the letter-perfect details and atmosphere with which he invests these stories of gay life in the backwaters and cities of Texas, and craft, for the distinctive yet sparse and cutting writing style that is evolving under his hand.

Like Roy Wood, Eighner is a relatively new writer in the gay market; the previously published stories in *Bayou Boy* date back only to 1983. But he already stands head and shoulders above most fiction writers in the magazines where he's frequently published (most often *Blueboy*); partly, no doubt, because of natural talent, but also because he has never fallen into the sloppy habit of writing "sexy" to formula. There is no ghetto mentality in Eighner's work, no pandering. He takes this work seriously. The result is sophisticated, erotic, and more deeply satisfying than readers of, say, *Blueboy* have



EIGHNER'S "BAYOU BOY": Much more than meets the eye

much reason to expect.

If I'm stressing a point, it's because I think Gay Sunshine's packaging of *Bayou Boy* is rather misleading—a Richard White drawing of a svelte young thing in a dog collar and leash flashing a come-hither stare. Yes, there is such a character (sort of), but the cover suggests nothing of the real richness inside. Readers might think they're getting the likes of John Coriolan or Max Exander; what they're getting is Lars Eighner, which is quite another species of hard-on.

Eighner's eroticism draws its energy from genuine detail and subtle effects; he seldom goes for the tried-and-true porn cliché. (Well, there are a few attacks of monster-dick mania here, notably in the story of Dwight, who "never saw a cock bigger than his own, not for real, not in photographs or movies, and rarely in art"—but even these are

given a novel twist.) Mostly Eighner homes in on the tension between wanting and getting, between holding off and shooting, between men who know what they want and men who are afraid of what they've got.

In "Duel," two neighbors (one gay, the other ambiguous) carry on a strange relationship from opposite sides of the fence, masturbating to each other's moonlit rhythm but never touching. The ritual, the distance and the tension are everything—"but the coming was nothing. Only a twisting aside to the leaves and shadows, a bothersome necessity like stopping to pee on a drunken long walk home."

In "Bertner: Emergency Room" (originally published in *Mach*), the setting is a Houston emergency ward during a freak blizzard. professional control in the midst of unrelenting pressure, mounting

chaos, a whirlpool of blood, shit and guts, and then—"I tossed my towel on the bench and stepped into the shower. I caught Paul in the act. Too weary to react, he looked up at me. Please, Doctor. Help me. I've been trying for forty-five minutes." Tension, and "the simple deep sound of masculine urgency." The sex is only a few paragraphs of the story, but the pay-off is all the more potent for the build-up that precedes. Lars Eighner likes doing lots of foreplay with his readers, and he's very good at it.

"Biker Boy" is my favorite: "Spyder dropped his duffle bag and jumped up on the porch like an over-excited pup, ready to pee on itself. He started yapping all manner of easy-rider bullshit with brothis and bro-that and scoots, which is yankee talk for bikes. He told us he rode with the Outlaws and met all the major Angels, but I don't think he would have known a Bandito if one had cruised up and bit his knee." Spyder will rim your ass and jerk you off, but only if it's dark and you pretend to be asleep. He's a phoney, of course; but he's also the Real Thing, if that's what you happen to have a craving for.

A major part of *Bayou Boy* is a series of related short stories with the linking title "Houston Streets," about a young hustler named Mike. I confess some disappointment with this story-cycle, despite its richness of incident and its ambitiousness. Mike is not a very sympathetic character, and I don't find his predicaments compelling; and Eighner takes advantage of the flexible format to indulge in some (to me, distracting) stylistic cul-de-sacs. But even here, the wealth of detail and the lean prose kept me reading for the unexpected—which kept arriving.

One disclaimer: I grew up in Eighner's Texas, and spent my formative years in his Austin. I suspect I may be particularly attuned to his way with dialogue and nuance—but no sensitive reader can miss the authenticity of his voice, and the utterly real sexuality of his characters. To this Texas boy, Lars Eighner's *Bayou Boy* smells like home cookin'.

—Aaron Travis



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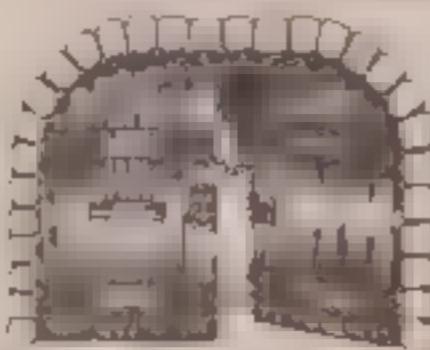
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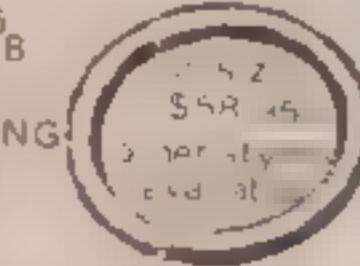
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## WEIRD SCIENCE/HIGH TECH RAUNCH

MEN & THEIR TOYS: Max Montoya (above) reaches for satisfaction in *Modern Men*. Below: The orgy scene

Adam & Co. made their initial mark on gay video with two beautifully produced and somewhat specialized tapes, *Foreskin Fantasy One* and *Two*. Their follow-up efforts *Modern Men*, *Modern Toys* (released earlier this year) and the just-released *Outpost*, are equally well-mounted productions taking Adam & Co. in a new and ambitious narrative direction.

*Modern Men* was an incomplete success. It begins in an intriguing context of high-tech video and electronics. Porn star Max Montoya arrives home to a chatty greeting from his secretary-companion-computer, checks his recorded messages (his computer's already handled the callers, and has even arranged an upcoming date for Max—"I remember you liked him"), then settles down to watch himself having sex on tape (a nocturnal poolside tryst with the very hung Mark Rutter). Yes we beat off while watching Max beating off while watching himself having sex in screen.

An incoming call overrides his circuits. Irritated, Max nonetheless switches his video to show the caller—a leather number who proceeds to seduce him with some video/verbal abuse and lots of foreskin play. We beat off while watching them beat off watching each other.

The call ends with an invitation to an orgy. Max accepts. And from there, unfortunately, *Modern Men* devolves into a long, unfocused and only intermittently interesting sex party. There's a guy in a white mask, a man in a tux, a leatherman in a rope harness, lots of beating off, baby oil, and Daniel Holt. Interesting flashes, but nothing to match the cool, atmospheric promise of the opening—plus a frequently irritating electronic score that sometimes sounds like standing on a runway strip.

*Outpost* is a more successful effort on all counts. Its premise is equally intriguing and

off-the-wall; an international group of scientists gather in the American desert to search for lost "dilithium crystals," a new and experimental power source. Unlike *Modern Man*, which was taped almost exclusively in semi-darkness, *Outpost* is drenched with sunlight, and the on-location desert photography is invigorating. There's a relaxing outdoor quality, from the open-air geodesic dome in which the scientists dwell, to their hikes in the desert and their outdoor showers, to the night scenes, which buzz with the background drone of crickets.

The story in *Outpost* is what Hitchcock called a "MacGuffin"—just an excuse to grab our attention, provide an unusual setting, and get a lot of horny men together. (It seems unlikely that world-class scientists would be called in for what's essentially a scavenger hunt, and more unlikely still that they would all turn out to be gay.)

Max Montoya is again the star, this time as a Stanford professor named Mario Calderon. Even before he arrives at the installation, we're shown a cut-away sequence of the group leader (Tom Burns) getting royally screwed by a black scientist (Brad Leatherwood). Once the whole gang arrives (several mature scientists and a couple of younger assistants), most of the research zeroes in on exploring one another.

The sex here is basically realistic, and generally mutual and warm—no heavy roleplay or wild fetishes. The cast of attractive but "regular" guys is something of a tonic to the bleached-blond gym twinks who dominate a lot of gay video these days. There are no unforgettable heights of passion, but there's also no sense of going-through-the-paces, can-I-have-my-check-now-attitude that shows through in too many videos. No icy, overnight "superstars" here—just real men having real sex. The diversity of the cast allows for numerous combinations—black/white, older/younger, cut/uncut, chunky/wiry, smooth/hirsute.

As in *Modern Men*, there's a scene of long-distance video-phone sex, when Max phones home to his tattooed, gym-



REVENGE OF THE NERDS: The scientists in *Outpost* get horny and wear cowboy hats.



DESERT LIFE: The researchers of *Outpost* paired off (above) and en masse (below).

bodied lover. We watch them beating off while watching each other, while cutting away to various sexy scenes Montoya's recently observed among his colleagues. This sex-via-videophone concept seems to particularly intrigue director Thor Johnson.

*Modern Men* gives us randy men in a high-tech urban environment; *Outpost* gives us high-tech men in a rustic setting. Both are atmospheric, idyllic, somewhat utopian in their vision of an exclusively gay world intricately connected by the promise of state-of-the-art electronics, as well as by good old-fashioned mansex. Sharing a distinctive and unusual vision that sets them apart from most gay video, and giving promise of further interesting experiments, these two videos make interesting companion pieces—though it's *Outpost* that I'll be returning to for a repeat viewing.

Both *Modern Men* and *Outpost* are direct-video, produced by Frank Jeffries and directed by Thor Johnson, and are available from Adam & Co., 7985 Santa Monica Blvd. #109/209, Los Angeles, CA 90046. *Modern Men*: \$69. *Outpost*: \$79. Mail orders add \$3 per tape. Phone orders or

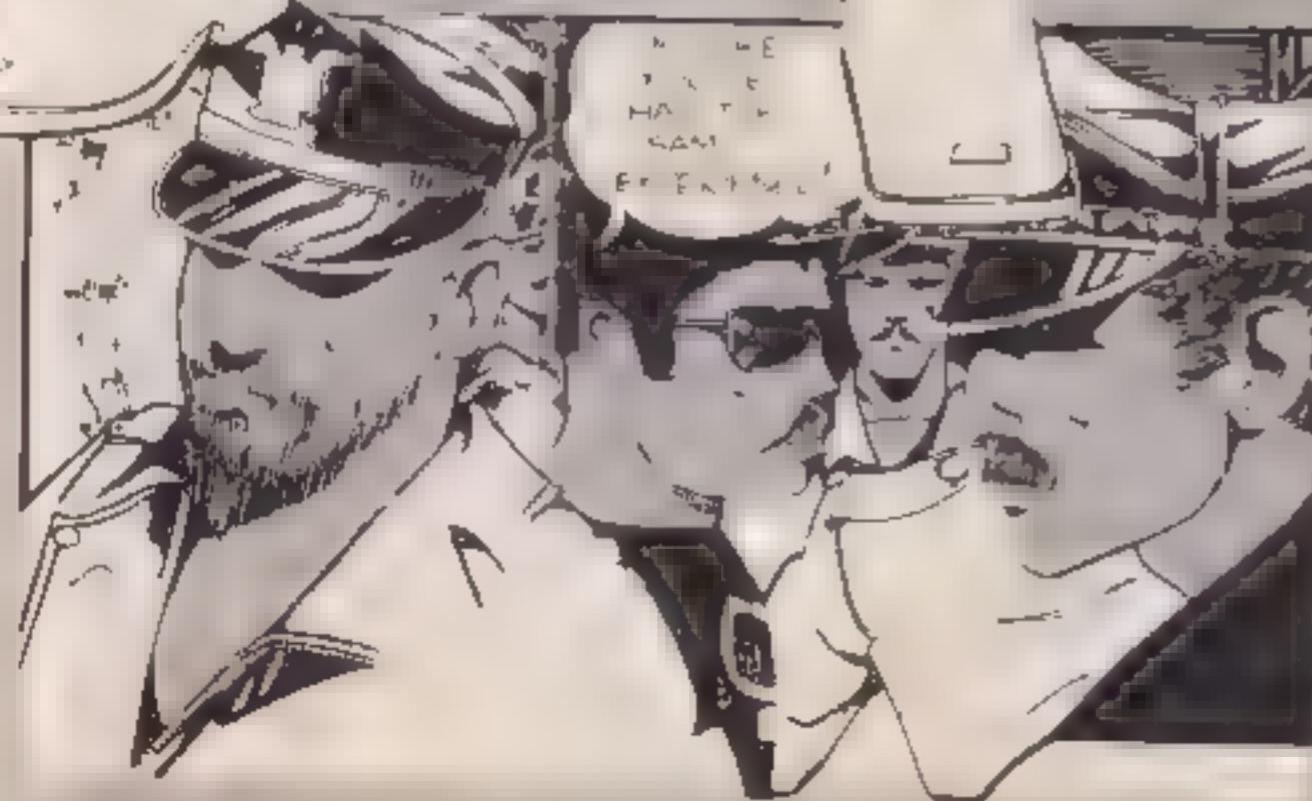
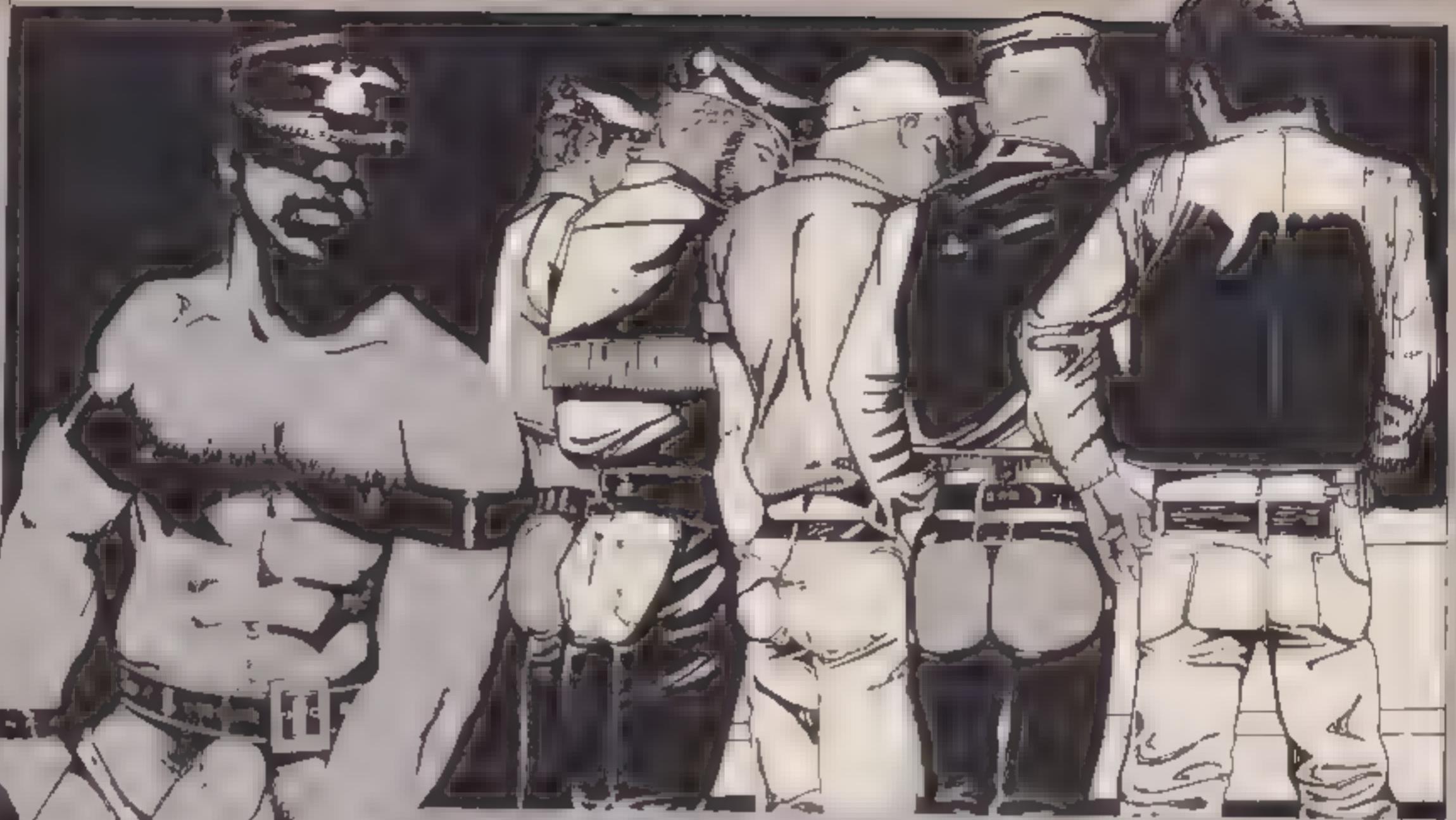
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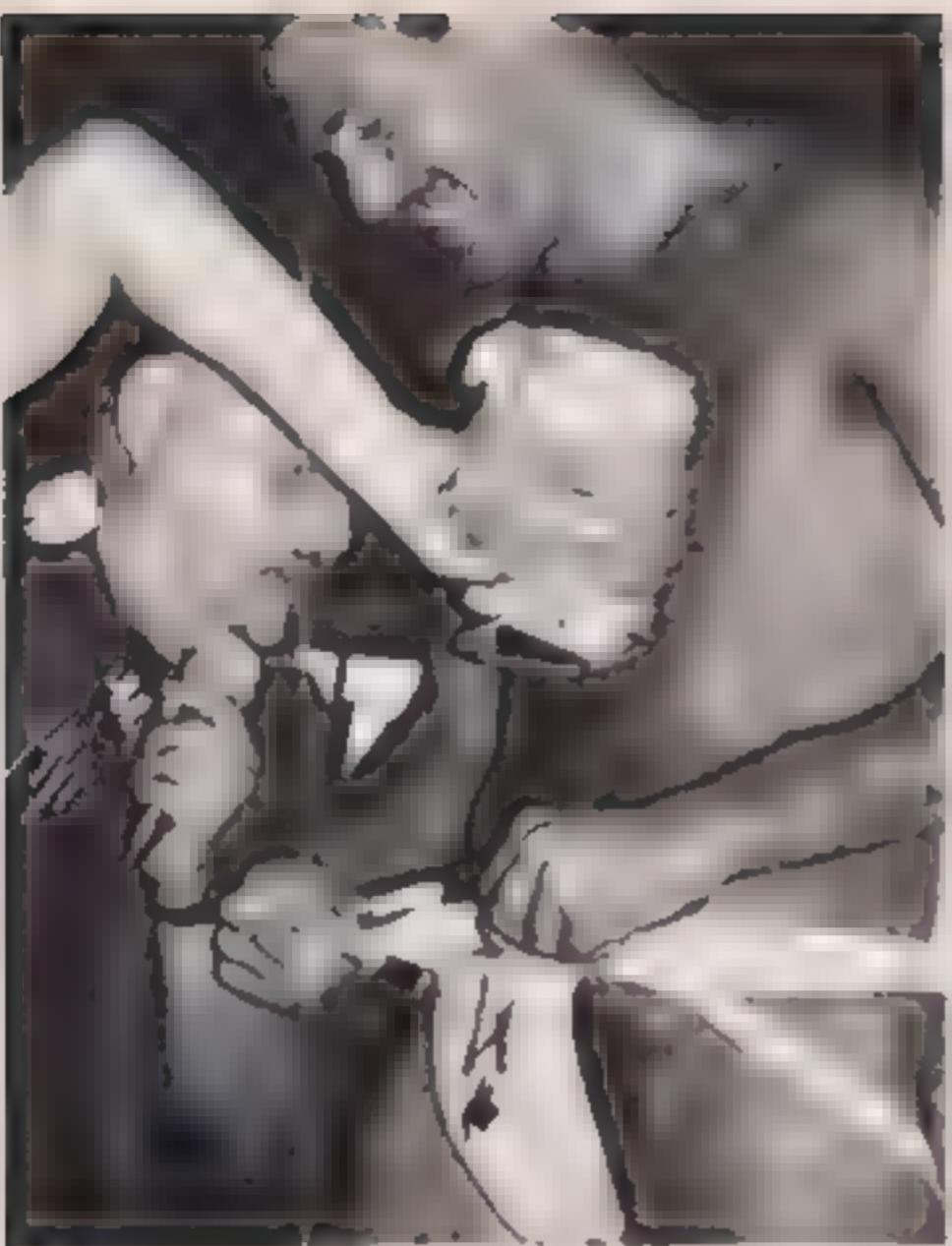
—Steven Saylor











One thing you've gotta give to the men of San Francisco's South of Market scene—they're not short on imagination. Or contests. Or men with lots of imagination who want to enter contests, where they can show off their best assets (along with their asses). But after the first of an apparently ongoing series of 'Greasy Jockstrap' contests at the Powerhouse there may be a shortage of motor oil in the area...

No baby oil for this crowd  
Johnson & Johnson it  
wasn't—try Havoline, or  
maybe Texaco.  
We're talking sludge. The  
kind that snakes down a  
hairy ridge of abdominal  
slow as molasses and  
oozes like sap out of an  
overstuffed jockstrap.  
Leaves a dark stain and

smells like a sweaty mechanic  
Al Parker (dressed like a mechanic, or at least  
like a few we've met) was on hand to help judge  
He's seen a few greasy jockstraps in his day,  
from both sides of the camera. He could finetune  
our jockstraps any day. Knows a hell of a lot  
about piston action and overheated engines  
Sonny Cine was there too. He works at the  
Powerhouse these days, behind the bar. Drop in  
some time if you'd like to get a look at Mr  
Drummer 1984 in the flesh. Powerhouse patrons  
got to see quite a bit of flesh—it just happened  
to be Sonny's birthday, as good an excuse as  
any for Sonny to jump up on the bar and strip all  
the way down to his birthday suit (well, almost al-

**GREASY**

# JOCKS!

photos by robert pruzan

the way). The kid can't help it. He's a natural performer So's Scott O'Hara, who ended up carrying off the honors in the Greasy Jockstrap battle. Ever since he won a Biggest Dick in San Francisco contest a couple of years back, Scott's been trying to live up to that title, and several more. This guy plays no fair. Look at him sticking his thumb in Al Parker's mouth ("Yech," Al said later, "tastes like Arco!"). Get a load (if you can) of him flaunting that floppy beefsteak ("the dick no athletic supporter could contain"). And when Scott bent over to grab a tongue-taste of his own greasy jock, victory was clearly in the palm of his hand...so to speak.







DRUMMER 87

## **JOCKSTRAPS!**

Looking at all those bulging greasy jocks just got us hungry for more. What, you too? Photographer Robert Pruzan came through with some more miscellaneous shots of men stripped down to air their meat...







SM opens weird, scary and fantastic places in us, and makes them into erotic fountainheads for us and for the people we love. Many people want those places kept shut. They suspect human nature, that people tend towards corruption, and to get out of touch with reality.

unique to humans and lacking in all other species. The sexuality of other species is triggered by specific mechanisms, such as odors, colors, seasons, chemistry, etc., while human sexuality is triggered by associations of our developed brain, and is remarkably varied. Human sexuality is often tied to our self-image, our selection of mates says much about who we are; and we remember the old gay-male cruising rule: dress either like what you want, or dress like its opposite. Bisexuals and pansexuals seem freer than most of us of strongly programmed sexual associations, and in SM we can deliberately play at programming and being programmed, which extends our erotic sympathies just as serious experience in any art extends us.

It is a plain fact that human sexuality is variable; yet many people cling to various false ideals of "normal" sexuality, somehow uniform for everyone. In psychology this error strikes me as a case of sick doctor; the inability to appreciate the plain fact of human sexual variability is like a classic case of hysterical blindness, based on unresolved sexual guilt. In religion, this error strikes me as a sacrilege, a defilement and throwing away of God's most unique and precious gift to us: our potential for self-creation; why else would God have given us a frontal brain? In politics, ideas of uniform sexuality are only another expression of the need of some people to control others.

SM opens weird, scary and fantastic places in us, and makes them into erotic fountainheads for us and for the people we love. Many people want those places kept shut. They suspect human nature, that people tend towards corruption, and to get out of touch with reality. These are also the basic ideas of authoritarianism. All authoritarian religions and political systems see tendencies toward corruption and disconnection from reality—often a "higher" reality, defined by themselves, and so abstract as to defy testing.

By contrast, SM offers fantasy and play, which are universal and natural. Also universal and natural is the ability to distinguish fantasy and reality, which all play presumes. Even kittens know how to play at lighting, and naturally trust others to know how to play, too.

The stereotype enemy of SM is an authoritarian, mistrustful of human nature (which tends to corrupt and needs guidance) and putting their trust in an authoritarian church, politics or "science" (which is somehow not corruptible and will do the guiding).

In SM, we can celebrate and use our diversity; they want to impose uniform values. In SM, we can play and fulfill our own fantasies; they want us to work and fulfill theirs. In SM we can learn to trust, they need to control.

But pure authoritarians are rare. Ordinary people I find not all that hostile to SM. The reason is everyone has two separate value systems, personal and impersonal. Our personal values come from and are applied to our family and friends, whom we love and who love us. Our impersonal values, presumed uniform-for-everyone, come from our religion, culture and politics, and are applied to "other people," not so close to us.

*Our family and friends are good, despite their faults.*

*Other people are suspect, despite their virtues.*

All history shows that universal value systems, political or

religious, have never brought peace and trust, only wars, inquisitions and purges. Even on the most personal level, I resent religious or political evangelists pushing their universal value systems on me. But I can't help liking and trusting someone who enjoys my individuality—even if they don't agree with me.

So, to get along with people, become friends. It's simple. Never go at their impersonal value system; but do take the time to appreciate and enjoy their uniqueness. You don't have to agree with it! Soon enough, they'll do the same and count you among their friends—despite your faults.

And if you're caught in public debate against an authoritarian, never put your own impersonal value system—however liberal—against theirs. They've had centuries of law and theology, millions of lawyers and theologians; their logic will be stronger than yours and you will lose. To win, you must remember yourself, your personal experiences, your own need for love, your own ways of loving and hating, your own spunk and humor. Everyone feels pressed down by institutions, even their own; play your David against their Goliath; the crowd will love it. One live person is more real than any system, which is only an abstraction, after all. It may not seem logical that one person can have more power than a church or government; but that reality is not logical. Be logical, you'll lose. Be yourself and real, you'll win.

#### More About Domination and Submission

Most beginners (not all) start as submissives. Many continue to prefer that role. In America, masochists outnumber sadists by three to one.

One reason is that erotic submission is an easier step from ordinary life. Most of us learn business and social success by taking orders, being attentive, willing, energetic, polite, and giving ego-strokes even to people we dislike. It takes only one instant to see that such conduct may also bring erotic success with someone that we do like—and another masochist is born.

Another reason is that submission replays our infant dependency, an intense period. To be a child again, what a treat! We can test and expand our limits, be smart-alecky and punished and be safely cared for. All we need is a parent.

A third reason for so many masochists is that submission is easier, domination harder. Ideally the sadist has more experience, sensitivity and technical skill; and the investment of a playroom or dungeon with its fittings, plus carrying the main responsibility for safety and success. Good sadists are rare. (Though really good masochists aren't so common, either.)

For the same reason, don't look down on professional dominatrixes or sadists, who do SM for money. They are usually very, very good.

Experience and sensitivity usually count for more in SM than youth and looks. It takes years to make a good sadist or masochist and age is an advantage. Sadists who have also been masochists are prized: they know.

Submissive is not the same as passive. Passives are inert. Submissives, in their desire to be controlled, may provoke, resist, scream and holler and even fight back. They are often great exhibitionists, loving mirrors and dramatic scenes. Likewise dominant is not the same as aggressive. Dominants are



Cut Paper Drawing by Sam Alper

often shy, calculating, reserved and voyeuristic

Most beginners start as either dominant or submissive (Which are you?) But more than 95% of us eventually discover both dominant and submissive impulses. Fewer than 5% stay totally dominant or submissive all the time. These opposite impulses in the same person usually seek opposite objects or circumstances for expression

submit at home/dominate at work

submit to pain/dominate with humiliation

submit to older/dominate younger

submit to bigger/dominate smaller

submit to same sex/dominate opposite sex

submit to strangers/dominate friends

submit psychologically/dominate physically

submit in real life/dominate in fantasy (common!)

submit to beauty/dominate the homely

submit to the powerful/dominate the powerless

submit to another race/dominate one's own race

submit to another class/dominate one's own class

Is your pattern here? These also reverse. Bisexuals, transvestites and transsexuals often change SM roles in crossing the sex line. The Walter Mittys of the world are powerless in reality, powerful in fantasy, while bully cops are scolded by their wives at home and politicians submit to their dominatrices. I knew of one woman who submitted to gay men, dominated straight ones (no lesbian, she!) Sexism is only one of the many SM patterns; no wonder it so seldom works.

#### Limits: The Key to SM

The word *limits* is frequent in SM. It refers to degrees or kinds of experience not wanted by the masochist: "no marks," "no scat," "light spanking only," "no public," and so on

Beginning masochists, afraid of excesses, want their limits respected. Most masochists like to have their limits tested and expanded. Some SM ads say "no limits" a search for an experienced partner. And sadists also have limits: degrees or

areas which turn them off.

Such are the usual ideas of limits; but they go much further. All eroticism, including SM, occurs at our surfaces or boundaries or limits. The rubbing, physical or emotional, that focuses our attention so wonderfully, occurs just where we interface with external reality. And this is true of both emotional and physical eroticism.

Our limits mark the boundaries of our perceived self. Our fantasies mark the boundaries of an imaginary self. SM is the art of playing with our limits and our fantasies. Our limits and our fantasies are in us, not in our games. Thus, all SM games are variable and negotiable.

Pain can be symbolic, light or heavy.

Scat can be symbolic, light or heavy.

Bondage can be symbolic, light or heavy.

Whipping can be symbolic, light or heavy.

Discipline can be symbolic, light or heavy.

Humiliation can be symbolic, light or heavy.

And so on

sadomasochists know how important trust is. We were all beginners once. Only a real clod ever puts down an honest beginner. The least you should get is respect for being honest. You should also get some good advice. You may get a referral. If everything is right, you may get a scene with that person. And you may make a friend—someone you can trust.

### About Trust

Kissinger once said power is the ultimate aphrodisiac. A masochist responded, "So is trust!" As the masochist must give power to the sadist, the sadist must provide trust for the masochist. How sadists do this is worth another pamphlet, what follows is for beginning masochists.

Before you let someone tie you up, how do you know if you can trust them? Sadomasochists always talk about trust, gut feelings, intuitions and the vibrations we may pick up. But such feelings are tricky. They require calm in the midst of excitement, and they may come from subliminal observations. Always pay attention to your intuitions, become conscious of



Most people think of SM as bondage, whipping, scat, pain, humiliation, and so on. And in fact, SM has dozens and dozens of games, each one astonishing and more always being invented. But they are all games of playing and discovering our limits and fantasies.

Sadists learn to gauge their masochists and work accordingly. The kind of pain or humiliation must reflect their fantasies. The amount of it must be enough to eroticize the masochist's limits, though too much may be destructive and a turn-off.

My joy as a sadist is not in the outer act, but in feeling the limits of my masochist, just right, so I can touch the living spirit inside of who or what they think they are. My joy as a masochist is not in the outer act, but in being touched and felt, just right, even inside of who or what I think I am.

Growth and eroticism are the same. Both challenge and develop our limits and our fantasies. SM, by pursuing our fantasies, leads us back towards where our fantasies begin and first take form, from our informed primary energy. That is where we come from, with all our loves and hates. To know that place brings wisdom, power, peace and joy. Our limits are not the end of our journey into SM, only its beginning.

### What Do People Do in SM?

Most people think of SM as bondage, whipping, scat, pain, humiliation, and so on. And in fact, SM has dozens and dozens of games, each one astonishing and more always being invented. But they are all games of playing and discovering our limits and fantasies.

This is why many sadomasochists like to negotiate our games as we go along. We're all different, in how we touch and need to be touched; at different times; with different people; and the process of eroticism itself also changes us. This is why it's so hard for beginners to begin. You don't know where or how to start. You can't be sure what's play and what's real. You can't be sure if people can be trusted or how far they'll go. It's like trying to get on a merry-go-round while it's going.

Beginners always ask what we do in SM. They want security before they venture, which is natural. But the real question is not what we do. The real question is how do you find security in a game without set limits? But that's exactly what SM is: discovering and playing with our limits.

The insecurity of beginners is natural. If you're a beginner, be direct about it. Just tell people you're new. Ask for advice. Ask people if they'd do a limited scene with you. Experienced

them and look for tangible signs to support or deny them. Here is a list of tangible signs of trust.

**References:** If friends tell you someone has tortured and raped 50 people with uniformly good results, then you can expect good results for yourself as the 51st. People who are well known but hard to get to know may have long waiting lines. People who are unknown are suspect.

Alcohol, pot and other drugs seem to heighten awareness for some, disconnect others. Some sadomasochists have been successful users for years; others claim that even one beer is too desensitizing. At least be clear about your own uses and those of your partner. Do new SM experimenting when both of you are straight. And never do SM with anyone whose uses are different or greater than your own; that way at least you won't sink on someone else's ship.

**Self-humor:** SM, the subculture that pursues fantasy, is rich in humor, which must arise when fantasy confronts reality. People who like to tell or take a joke on themselves know and enjoy the difference between reality and their own fantasy. Those you can trust. People lacking self-humor are suspect.

**Afford their habits:** A successful narcotics dealer once told me his secret of success: the good guys were those who could afford their habits. Other clients he gently referred on to other dealers. Everyone, each of us, has habits: economic, social, emotional, intellectual, political, esthetic, hobbies, whatever, which, if we are off-balance, can become as demanding as any drugs. People who can afford their habits are likely to be okay in SM, others not.

**Personal Affirmation:** People with family and friends whom they love and who love them are likely to be trustworthy. People whose affirmation comes from impersonal sources, church, state, politics, "science," are suspect.

**Some Advertisers:** People who place sex ads have done something remarkable: they have defined themselves erotically for other people. Score one point. Those who describe themselves objectively, score two points. Objectively with humor, three points and bullseye. If they focus entirely on the fantasy that they think they want, score zero.

**Appreciate Uniqueness:** In some gay leatherbars, after

mutual attraction has been established, SM partners may spend an hour getting to know one another, before beginning even verbal SM play; even who will be dominant, who submissive, may be delayed. What they are doing is discovering one another's uniqueness, to use it as the basis for their SM play. People who take the time to discover and appreciate your uniqueness can probably be trusted; offers of instant play are only fetishism and suspect.

All these signs are tests of whether a person is reality-oriented. Unreal people of course are not bad people; but they are not trustworthy for SM, where you share and develop your fantasies.

### Some Ideas for Beginners:

Learning SM is like learning to ski or to ride a bicycle. Expect some fumbling and wobbling at first. As with any art, you will get better and better.

Start easy. The fantasies of virgins are notoriously excessive and impractical. Try just a blindfold, pretend-bondage and talking in dominant-submissive roles.

Try SM with someone you like and trust: a spouse, lover or close friend. SM can only enrich what you already share.

Don't ask people what they do in SM; it's a no-win. Do tell people you're a beginner, ask for advice and maybe for a limited scene.

Beginning masochists naturally fear SM could get out of hand. Agree on a "safe word" like "pumpkin" or any nonsense word, as a signal for "stop." Some like "green" for "more," "yellow" for "ease up" and "red" for "stop."

Learn from yourself. Try bondage, fetish clothing, pain, SM toys, etc. in front of a mirror. Take pictures.

Write your own sex ad, even if you'll never publish it. For beginners it's a remarkable discovery of self-image. You'll rewrite it tomorrow!

Call all the SM ads you can find. Tell them you're new and ask for advice. Don't skip the commercials, or the straights. Try to talk to the person behind the ad, not to a projected fantasy role.

Talk to people already into SM. Many of us will talk and listen for hours.

your fantasy. Your phone number will bring some freak calls; a call asking what you charge may be the vice squad, doing their homework. (Answer "mutual pleasure.") That price is too high for them.) Freak calls and vice baiting are fun, but a private mailbox will probably bring comparable serious replies.

Discount the sleaze, that's just our anti-sex culture. As in any subculture, some sifting in SM will turn up many fine people. Good luck there!

### Postscript:

This article attempts an introduction to SM. However, there is a problem in "teaching" SM. SM is an experiential discipline, like music, which you cannot understand without experiencing it yourself; and SM has the extra twist that what you experience is your own erotic self. However, everyone is different and SM, the discipline which takes us into ourselves, is seen differently by different people. Thus, someone else doing an introductory pamphlet about SM might do it all different—everything—and be perfectly right, too. So when you encounter quite different ideas of what SM is, not to worry, it is still all the same.

Also, then, be clear that this article, like any writing about SM, offers only words and abstractions about something which can be real only as personal experience, inside you. It may comfort some, or interest others, to read a verbal theory about SM; but a whole library of books and films on SM will not teach you as much as the first time that you yourself put handcuffs onto someone you desire, or that someone desire puts them onto you. At that moment you will begin to experience your erotic self, not indirectly, in words and concepts, nor as a fixed given, but directly, and as a *willed variable* (your will or someone else's). And that is why SM is at once so important, so terrifying and so joyous.

SM leads us on important journeys back into ourselves. They are important because the self we return to has changed and grown. SM is a development of our uniqueness, our reality, our limits, our fantasies. We become different in how we can love and be loved. We sadomasochists learn to do SM without knowing in advance just how it will turn out—no limits!—because we have learned how to trust ourselves and one

SM leads us on important journeys back into ourselves. They are important because the self we return to has changed and grown. SM is a development of our uniqueness, our reality, our limits, our fantasies. We become different in how we can love and be loved.



Survey your friends about dominant-submissive loveplay. Don't use "SM" or "sadomasochism"; these words may be too strong. See how much there is!

Call your local sex hotline. Ask for someone who knows about SM. (In San Francisco, it's S.F.S.I., 415-665-7300, Mon-Fri, 3-9 PM)

Volunteer to serve on the hotline. Great training, great people.

Take courses in sexuality; many are open to non-degree students.

Explore SM bars, shops, clubs; get leads from one to another. Join SM clubs for friends, support, partners.

Get a private mailbox; write to other people into SM.

If you pay for commercial SM partners, use those that practice SM in their own lives. Same prices, big difference in quality and caring.

Answer SM ads. Meet on neutral ground if you're nervous. Most are responsible. It's OK not to like them all!

Place your own ad, emphasizing what you have to offer, not

another.

We have become children again and learned how to play  
Ecstasy skates the glittering seas of passion,  
Speeding on the thinnest edge of fantasy and  
madness...  
...faster! ...faster!  
Laughing, exhausted, we stop.  
What strange place is this?  
What strange shapes?  
Oh! Now I see. We are home  
Dedicated with deepest affection to The Benevolent

□

(Copies of this article are available as a pamphlet from The Society of Janus, P.O. Box 6794, San Francisco, CA 94101. Janus is an SM education and support organization, which has been in existence for over ten years. Membership is low-cost and offers an astonishing introduction to real SM for beginners, and a good place for experienced SMers to share.)

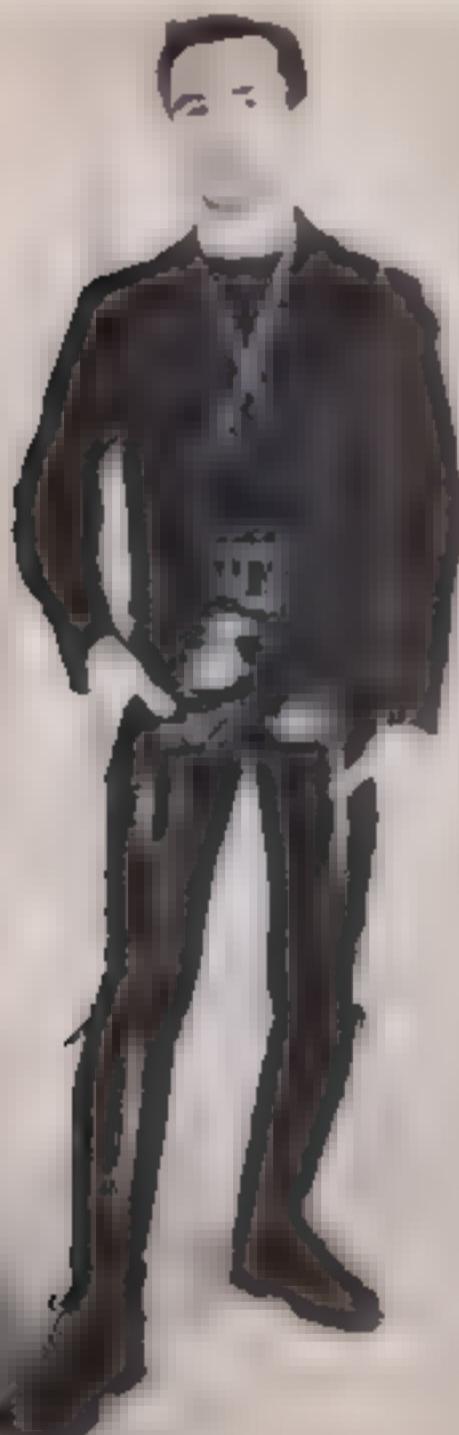
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# TOUGH CUSTOMERS

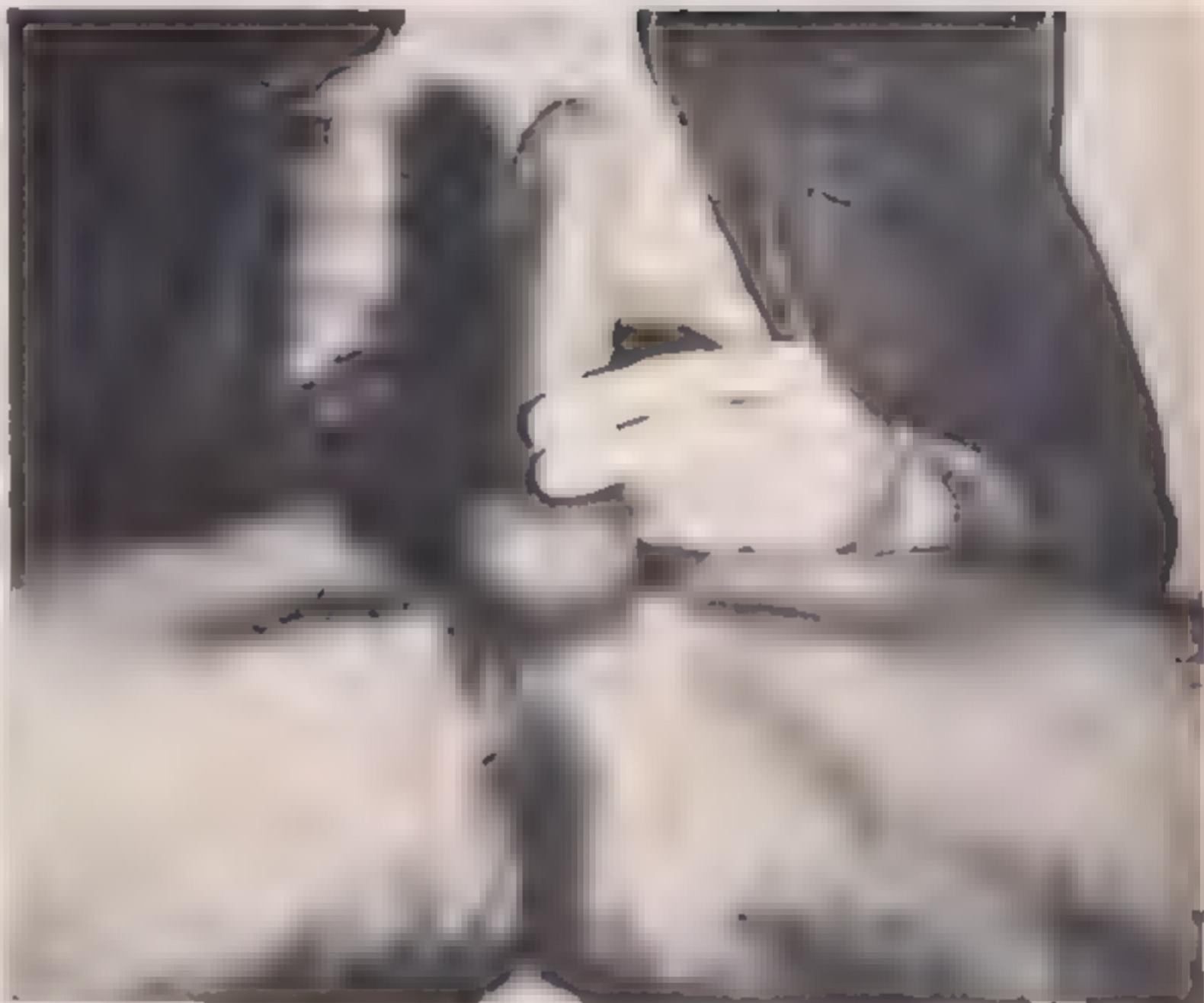
Tough Customers is our way of sharing the hottest candid home photos sent in by readers like you!

Wanna join in? Send your photo (crisp black & white reproduces best) to Tough Customers, Drummer, 640 Natoma Street, San Francisco, 94103. Tell us you're of legal age, put your signature on the back of the photo, and include your name and address so we can assign you a confidential TC Box number. (Photos can't be returned.)

Wanna get in touch with a TC? Put your correspondence in an envelope, seal it, apply postage, and write the TC Box number on the envelope in pencil; put that inside another envelope and mail to the address above, along with a measly quarter for handling. See ya around!



**FRONT & REAR:** "I would like to hear from trim, tall, well-hung studs into skin-tight leather/levis and boots; also well-hung bodybuilders into shaving their bodies and oil sessions. I dig big pecs and nipples. Looking for a dominant, circumcised stud, white or black. No drugs or drink." TC 1115 is about 50, 5'5" and 128 lbs. and lives in Oregon.



**HAIRY TOILET WANTED:** This 42-year-old Indiana TC "wants permanent relationship with small, dark, raunchy, submissive animal." More details—see his Dear Sir ad in this issue under "Late Submissions." He's TC 1120.



**ALL-DAY SUCKERS:** This Ohio TC claims he's often told: "I've never seen nipples that BIG!" He sent along his "pec-profile shot" to prove it. We're impressed. (There's more from TC 1118 in this issue's Malecall section.)



**WESTERN WEAR:** "I'm into good-looking leather Daddies, want to expand my knowledge and experience of BD—enjoy getting my ass slapped till my cheeks are nice and red. Really into tit work—my goal is to have the biggest, longest nipples around. I'm very eager to learn all I can." Any teachers out there care to show this Ohio boy the ropes? He's TC 1117.



**SPANK ME!** This 29-year-old Chicago Tough Customer likes the smack of a hard paddle across his buns, and wants to meet other younger guys into spanking, give and take. Do the jeans come off? Ask TC 1119.



**TEED OFF!** The message from this anonymous Texas TC: "Wanted to share a lesson I just learned. You don't argue with Daddy—especially if Daddy is a golfer!" Fore!



**LIBERTINE LEATHERMAN:** This 28-year-old Boston TC "lusts for leather/rubbermen of action." Think you qualify? He's TC 1116.

# PASSING

CREAM, OR GET CREAMED!

Good clean fun, South of Market style, at the Ringold Alley block party (see Report). Ready to get whip... creamed? Photo by Robert Pruzan.



# NEW PACKAGE

A NEW LOOK FOR AN OLD FRIEND! VITA-MEN now comes in a new white bottle with a smart new label. Gone is the plain brown bottle and the black and red label. But more important than the new package is what is in it. We challenge anybody to give you a better or more advanced formula of vitamins, minerals and herbs designed for men. Get it and take it. It's important!



30 DAYS SUPPLY 180 TABLETS

## NEW IMPROVED FORMULA! \$25

ADVANCED NEW FORMULA  
FOR THE SUPER ACTIVE MAN!



# VITA-MEN

VITAMINS, MINERALS, HERBS  
SUPER SUPPLEMENT

## NEW SUPPLEMENT!



30 DAYS SUPPLY \$12

A REMARKABLE ACHIEVEMENT!  
An exciting powerhouse formula designed for your immune system. Developed by the doctors and lab who give you VITA-MEN.

VITA-MEN LABS  
640 Natoma Street  
San Francisco, CA 94103

- Send me \_\_\_\_ month's supply of VITA-MEN @ \$25.
- Include \_\_\_\_ month's supply of IMMUNITABS @ \$11.95.
- Send one of each for \$35.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY, STATE, ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

Enclose my check or money-order.

Or charge it to my  VISA  MASTERCARD

No. \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Guaranteed by VITA-MEN laboratories.  
San Francisco, CA. Dealer inquiries invited.

VITAMINS	POTENCY	RDA*	POTENCY	RDA*	
Vitamin A (Beta Carotene)	50,000IU	200%	GTF Chromium	200 mcg	***
Vitamin A (palmitate)	5,000IU	100%	Zinc (Amino acid chelate)	100 mg	66%
B1 (Thiamine)	100 mg	66%	Copper (Amino acid chelate)	2 mg	100%
B2 (Riboflavin)	100 mg	500%	Manganese (Amino Acid Chelate)	20 mg	***
Niacin	50 mg	250%	HERBALS		
B3 (nicotinamide)	100 mg	500%	Gota Kola	25 mg	***
B5 (pantothenic acid)	150 mg	1500%	Ginseng	75 mg	***
B6 (pyridoxine)	100 mg	5000%	Saw palmetto	150 mg	***
B10 (paba)	100 mg	***	Sarsaparilla	50 mg	***
B12 (cobalamin concentrate)	200 mcg	3333%	Echinacea	200 mg	***
Vitamin C (Grape Seed)	1000 mg	1667%	Lemon Balm	125 mg	***
Vitamin E (d-alpha tocopherol)	400IU	1000%	Taraacum	25 mg	***
Vitamin D3	100IU	25%	Licorice	25 mg	***
Folic Acid	400 mcg	100+	Spirulina	25 mg	***
Biotin	100 mcg	333%	Bee Pollen	100 mg	***
Choline (bitartrate)	200 mg	***	AMINO ACIDS		
Inositol	125 mg	***	L-Lysine	750 mg	***
Bio-Flavonoids	200 mg	***	L-Phenylalanine	25 mg	***
Hesperidin	25 mg	***	L-Glutamine	25 mg	***
Rutin	75 mg	***	L-Glutamate	25 mg	***
Octacosanol	750 mcg	***	L-Tyrosine	25 mg	***
MINERALS			D,L-Methionine	100 mg	***
Calcium (Amino acid chelate)	500 mg	50%	L-Cysteine	30 mg	***
Magnesium (Amino acid chelate)	350 mg	82%	ACTIVATED GLANDULARS		
Silica	500 mcg	***	Prostate Tissue	50 mg	***
Vanadium	75 mcg	***	Thymus	20 mg	***
Iodine	25 mcg	150%	Adrenal	50 mg	***
Iron (Amino Acid Chelate)	20 mg	11%	DHEA Complex (Diocaine Villous)	200 mg	***
Potassium aspartate	55 mg	***	*** No U.S. RDA established for these ingredients.		
Selenium (Amino Acid Chelate)	100 mcg	***			
Molybdenum (Amino Acid Chelate)	50 mcg	***			

# Awesome.

What makes the men in our community so susceptible? Any number of reasons, including late hours, close physical contact, overexertion, poor diet, smoking, drinking, stimulants, and antibiotics all take their toll on your vitality, your immunity and your general well-being.

VITA-MEN is doctor-formulated for the sexually and physically active man on the go. Its ingredients are more expensive to manufacture, not only for their contents, as well as what they do not contain. There are no oils (our vitamins A and D are dry) for the body to retain, no starches, no shellac, no sugars. Take a look at the formula. It is specifically designed for men and it is awesome.

A supplement to the VITA-MEN formula is our new IMMUNITABS. Take a good look at that doctor-designed formulation and add it to your diet. It is the only immune system you have.

#### SIX TABLETS CONTAIN

VITAMINS	POWDER	RDA*	POWDER	RDA*
Vitamin A (Beta Carotene)	10,000IU	200%	5,000IU	100%
Vitamin A (palmitate)	5,000IU	100%	Zinc (Amino acid chelate)	25 mg
B1 (Thiamine)	100 mg	60%	Copper (Amino acid chelate)	10 mg
B2 (Riboflavin)	100 mg	50%	Manganese (Amino Acid Chelate)	5 mg
Niacin	50 mg	70%	Iron (Amino Acid Chelate)	15 mg
B3 (nicotinamide)	100 mg	50%	Calcium	100 mg
B5 (pantothenic acid)	150 mg	100%	Sodium	100 mg
B6 (pyridoxine)	100 mg	50%	Choline	100 mg
B10 (paba)	100 mg	50%	Soye Lecithin	100 mg
B12 (cobalamin concentrate)	200 mcg	100%	Soye Palmitate	100 mg
Vitamin C (Ascorbic Acid)	1000 mg	100%	Soye Saponins	100 mg
Vitamin E (d-alpha tocopherol)	400 IU	100%	Echinacea	100 mg
Vitamin D3	100IU	10%	Lemon Balm	100 mg
Folic Acid	400 mcg	100%	Taraxacum	100 mg
Biotin	100 mcg	100%	Lecithin	100 mg
Choline (bitartrate)	200 mg	100%	Spirulina	100 mg
Inositol	250 mg	100%	Bee Pollen	100 mg
Bioflavonoids	200 mg	100%	AMINO ACIDS	
Hesperidin	20 mg	---	L-Lysine	250 mg
Rutin	20 mg	---	L-Phenylalanine	25 mg
Octacosanol	250 mcg	---	L-Glutamine	25 mg
MINERALS			L-Ornithine	25 mg
Calcium (Amino acid chelate)	500 mg	50%	L-Tyrosine	25 mg
Magnesium (Amino acid chelate)	150 mg	50%	D,L-Methionine	250 mg
Silica	500 mcg	---	L-Cysteine	50 mg
Iodine	75 mcg	---	ACTIVATED GLANDULARS	
Iron (Amino Acid Chelate)	225 mg	150%	Prostate Tissue	50 mg
Potassium Aspartate	20 mg	111%	Thymus	10 mg
Selenium (Amino Acid Chelate)	150 mcg	---	Adrenal	50 mg
Molybdenum (Amino Acid Chelate)	50 mcg	---	DHEA Complex (Dioscorea Villosa)	200 mg

\*No U.S. RDA established for these ingredients.

DIRECTIONS: For adult males as a dietary supplement. Take two tablets three times a day, preferably with meals. If more convenient take six tablets once a day.

PHYSICIAN FORMULATED & PRODUCED UNDER THE HIGHEST ETHICAL STANDARDS IN QUALITY CONTROL.

